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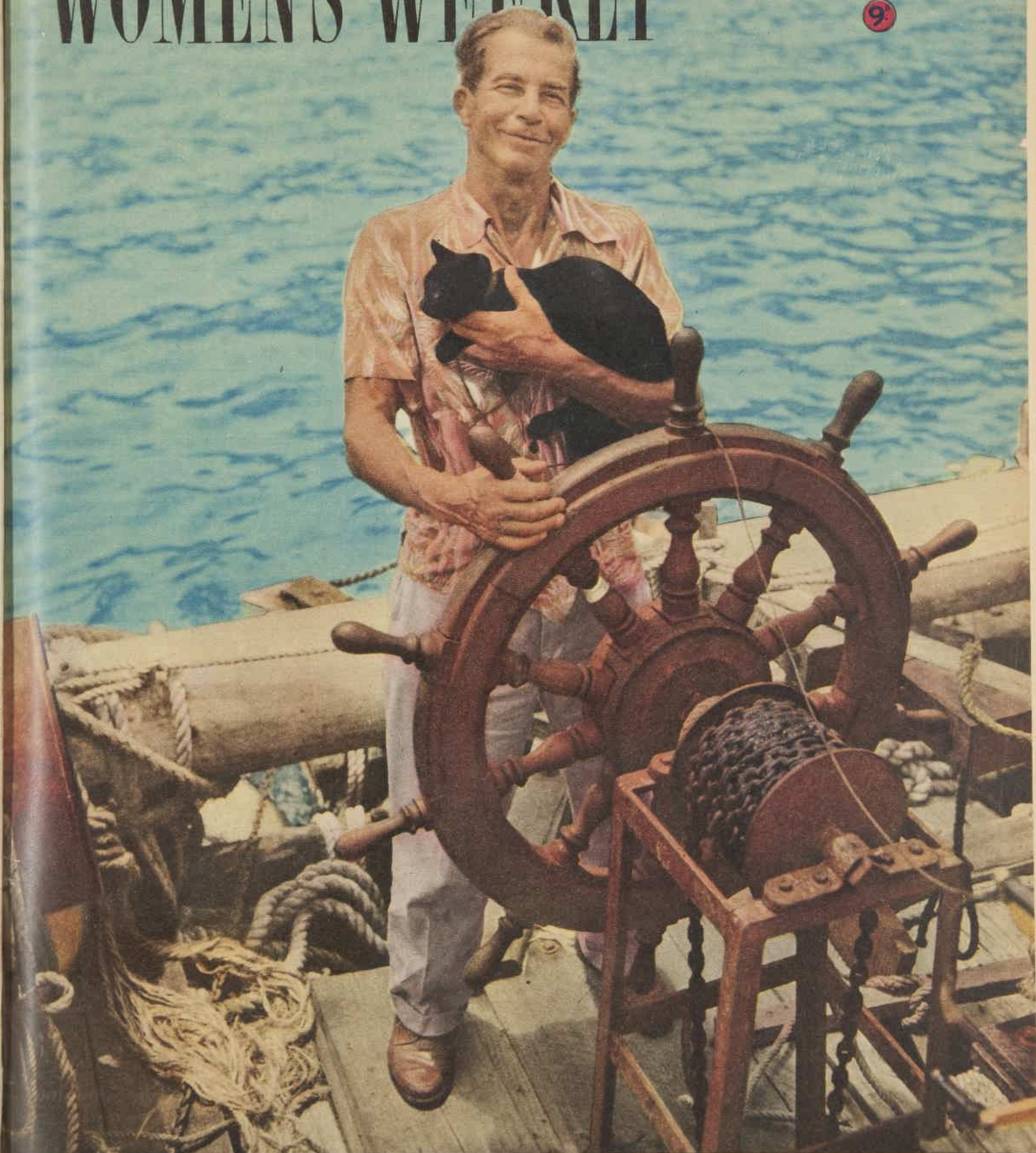
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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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NOVEMBER 17, 1954

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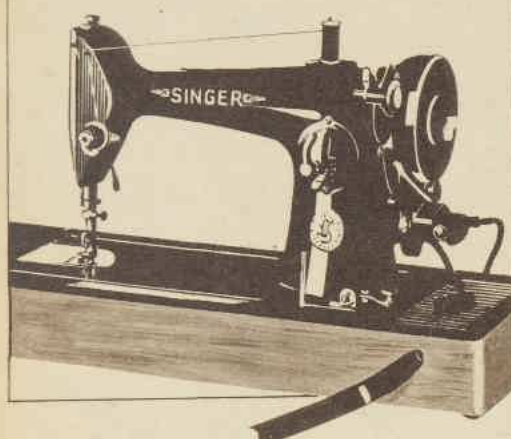
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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 17, 1954

Vol. 22, No. 25

## MAN AGAINST THE SEA

**T**his week we publish the first color pictures of an extraordinary man—William Willis.

That Willis should have drifted alone across the Pacific is remarkable enough. That he should have wanted to do such a thing seems, at first sight, even more remarkable.

But is it?

In answer to the question: "Why did you do it?" Willis was non-committal.

"It was man against the sea," he said.

Another adventurer, Sir Edmund Hillary, made a somewhat similar reply when asked why he climbed Mt. Everest.

"Because it was there," he said.

In these apparently meaningless answers lies a wealth of wisdom—and the reason why such feats as those of Willis and Hillary fire the imagination of millions.

Every human being has a spark of that inexplicable "something," that desire to conquer the unconquerable, which set Willis drifting on his raft, drove Hillary to the top of Everest.

It's a spirit every mother knows—an urge that drives her children into deeds of reckless daring while she trembles for their safety.

All people, from the housewife in her kitchen to the king on his throne, have their private Pacifics to face. True, very few could, or would, do as Willis did and cast themselves physically adrift on a vast ocean.

But nevertheless the spirit of Willis is inherent in mankind.

And it is in that spirit, rather than in the huge material possessions of man, that the real treasure of humanity lies.

For without that spirit, that eternal questing, man is nothing but an animal.

## Our cover:

● William Willis, the man who drifted alone across the Pacific on a raft, poses with his cat Meekie on our cover. Meekie ate the other passenger, Eekie, a parrot. For other pictures and story, see pages 15, 16, and 17.

## This week:

● Generations of Victorians remember the late Miss Marion Montgomery, famous for more than 40 years as a dancing teacher in Melbourne. On pages 12 and 13 are pictures of "Miss Monty's Dance," so-called as a tribute to her memory. "Miss Monty," the daughter of a Gippsland pastoralist, began teaching when a 15-year-old school-girl. She would have approved of the "Open Letter to Parents" in which headmistresses and headmistresses of the Independent Schools of Victoria asked that entertainment for school-boys and schoolgirls be kept to a simple pattern. The teachers suggested certain principles, such as that dances should finish not later than 11.30 p.m., that supper and decorations be kept simple, that boys and girls should meet as many different partners as possible, and that parents should call for their daughters after dances. These principles were followed at "Miss Monty's Dance," which was attended by 400 teenagers.

● Judging by the comments we have had, readers like following their stars from our new enlarged astrology feature. You'll find it this week on page 63.

## Next week:

● Next week we're having a feature which is an experiment in what we call "static television." It is planned so that you can feel you are in the audience for Australia's Amateur Hour final for the 1954 Lever Bros. £1000 award, which will be held on November 25. You'll see pictures of all contestants ready for their acts, and can have them by you when listening. The award, based on listeners' votes, is made annually to the artist or artists (should it be a group act) who are most likely to succeed and benefit from the £1000.

● Second of our special color features, "Woman of Interest," appears next week. The subject is Mrs. Eugene Goossens, wife of the conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra.

## Letters from our readers

I WAS amazed to read H. Jenkins' letter (The Australian Women's Weekly, 27/10/54) in which he asked why had Australia been overlooked as the location of Princess Margaret's first Commonwealth tour. I think you should have fined him 10/6 for such petty jealousy. Surely people with any understanding of or affection for the Royal Family must realise that Princess Margaret would never intentionally overlook Australia. And, after all, we have just said good-bye to the Queen. As for Jenkins' question: "What has the West Indies got that we haven't?"—judging by his letter, I should imagine it is sufficient confidence in themselves to realise that no snub was intended.

(Mrs.) Yvette D. Young, Wangi Wangi, N.S.W.

WHY must people walking along busy city streets or at crossings kick the heels of one's shoes? All my shoes are marked and scraped by such careless people.

(Miss) B. Gale, Hawthorn, Vic.

● 10/6 will be paid for each letter published on this page.

WHY is the little word "up" used so constantly in the English language? For instance, we line up, wash up, dress up, pack up, stir up, beat up, cast up, gather up, clean up, fix up, tidy up, make up, put up, read up, set up, wind up, dry up. And of course many of us get "fed up" at times. Is there a similar word in any other language?

"Grown Up," Queanbeyan, N.S.W.

### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 4010, G.P.O.

TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

ISN'T it time that adults such as "R.O." (The Australian Women's Weekly, 3/11/54), who said teenagers should be "put in their places," realised that adolescents and teenagers are the growing men and women of Australia? I suppose this means where we will not bother adults. We would be very immature by the time we passed out of the adolescent period if this was enforced. How are the teenagers of today to learn about life and society other than by experience?

P. Markham, 15, Arncliffe, N.S.W.

HAVE men forgotten that "a woman's hair is her crowning glory"? One would think so after looking at the new Henriks hair-do (The Australian Women's Weekly, 20/10/54). Surely one sees enough freakish hair-styles around the town already without introducing more. Why don't women protest against them and demand that these male designers give us back our feminine charm?

Muriel Watts, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

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# Adios Lolita!

By Burt Henley



ILLUSTRATED BY

Keith Delapain

**P**ABLO—to give him his full name, Pablo Ricardo Tomas Esteban Ramirez—was a young man obsessed with a dream and a desire.

He was a boastful dreamer, boasting often and at great length of what he mostly only dreamed of—the love of a beautiful lady.

Oh, Pablo had had many loves. Yes, indeed! And perhaps in a way he even boasted of some of these minor conquests, for Pablo was a ladies' man, although, as he always readily admitted to himself, none of his ladies were—quite ladies.

But Pablo had his daydreams and that was where his boasting commenced. When speaking of affairs of the heart, he would say, to others less fortunate than himself, "It is all very well to make love to these . . . peasants. Pahl! But you have never loved unless you have known the love of a real lady."

When pressed for details Pablo would sigh and, with his fingers lightly pressed to his lips, gaily toss a kiss to the heavens.

"Ah! To describe is impossible. If you do not have such a love you do not know. You do not know."

And he would pause, lost in reverie, for Pablo carried a clear picture of his dream lady. To him she was always slight of build, neither tall nor short, but rather, as he was wont to think, "just right"; with bright eyes and full red lips in a laughing face, and a mass of shining black hair

elaborately swept up and crowned with a jewelled comb.

He was never quite sure whether she should have a rose in her hair or not, but she was always dressed in the most expensive clothes.

Unfortunately for Pablo, he did not move in the strata of society where such ladies were to be found, for although a gay caballero at heart, he was little more than a hobo on horseback, drifting from job to job and working only when the need for pesos became imperative.

And it was for this reason and none other that only a week ago he had signed on as vaquero with Ortega Melquiades, a wealthy ranchero (ranch owner), from whom he had borrowed (with permission) the fine horse he was now riding, to go to the one-day fiesta at Guadalupita.

Also he had borrowed (without permission)—for he wanted to make a good impression on the girls at Guadalupita—his employer's finest and gayest suit with its pure silver buttons and embroidered decorations.

Pablo saw no wrong in this; he would return it, and no one the wiser or poorer. He had changed along the way and his own clothes were neatly folded and packed in the saddle bag, and he was quick to realise that his borrowed raiment fitted him just tightly enough to show to advantage his wide shoulders and narrow hips.

When he came to the bridge over the river, he could easily have ridden his horse down for a drink, but something impish in him, the mood, the day, or perhaps the

*"I trust I do not disturb you," said Pablo, his heart beating wildly as he gazed at the beautiful lady of his dreams. What a magic world she created for him!*

clothes he was wearing, prompted him to ride over the bridge, through the large gates and up the gentle rise to a big ranch-house.

He walked his horse along the tree-lined drive to the house, and was surprised when this led him to a small patio at the back of the big house which overlooked the river.

It seemed strange that there was no movement or sign of life anywhere, and Pablo looked anxiously around for someone to question.

There was a rustle of movement at the gateway of the riotously overgrown old garden which opened on the left, and suddenly a young woman, singing softly to herself, stepped into the patio. She was carrying a flat woven basket filled with roses.

Momentarily startled at seeing Pablo—almost as though she had expected him to be someone else and pleased that he was not—she gave a small gasp and then laughed with relief.

For a brief moment Pablo's heart stopped. He felt he was the only real thing in a dream world created by the magic of her beauty. She was slight of build, neither tall

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## Concluding our entertaining serial

# BEN NEVIS GOES EAST

By COMPTON MACKENZIE

DONALD MacDONALD of Ben Nevis, with his friend HUGH CAMERON of Kilwhillie, comes to India from Scotland sternly resolved to break a reported entanglement between his young subaltern son HECTOR and a divorcee ANGELA WINSTANLEY. Instead, in no time, he is completely under the spell of the very attractive Angela.

Actually, Angela divorced her husband and, while waiting for her decree to be made absolute, is more interested in wealthy brewer JOHN TUCKER than in Hector.

Amusing incidents and complications occur when Ben Nevis and Hugh are invited to stay up at Pipla with Ben Nevis' old school friend, the MAHARAJAH OF BANGAPATAM, while Angela and her friend MAISIE LAMBERT are staying there at Parker's Hotel. The Maharajah lavishly entertains both the girls, and introduces them all to his friend, the MAHARAJAH OF TUSSORE, who takes them on a panther shoot with other guests, including the romantic novelist, MAUD NUTTING.

Maisie is thrown into a flutter by the news that CAPTAIN GERALD RIPWOOD, who fitted her, is to arrive in Pipla shortly as Tussore's military adviser. Angela, however, is more concerned with the fact that Tussore is definitely attracted to her. NOW READ ON.

SITTING over their nightcaps in the guesthouse two days later, Ben Nevis said to Kilwhillie "I think old Banjo has collected rather a lot of stick-in-the-muds for Christmas."

"Not so loud, Donald. There are others sleeping here now."

"I know. All those stick-in-the-muds are here," Ben Nevis agreed. "It was very lucky for Banjo that I wrote to let him know we were in Pipla. By Jove, it was."

The stick-in-the-muds who had come to stay at Rosemount with the Maharajah of Bangapatam for Christmas were Sir John Fussell, Bombay nabob with financial interests in Bangapatam, and his wife; Mr. and Mrs. James Pedder-Wilson, he a Member of Parliament, who on the strength of these visits to India, each taking a few weeks, had acquired a reputation in the House as an authority on Indian affairs; Jeffrey Hearne, a political journalist who, the Indian princes believed, had the Prime Minister's ear; Croker Bates, the film director, who was making an expensive tour through the East in order to gauge the possibility of a superfilm about Marco Polo; an Anglo-Indian film star called Pearl Romaine; and Mrs. Kibbler, an American inquirer, as she called herself.

"I shouldn't have described them all as stick-in-the-muds," said Kilwhillie. "That American woman I was sitting next to never stopped asking me questions all through dinner."

"What kind of questions, Hugh?"

"Idiotic questions," Kilwhillie replied. "She asked me if I had ever managed to project my essential self outside my earthly body. Apparently she can sit back in a chair and watch her essential self climbing up the wall of a room."

"What did you say?" the Chieftain asked.

"I said 'No.' What would you expect me to say? And then she asked me if I had tried the effect of standing on my head to meditate? She said it cleared the mind."

"Well!" the Chieftain ejaculated. "She sounds as mad as that woman in Bombay—Lady Harbottle. I hope you told her you couldn't stand on your head in a kilt."

"Certainly not," said Hugh. "She'd

have asked questions about that. You'd better sit next to her tomorrow. She'll ask you questions about the Loch Ness Monster. And you'll like that."

"She sounds quite intelligent after all," the Chieftain decided. "I think you must have misunderstood what she was saying when she told you she could climb up wallpaper. I know it annoys you to say so, but I think you are getting deaf, Hugh. Well, I had a frightful evening. I sat between the wife of that political wallah who kept telling me where she and that pie-faced husband of hers had been visiting in India. She kept telling me about what she called statistics."

"I'm not too deaf to hear you mispronounce English words, Donald," said Hugh Cameron. "It is statistics, not statisticks."

"I know perfectly well it isn't statistics."

"But it is."

"There you are. That's a proof you're getting deaf if you thought I said statistics. Anyway, I began to feel that feeling I have when I'm bored when the top of my head sort of boils inside. But Lady Fussell, who was sitting on my other side, was just as boring. Have you ever heard of stuff called sulphur tablets?"

"Yes, it's what they give people for pneumonia," said Kilwhillie.

"Well, apparently some people can't eat eggs if they have this stuff, and apparently this wallah Sir John Fussell did eat eggs and I got so bored with hearing about his symptoms that I turned round again to talk to the woman who'd been boring me with statistics. And after dinner I tried talking to the film star. Well, I've never seen one of those films, but I'm not surprised you don't like them, Hugh, if they're boring as this woman was. If Hector had wanted to marry her then I would have put my foot down. I asked Banjo about her and apparently the idea is that she is to play a part in some film which that boring film wallah is making in Banjo's State. You know, if I didn't think dear old Banjo might be offended I'd suggest that we'll go down and stay at Parker's."

"No," said Kilwhillie firmly, "we cannot possibly go to Parker's Hotel. It

would be an unpardonable breach of good manners. Moreover, the Maharajah has written to ask Rose-Ross if Hector can have leave for Christmas, and if Hector is coming up to Pipla it would be monstrous to fling him into the arms of Mrs. Winstanley by staying at Parker's."

"That's a very strong expression, Hugh. You don't often use strong expressions like that," said Ben Nevis.

"Fortunately, people don't behave in a way that calls for such strong expressions," Kilwhillie retorted severely. "And now I think we had better go to bed." Kilwhillie had hardly had time to unbutton his doublet when the Chieftain came surging into his bedroom waving a letter.

"Read this, Hugh," he barked. "What on earth shall I say?"

Hugh Cameron took the letter and read:

"Norfolk Cottage,  
"Pipla"

"Dear Ben Nevis,

"I hope I'm not committing a faux pas by writing 'Ben Nevis.' If I am, please forgive an ignorant Englishwoman and don't tear this note up."

"I have a request to make which I do hope you will consider favorably. It is the custom every year to give a children's party at the Club on Christmas Eve, when we have a Christmas tree with presents for the kiddies and when Santa Claus arrives in person to hand them to the lucky recipients."

"We always try to persuade a visitor to play the part of Santa Claus ever since, some years ago, one of the children who recognised Major Crumbleholme pulled off his beard, and the ladies' committee decided that in future we should always have somebody whom the children wouldn't recognise."

"This brings me to the point. The ladies' committee met this afternoon, and it was unanimously decided to ask you to be kind enough to be Santa Claus this year. Please, please, do not refuse. We all feel that you would make an ideal Santa Claus, and if you agreed to help us our children's party on Christmas Eve would be the most successful we have ever had."

"The red gown that Santa Claus always wears may be a little short for





"What was that?" Ben Nevis bellowed, forgetting his Santa Claus role as a pin jabbed at him sharply.

hot room among a lot of excited children covered with a bearskin rug?"

"You wouldn't have to walk about. You could lie down at my feet," Ben Nevis urged.

"That would be unsufferably stuffy. Anyway, I don't intend to dress up for this performance."

"But I've got to dress up," Ben Nevis pointed out. "I don't look any more like Santa Claus than you look like a reindeer."

"I disagree with you, Donald. You are much more like Santa Claus."

"Nobody has ever told me before that I'm like Santa Claus," Ben Nevis expostulated.

"I'm not saying that you are like Santa Claus, Donald. What I'm saying is that you are more like Santa Claus than I am like a reindeer. Anyway, this is a ridiculous argument to start at this time of night, and I think we'd both be wise to get to bed."

Next morning Ben Nevis found himself having breakfast at the same time as Mr. Croker Bates, the film director.

"Ah, you're just the man I want to see," said the Chieftain. "You'll be able to give me some advice. I suppose you must have made some of these films about Santa Claus?"

Croker Bates, a small dark man, cast a bilious eye towards Ben Nevis over a cup of tea. Like so many film directors he believed he was a creative artist and he fancied that his fellow-guest hardly appreciated this.

"I don't make films about Santa Claus," he said coldly.

"Well, of course, I don't know anything about films," said the Chieftain. "I've never seen one in my life and I don't suppose I ever shall. But I always understood you film wallahs were ready to tackle any subject. You ought to come along to the Club on Christmas Eve and see Santa Claus giving away the presents. You'll probably get some good ideas for one of those films you make. Tell me, is Miss Romaine a good filmer?"

"I consider her one of our greatest stars," Croker Bates averred solemnly.

"Really? She didn't twinkle very brightly last night. I couldn't get a word out of her. I suppose she brightens up when she's in a film.

And what exactly do you do, Mr. Bates?"

"I am a director."

"Oh, I thought you had something to do with arranging the film. Bangapatam must have got it wrong."

"A director has more to do with the making of a film than anybody," Croker Bates said irritably.

"Ah, I see—what you call a working director, not a guinea pig. And now you're going to make a film about polo in Bangapatam. Well, I'm told his team is considered one of the best in India."

"I am making a film about Marco Polo."

"How does that differ from ordinary polo?" Ben Nevis asked.

"Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller who visited Khubla Khan. Circumstances are not suitable for making films in Peking at the moment. So we are setting the Oriental background in Bangapatam. Pearl Romaine is to play the bride Marco Polo brought back from Peking for the Khan of Persia. He and she fall in love with one another, but Marco Polo is true to his promise, and Cocacine . . ."

"Who?"

"That is the name of the young bride. That part Pearl Romaine will play. She will be wonderful in the great scene in which she parts with Marco Polo in order to marry Ghazan. We have an unusually fine script in which no fewer than five scriptwriters have collaborated, with help from me, of course. Production costs will be in the region of £500,000, Mr. MacDonald. As a Scotsman you'll be interested to learn that Ronald Campbell is to play Marco Polo."

Mr. Croker Bates, feeling that he had by now put Ben Nevis thoroughly in his place, took a deep draught of tea.

When the Chieftain went that afternoon to Norfolk Cottage to tell Miss Nutting of his willingness to be Santa Claus at the children's party on Christmas Eve he gave her an account of his conversation with Mr. Croker Bates as if he was relating some experience he had with the village idiot. He was therefore astonished when she expressed a lively desire to be introduced to Mr. Croker Bates.

"What on earth for?" he asked. "Because he's considered one of

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you, but my dirzee will be able to put that right.

"I wonder, should you be kind enough to accept our invitation, if you would come and have tea with me tomorrow when my dirzee could measure you for the hooded gown and when you could try on the beard."

"I'm afraid that you'll think it awful cheek of me to ask you to do this, but everybody has been so much impressed by your personality and so envious of my good fortune and in having met you that I could not refuse to write to you and put our request before you. Please say yes. His Highness has always very kindly consented to attend the Santa Claus ceremony, and as usual he has been most generous again this year in subscribing towards the fund for presents."

"I shall await your answer with trepidation, and meanwhile

"I remain,

"Yours very sincerely,

"Maud Nutting.

"P.S.: What a wonderful shot your friend Mr. Cameron is — I don't know how to spell his second name. I have seldom been so thrilled in my life as I was when I saw the panther fall to his unerring eye on Saturday afternoon."

"What on earth shall I say, Hugh?" Ben Nevis asked.

"I think you ought to say 'Yes,'" Kilwhillie replied. "It is a small return we can make for the hospitality we have enjoyed."

"We?" the Chieftain repeated indignantly. "But you aren't going to do anything."

"I shall subscribe to the fund for the presents," Kilwhillie announced.

"I think you're getting out of this rather easily, Hugh. I'll tell you what. I'll ask Banjo to lend me one of those heads he has of that animal with crinkly horns whose name I never can remember and one of the bearskin rugs, and then you can come in with me."

"And what should I be supposed to be?" Kilwhillie asked sarcastically.

"A reindeer, of course," said Ben Nevis. "You must have seen these Santa Claus reindeer on Christmas cards."

"Even if the head of a markhor looked in the least like the head of a reindeer the suggestion would be absurd. You don't seriously think I'm prepared to walk about in a





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'STAYS ON LONGER'



A short short story  
By  
**PATRICIA  
FERRIS**  
ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

# Nice to know how

Teenager story  
of the month by  
a 13-year-old  
Queenslander

I LOVE listening to and watching Peg, my seventeen-year-old sister. Like this evening, when Mother was talking to her about being a deb. They didn't realise that I was listening. I was only the little sister, thirteen, and not-to-be-annoying, who could think no further than her school and music books.

Well, this particular evening I was sitting at the end of the dining-table apparently absorbed in my homework, though in reality I had a copy of "Sweet Deceiver" between the covers of my big atlas.

I was wearing a discarded tennis eyeshade of Peg's to protect my eyes from the glare of the electric lights. So I could well listen and snigger unnoticed. ("Sweet Deceiver" could wait a while.)

Now Mother was saying in her soft, persuasive way (the way she always speaks when she thinks Peg or I might be difficult about something), "It's a splendid idea, Peg, and the first practice will be Saturday week. They want as many girls as possible, and I thought it would be best for you to come out now. Mr. Jakes (the Mayor) is very anxious for this deb ball to be a great success."

Peg stretched out her Betty Grable legs and studied her sports shoes considerably.

"Umm," she murmured finally. "Maybe. But I'm not interested in frumpies and clothes. I'm not that sort of girl. Besides, Saturday afternoons are the gang's special tennis afternoons, and my backhand needs working on—" (I may here mention that Peg is a tennis girl this year. Last year it was swimming, and the year before that basketball.)

Mother said now, very patiently, "There are other things besides backhands, tennis, and swimming." Her voice became sweeter. "As for not being interested, well, that's why I wish you to join the other girls. Your age is suitable, and you need prettying up a bit. You've been out in the sun too much. You're quite brown."

Gosh! Peg brown! Why, that was a glorious golden tan she had.

Peg frowned at her slim, golden arms. She still looked lovely, even when she frowned. She WAS lovely. Always glowing with a kind of inner light.

"But I'm an outdoor girl, Mother, really. And just now I'm specially keen on tennis. I want to beat Anne—"

Then there's the social side of it," Mother continued, "meeting other people, music, dancing, supper."

"We always have afternoon tea at the club, no saucers, of course. That's social, just as much."

I nearly laughed, but didn't. They might stop talking or go into the lounge if they thought I was listening. But I knew Mother would win in the end. She did. She just mentioned casually that Anne Walsh was expected to be the prettiest deb.

It was then that Peg capitulated. "That cat! Why, she beat me in the club singles last week. Crowded over it, too! That's why I've been trying to improve my backhand. A bit more slice, and . . . Look, Mum, if you can make me look nicer than Anne, I'll be a deb."

"Splendid." Mother looked quite pleased.

There followed shopping excursions, dressmaker's visits, and Peg's

silky fair hair was given extra attention.

She was really lovely to look at. Fair and well built (tennis and swimming), with that golden skin previously mentioned, that never seemed to spoil (sun). And she had a gay manner that went over charmingly. (I suppose she got that from Mother. Was anything left for me? Father died when I was three, and Mother says I resemble him.)

But as soon as deb practice was over, Peg grabbed togs and racquet and headed off to swimming and tennis. Once Mother frowned. "Those skimpy little-boy shorts! Remember, Peg, you're grown-up now. I want you to look nice."

"But I do look nice." Peg's smile was like sunshine. "You should hear the gang whistle when they see me coming." And off she dashed to work on her backhand.

Well, I'm only thirteen, but I

the dress that was a teenager's dream.

I don't know whether it was the soft rosy light, or that Peg was really beginning to "percolate" at last. But, gosh! was she just super!

She stood there (the finished product) staring at her reflection in the long mirror, her eyes getting bigger and starrer each moment.

"Gosh! Mother! I look—well, simply different! Don't I?"

Ping! Ping! The doorbell. I hurried out. Torpo!

"Hi, sweetheart!" If he only knew! Sweethearting me. ME! I put him in the lounge as Peg came floating in.

Forgetting me, Torpo stood, looking at Peg. And she—well, it was just like a beaut scene straight out of the films! Then Peg spoke wonderingly, "Torpo, you're marvellous! I've never seen you really dressed

sheepish this time. I felt warm all over.

"Well, all along, Peg, you've bucked against this turnout tonight, and I thought you might bail out at the last minute and a chap'd feel such a prawn—"

Peg whirled closer to him. "And do you know why? Because I'm scared! That's why! It's Anne Walsh. She beat me at singles. She'll probably beat me tonight."

There she was, storming one moment, pleading the next. I'm sure Sis was born to be an actress. "Torpo, tell me. Do you think I'll look nicer than Anne tonight?"

Torpo neither smiled nor laughed this time. He merely drew Sis farther into the shadow, no, not behind the aspidistra—just ferns. I heard him say very gently and seriously, "Then stop being scared, Peg, because you are the most wonderful girl in the world."

Bang went my secret dreams! Then I heard a quick, hard kiss, and a muffled exclamation. But although I strained my ears, after that I heard only silence.

I didn't dare to peep.

Next morning when I heard Peg stirring I slipped into her room and sat on her bed.

"Wasn't it a beaut night!" I sighed dreamily. "And I suppose you found out at last that there is more to Torpo than swimming and footy?"

Sis smiled happily. "You've said it, Jan. He's super. And fancy Anne not being there after all! She's in bed with a sprained ankle. Torpo says I should go to see her tomorrow."

My eyes popped. "And are you going, really?"

"Of course, stupid. Why not?"

And do you know what? A few days later I heard Peg casually telling Mother that she would like to try her hand at a bit of cooking now and then, as it was "nice to know how."

Wouldn't that rock you!

Tail-piece: Sis gave me her old tennis shorts. She now goes off with Anne, smart as new paint, in the cutest of short silk tennis frocks, a flurry of pleats, and looking devastatingly feminine.

Torpo, as you may guess, is her boy-friend. How I wish I were grown-up!

(Copyright)

"Do you think I'll look nicer than Anne tonight?" Peg asked pleadingly.



must say I was surprised at the lack of enthusiasm shown by Peg about being a deb. Why, I'd have loved it, dressing up and all.

"I'm envious, Peg," I told her when her stunning dress arrived home smothered in tissue paper. "It's just like getting married."

"Well," she retorted, hoity-toity, "if you mean Torpo, gosh! I see him nearly every day with the gang. I admire him because he plays such a super game of footy and tennis, and he swims like a fish. Otherwise, there's nothing much to him."

Secretly, I thought a lot of John (Torpo) Weston. I still remembered the time I got lost at the Carnival, a couple of years ago when I was a kid, and Torpo found me. He bought me two big lots of fairy floss, and I often wished since that it had been three or four. Torpo's nickname was really short for "Torpedo" on account of his speed. (Swimming, footy, and tennis.)

Well, in due course the BIG NIGHT arrived, and Mother and I were in Peg's room; walls adorned with pictures of Marjorie Jackson, Frank Sedgman, and others such. (My room, in contrast, had pictures of the Queen, Eileen Joyce, and my favorite film stars.)

I had dressed earlier so I could go to Peg's room to watch her don

up before—mostly in shorts or swimming togs."

Torpo laughed—such a nice laugh. My heart beat with pure excitement. I could sniff romance in the very air!

"For the first time, then, dear lady, you view the manly form suitably attired." (I remembered Torpo's little swimming trunks with the palm-trees on them, and giggled to myself.) Torpo bowed to Peg. "And you, Madame Butterfly" (I thought that rather prime) "look wonderful!"

"Oh, Torpo, I'm so excited. I feel wonderful." And on it went, blah, blah, blah, about how it was like getting married, etc., etc., till Torpo suddenly said, dropping a bomb, "The dressing-up part would be fun just for the ceremony, Peg, but after that you'd be no good —"

Peg whirled, eyes flashing. "And just what, Mr. So-and-So, do you mean by that?"

Torpo laughed again, unruffled. "What I mean is—you can't cook or anything. When you're married you have to cook, and I get jolly hungry—"

"Oh, you do, do you? You speak as if it were you—as if we were—" She nearly choked. "Anyway, why did you come here tonight? Mother's driving us up."

That nice grin again. A bit





# BEWARE,

## A dramatic short story

**W**HEN I came to the curve that seemed so unguarded, even though there was a row of jagged, white-painted rocks to mark the edge, I thought: They'll have to replace some of the rocks now.

I could not keep from looking down the steep, dry cliff; but if there were crushed bushes and a bare, untidy patch of earth, I noticed them only because I already knew about the accident. The car itself had been thoroughly and neatly gathered up and taken away for examination; and it was during this procedure that they had found the note Evvy had left in the glove compartment, addressed to Robert Payne Benson. All it said was, "I know . . ."

One of the pleasant, lean policemen had come over to the apartment where I was sitting all alone—Dave and his wife and the others had been there and gone—and asked if I could suggest what the note meant. I shook my head. It seemed to be a message intended only for Robert, with his full name carefully written out to call attention to that fact.

"Of course, Mr. Benson's naturally very upset," the policeman said. "He's all broken up. If it was something too personal to explain—"

"I don't know," I said. I closed my eyes because I was near exhaustion; I was too tired even to agree when Lieutenant Marrow, the policeman, said, "Anything like this makes you wonder. I used to see her almost every day on her way to work in Tech Area." I thought: Well, maybe Evvy wanted somebody to wonder; but I couldn't make the effort to say the words aloud.

"I'm sorry," Lieutenant Marrow said. "We have to look into a—thing like this. I'm sorry." Then he went away . . .

I had only braked, not stopped, and now I let my foot off the brake of the car I had borrowed, and I went on down the steep mountain road from Los Alamos, where I worked and where, until the day before yesterday, I had shared a temporary apartment with Evelyn Frasee.

As I drove, I wondered if I would ever get to the point where I could feel simple, welcome grief for the loss of my best friend. What I felt now, I had felt for forty-eight hours—a gritty-eyed tiredness and an oppressive guilt.

Why had I not been more sensitive to what Evvy must have been feeling? I had not paid attention—not enough attention, anyway—and she had gone plunging off alone into the air, as though that were the only road she could take.

I looked off and away, as one has a compulsion to do, once a mountain road is familiar. The mountains were dark against the crystal absence of sky that one grew used to in this part of New Mexico. At midday the sun shed a moteless brilliance, and there before me were all the familiar, pitted, colored cliffs and distant mesas and dry river beds and uneven, earthy spaces, and no movement anywhere. Everything was fixed, bright, dry, silent.

I speeded up when I got to the flat main road to Santa Fe. Branching roads led off to Espanola and Santa Clara and Frijoles Canyon, where we used to ride and picnic among the deserted Indian cliff dwellings. Now I was on my way to meet Evvy's people. There was going to be a funeral service for Evvy in an old Spanish church, but her family was taking her home to Vermont for burial. They would feel grief, and their tears would freshen when they saw me, because I would remind them that I was alive and Evvy wasn't.

Why—if she was happy, and about to be married? They would want to know, and I couldn't tell them why. I had made all the practical arrangements about Evvy, and I could introduce them to Robert. I could do no more. I dreaded seeing Robert.

Evvy loved Robert very much. She hadn't known many men—she had told me even her family was almost all women—and when she met Robert she had still on hand all the minor loves she should have expended when she was growing up: a crush on a boy in the next block, and a yearning for a professor in college who looked as though he had troubles at home.

She loved Robert with all these loves, as well as with her adult, sudden, passionate love. I saw it happen, and I minded. I became invisible, as a room-mate will in a love affair, and it seemed to me Evvy thought friendship was worth nothing, nothing—now that she was in love.

I resented Robert, and I enjoyed doing so. It was only natural, I told myself. Here he came along, a stranger, and, in a day, took away the friend I had had for years, the friend with whom I had started this adventure.

Evvy and I had come out to Los Alamos together, in the spirit of seeing other parts of the country. Evvy was a chemist; I was a biologist; so of course we worked in different research labs. It was just as well, since we did everything else together, and it added a little variety to our conversation.

We explored Los Alamos, a town, we felt, that laid stress on its ordinariness—Evvy called it Bronxville-in-the-sky. There were clean streets, lots of children, pastel-colored modern houses with bright green lawns. There were supermarkets and drugstores that sold comics. Yet there were odd features, too, like no television—something to do with the mountains.

There were movies and schools with swimming pools, but no grave-

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# MY LOVE

BY HAMLEN HUNT

ILLUSTRATED  
BY BOOTHROYD

yard. The ordinary cafeterias, that always included frijoles and tamales in the menu, had posters saying, This Is Not the Place to Discuss Classified Information. And a perfectly ordinary-looking vacant lot would have a high wire fence around it and a sign that said, Danger. Contaminated Area. Keep Out. No trespassers ever ignored these signs—never.

Evvy and I loved our brand-new apartment, for which we bought modern furniture and some Mexican hide chairs and beautiful yellow-and-orange Indian rugs and some black pottery from San Ildefonso. We loved the clear air, and the way the Sangre de Cristo Mountains glowed like red wine and melted garnets at sunset. We loved our jobs and the good friends we found so easily.

We got used to the Hill and ceased to worry about the grim-looking steel boxes at certain places on certain streets, once we discovered they were only garbage containers. We ignored the sudden noises we heard, and the occasional jarring of the ground, and we were not so uneasy at the number of perfectly new and ever-ready fire engines so much in evidence. We hardly noticed the odd silver-colored structures and the enormous blank-looking buildings we knew nothing about.

Naturally the whole community was absorbed in the facts of atomic research, but you did your own job, and did not care for any information that was extraneous to it. Naturally, too, everyone who worked in Los Alamos—even the girls in the beauty shop and the Indian women who came up by the day to do housework—had been investigated, cleared and given a security rating. Everybody had a pass, and since Evvy and I worked inside the high wire of Tech Area we had to carry other identification with us when we went to work.

There were all kinds of scientific studies being conducted on the effects of atomic exposure, and so forth, and so forth, many of which might prove of vital importance. We all knew that in the back of our minds. We learned to be careful in our talk, automatically, except when we were with each other—Evvy and I—or with people we worked with and trusted. Everybody talks shop.

When we first went to Los Alamos, the problem of security was all fresh and lively again. They were still talking about Fuchs.

Dave Ellis and his wife gave a party, soon after Evvy and I arrived and I remember that during the course of the evening Dave said, "Fuchs? He seemed a perfectly decent, ordinary, quiet fellow. We all knew him." It still seemed to trouble him that none of his fellow scientists, who had known Fuchs well, seen him every day, worked beside him, had ever suspected that all he learned was immediately passed along to the Soviet government.

"Of course," Dave said, "the thing that bothers me even now is that none of us once suspected him, and yet he was a spy—nothing more, nothing less."

"They don't wear cloaks and beards," somebody said, laughing.

Robert said, "Oh, of course not."

"A spy has to be ordinary," I said, because I'd been thinking about it a little; some of the research on vision and so on that we were doing was pretty special and new. "He has to feel he's doing the right thing for the best reasons. He doesn't sell secrets to the enemy. He honestly feels that the enemy is our friend."

"That's it," Dave said. "And at least Fuchs came from somewhere else. We might have been warned. Who let him in? Who vouched for him? But the spy who is here in Los Alamos today is one of us."

"Is there a spy here?" Evvy asked, shuddering.

"There must be," Dave said. "It stands to

reason. He's passed all the tests, he's been cleared, he's guaranteed loyal—and none of us suspects him in the least."

"Don't," Evvy said.

But Dave was on one of his hobby-horses, and he wouldn't get down; or maybe he was warning the strangers, giving them something to think about, among all the day-to-day routines.

"The rest of us may wake up and worry now and then," Dave said, "about what we're doing, and the implications; about whether we locked up the papers in the safe; about whether we said something carelessly and off the record in the wrong place."

He glanced around the roomful of people, all of us in bright-colored, South-western style clothes, holding drinks and cigarettes.

"The only one on the Hill who has a clear conscience, or no conscience," Dave said, "is the one to fear. His strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure. And he is a traitor."

"Oh, Dave!" his wife Mary protested. "There's no such person, please God; and would you mind getting some more ice?"

There were other parties, and lots of trips, as Evvy and I settled down. We bought a car and went somewhere almost every weekend, for fear of becoming what local slang called Hill-happy, which was the same as loco, or stir-crazy.

There were many fences around the ordinary community of Los Alamos, visible and invisible, all a part of the strain of working there; and there was a great compulsion to get away.

Robert and Evvy, who had met at Dave's party, fell in love abruptly, a few months later. Between their meeting and falling in love, though, Robert had been away abroad at some international congress of chemists, I think—and then when he came back, I was suddenly alone. More than that, I was thoroughly annoyed. I cooked dinner, and Evvy didn't come home—she and Robert had gone to the Lodge, to celebrate some private anniversary.

I asked Evvy, "Are we going to Taos with the Myers' this week-end?" And she said, "Oh, gosh! Didn't I tell you? Robert and I are going riding this week-end—a pack trip with some friends of his from the East. They'll only be here a few days."

"No, you didn't," I said, bitterly. "And the Myers' don't know either."

"You go, darling," Evvy said. "I should have told you that I couldn't, but you and the Myers' will have fun."

I looked at Evvy. Love had not changed her much, except that she was thinner. She was working hard and late on a rush project of some sort, and often Robert—who had Q clearance and could go where he wanted and when he wanted to—went over at night and picked her up at the lab, or sat around waiting until she was through.

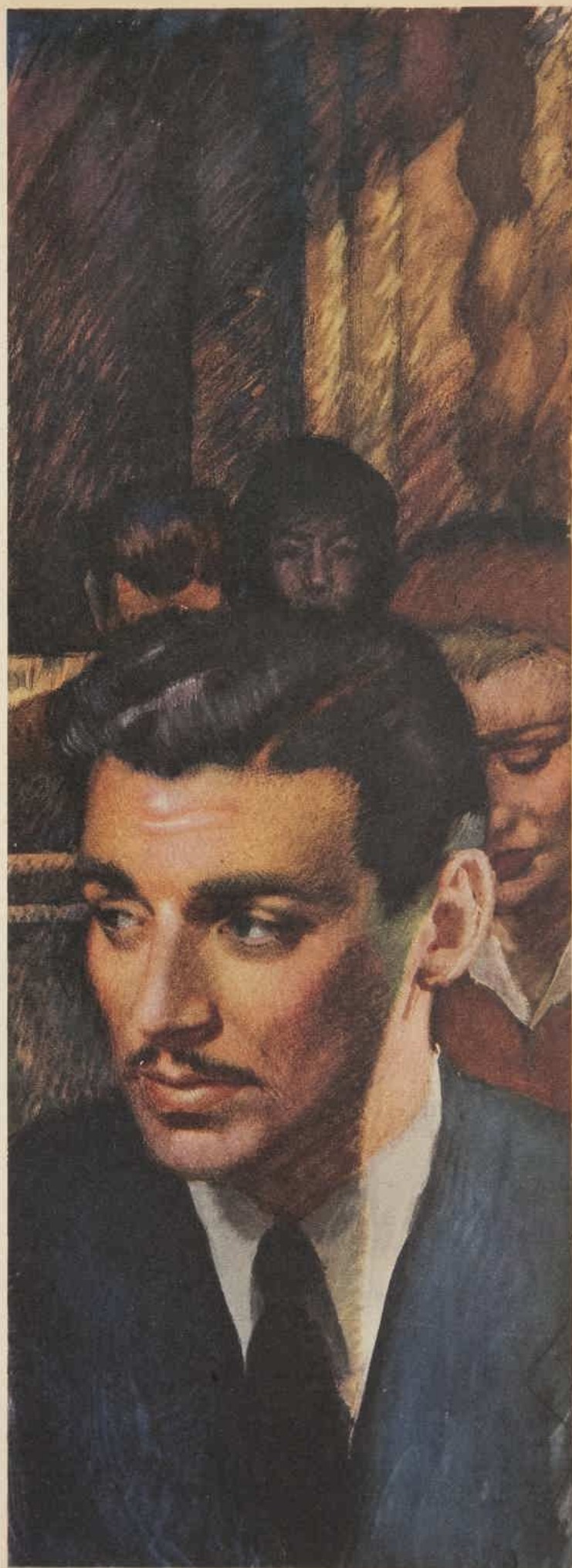
Evvy's grey eyes, off-blonde hair, and face and figure were unchanged, but to me, that day, she seemed more like a replica of herself than the real thing. She was so much in love that there was something missing. I mean that seriously; she had, as it were, given herself away.

I hoped, when she married and her life was settled and the strain had eased, that she would get herself back again. It wasn't only that I was left out and missed Evvy; I was worried about her.

I said wearily: "Robert's got everything,

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Robert was alone as we came into the church and I saw him glance over at me with a kind of desperate appeal in his eyes.



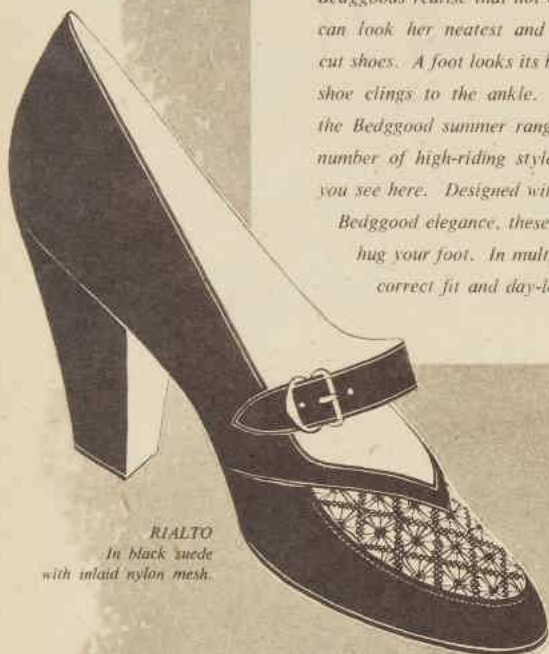




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THE FRIENDLY FOOTWEAR



## "BING CROSBY OF EUROPE"

JEAN SABLON photographed in his Paris flat before he left for Australia. He sleeps on a Napoleon I camp bed, which he bought in an antique shop with his first earnings as a singer at the age of 18. He says it is uncomfortable, but has sentimental appeal.

## Sablon, troubadour from Paris

From  
ROLAND PULLEN,  
in Paris

Jean Sablon, the man they call the Bing Crosby of Europe, arrives in Australia this month to star in a revue.

Sablon, who is a bachelor and looks a little like a younger Clark Gable, loves the sun and all forms of sport. That is one of the main reasons why he decided to go to Australia.

HE has refused big dollar contracts in America and South America, where he is already well known, to seek new friends and the sun of Australia, where he says he has always wanted to go.

In the Paris entertainment world, Sablon is called a "fantaisiste." Literally that means a whimsical fellow, but really "fantaisiste" implies an artist who mixes good humor, catchy songs, lively improvisation and patter, an agreeable presence and an attractive naughtiness into a sparkling personality cocktail that only Paris can shake.

The songs he sings are mainly simple lyrics about the boulevard cafes of Paris, the Seine in its many moods, the trees, the beggars, the buses, the trains, and the pretty girls.

These simple lyrics about Paris that Frenchmen love are the songs he will sing during his Australian tour, which opens in Melbourne on November 20.

I saw him in his Paris apartment on a cold autumn morning just before he left for Sydney. When I arrived he was roasting a chicken in an electric oven in his magnificently equipped kitchen. And he told me that after sport his favorite relaxation was cooking.

"I had never thought about it until I first went to America," he said. "Frenchmen are inclined to take good food for granted. But in New York I had a Chinese cook who used to stew in the morning vegetables and meat that he wanted me to eat at night.

"I bought myself a French cookery book and what I couldn't learn from that my

French friends over there taught me. By the time I arrived back in France I really fancied myself as a cook."

In Australia he will look for new recipes. He particularly wants to taste kangaroo tail soup and Sydney rock oysters.

On the roof of Sablon's beautiful wood-panelled apartment is a large sun terrace which overlooks the Seine and the Eiffel Tower. On the terrace is a dovecote decorated with flowers and creepers.

Sablon is a keen underwater fisherman and has packed elaborate submarine fishing equipment into his bags to take with him to Australia.

He acquired the taste for underwater fishing on the sunny Mediterranean coast, where his widowed mother lives.

While he was there recently he wrote a song called "Bouillabaisse," in praise of the famous Provençal fish soup.

"I wrote it to the smell of fish soup," he said. "I had been out in the morning and speared my own fish."

"I was cooking the bouillabaisse in my mother's kitchen," he added, "when the song came into my head. I rushed to the piano while the bouillabaisse was still on the stove and I got the song down on paper before we sat down to eat."

"Bouillabaisse" will be one of the new songs Sablon will sing in Australia.

But there will be many old favorites such as "Le Fiacre," which was made famous by Yvette Guilbert in the 90's, "Pigalle," "C'est si bon," and "Moulin Rouge."

Australia will like this friendly troubadour from Paris with his big brown eyes, his crow's feet smile, and his Clark Gable moustache.

And as for Sablon himself: "I am so verry, verry 'appy to be going to your begg, begg continent."



COOKING is a favorite hobby of Sablon, here shown at work in the magnificently equipped kitchen of his Paris flat.

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# PICTURE PARADE



## HOPALONG CASSIDY

**WILLIAM BOYD**, 59-year-old cowboy, and his white stallion, "Topper." Hoppy is scheduled to begin his personal appearances in Sydney this week on behalf of the Society for Crippled Children. "Topper" has been temporarily put out to grass in America as Commonwealth quarantine regulations forbade his entry into Australia with his master.





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# Miss Monty's Dance



**SUGGESTION** that parents should join in children's parties is followed by Dr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Smith (right), who attended Miss Monty's Dance with their daughter Virginia, 14. She was partnered by Cadet-Midshipman Mark Stone, 17.



**YOUNG GUESTS** were brought by parents and called for when the ball ended. Mrs. M. W. Lovett says: "Have a happy time" to her daughter Gillian, 16, and escort John Mortenson, 16, who attends Melbourne Grammar School.

**HOSTESS** Lindy Challengingworth, 16, cuts Pavlova cake for two of her pre-dance dinner-party guests, Lynette Mullett (left) and Margaret Ezard (centre), fellow students at Tintern. The dinner was a simple three-course buffet.



**BAND LEADER** Denis Farrington is surrounded by fans, including Barbara Lane, 13, and Anita Villager, 14, both pupils at Lauriston, David Wenzel, 13, Scotch College, and Don Hamilton, 15, Melbourne Grammar School. As this was a special dance in a big hall, a full orchestra provided the music. Usually these young people dance to a piano or radiogram, which Victorian headmasters and headmistresses suggest is adequate for most school dances.

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# A party blueprint

PLANNED as a "blueprint" for young people's parties, "Miss Monty's Dance" at the Malvern Town Hall, Melbourne, was convened by dancing teacher Mrs. Richard Linton as a memorial to the late Miss Montgomery, for 40 years a dancing teacher. It followed ideas laid down by "Miss Monty" and those expressed by the Headmasters and Headmistresses of the Independent Schools of Victoria when they recently asked parents to help make the social life of boys and girls "simpler and more fitting to their age."



LADY BROOKES (left), a "Miss Monty" pupil as a young girl, selected Merton Hall girl Virginia Finlay and Tony Staley, Scotch College, as the most attractive pair. Mrs. Lort Smith (centre) is a sister of the late "Miss Monty."



DANCE CONVENER Mrs. Richard Linton and her husband (at left) first met at "Miss Monty's" class. Now Mrs. Linton teaches dancing.

TALKING CLOTHES, St. Catherine's girls Julia Reynolds (left) in white, Denise King in blue taffeta, and Mary Rowden in bronze organza.



"GETTING HEP," Melbourne Grammar pupil Eric Anderson, 15, and Adrienne Andrews, 14, of St. Catherine's, enjoy a special request rendering of "Tiger Rag" by the band. Pictures on these two pages were taken by staff photographer Ernest Mann.



PROGRAMMES were another feature of the ball advocated by headmasters and headmistresses. Pink programmes were perfumed with lily of the valley as they were in "Miss Monty's" day. Five partners, Barlow Telford, Melbourne Grammar (left), John Kelly, Xavier, Robin Price and Ian Campbell, both Melbourne Grammar, and Ken Barry, Xavier, book dances with Ann Callaway, Merton Hall. Progressive barn dances helped guests to "break the ice."



# BOND'S *Panties*

adapted from lush New York designs. Beautifully cut with *fit* where you *sit*

Black swami—  
14/9

New York women insist on panties that sit neatly under slim summer fashions, yet allow free movement. So Candy Wilson, our 5th Avenue Style Reporter, showed us the New York way to streamline panties. We've added lots of frothy lace, bubbling pleats, given them little price tags that don't go with their luxury look!



## TROUSSEAU *Nylon* TOO! (but priced to wear every day.)

Wear these frothy lovelies day in, day out, under everything—like all Bond's undies they wash beautifully, keep their lovely quality for seasons.

Ask  
for Fiesta  
Pastels  
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66 gauge  
nylons, too!

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Pink nylon—25/-



Glove silk—  
12/9

Bond's are at most stores. If your store has run out, write to Bond's Industries, Box 36, Camperdown, N.S.W. They'll gladly supply the name of your nearest retailer that stocks them.



# BOND'S

little girl *panties*  
at little girl prices!



Swami  
from 7/11

Such  
beautiful quality  
big sisters can hand  
them down

later



Rayon  
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Glove Silk  
from 7/11

Little girls who envy mother's pretty panties now have their own little beauties. Frothy with lace, action-cut for plenty of free movement. Mothers! Notice how they wash, notice their little price tags—and you'll always ask for Bond's.

Ask for **BOND'S** little girl *panties*  
wherever you shop

(If your store is out, write to Bond's Ind., Box 36, Camperdown, for the name of the nearest store that has them.)

## HATS OF DACHE

**LILLY DACHE**, famed American milliner, inspired all these hats. She designed them especially for Australian milliner Madame Anthony, of Sydney. Madame Anthony, a close personal friend of Madame Dache, is showing the hats in her present collection at her Sydney salon.



**NOVEL UMBRELLA** hat is made by Madame Anthony from a Lilly Dache design. It's of rain-proofed scarlet gabardine trimmed with a navy wool fringe. When not being worn on the head, it folds like a parasol, and hangs on the wrist like a handbag.



**SPANISH KNIGHT** is the name of this Dache hat (right) in grey-and-original cocktail hat forward on the head. Suits short or long hair, bunches of tiny feathers, looks dashing with both.



**CHIGNON** of Canadian ranch mink can be adjusted to sit on top of the mink-colored felt shape, or can be lowered to the nape of the neck to hide hair.

## Raftman mobbed in U.S.

By J. B. DAVIES, of our New York staff

American adventurer William Willis, now being mobbed by enthusiastic New Yorkers, could hardly have imagined, as he drifted alone across the Pacific, what a turmoil his homecoming would cause.

**NEITHER** could his wife, Tess, who hardly left their small New York apartment for months as she nervously waited for news of her husband during the 115 days he drifted from Peru to Samoa on his balsawood raft.

Mrs. Willis, who for weeks had been anxiously snatching up the telephone receiver in the hope that it would be word that her husband had been sighted on his long voyage, is now taking the receiver off the hook.

She is pleading with radio, television, and publishing executives to "please talk to our agent," whom they have been forced to hire to handle the situation.

While Mrs. Willis has been firmly refusing to let in reporters and photographers hammering on the front door, Mr. Willis has been slipping out the back door and running to catch subway trains.

Hurrying through Manhattan's noisy streets, taking lifts to skyscraper offices, he has been having conferences with all the people interested in the story of his lone adventure.

"We want to get it all over with and get a little peace,"

Mrs. Willis said when a call from The Australian Women's Weekly got through her defenses.

"We want to be together quietly—to go on a holiday somewhere—but this telephone never stops," she said. "I've hardly had time to talk to my husband or even to hear anything about his trip."

The raft voyage promises to change both their lives.

Mrs. Willis said she has not had time to consider yet

whether they will move out of their present modest home to something larger, but a move will be well within their means.

Willis went off on the voyage "to let off steam," according to his wife. It was not a money-making venture.

But both of them have now appeared on nation-wide television programmes and Willis is being besieged to write articles and finally a book on the trip.

"I thought all the worry would be over when he turned up safely at the other end, but it's worse than ever," Mrs. Willis said. "Bill was fed up with New York's hustle and bustle. He likes peace and quiet—that's partly why he went alone. Now he's right back in the middle of this turmoil."

Mrs. Willis is going to help her husband write his book when their life settles down.

Her first job will be to type out the 800 salt-stained pages of notes he made on the voyage. He wrote them in his scrawling handwriting on his knee in the thatched hut on the raft's deck, sometimes at night by lantern light and at other times when the raft was bobbing in stormy seas.

A trained stenographer, Mrs. Willis will later transcribe what her husband says as he dictates from the notes and his memory of such incidents as being dragged from the raft by a struggling man-sized shark he had caught.

Though to Mr. Willis (and his wife) the abrupt transition from his solitary life on the raft to the turmoil of his New York homecoming has been something of a strain, it has not upset Meekie, his black cat and fellow voyager.

With milk and meat as a change to his all-fish diet on the raft, Meekie is getting fat. The first color pictures of Mr. Willis and his famous raft appear on our cover and on pages 16 and 17.



**MRS. TESS WILLIS**, wife of the American raftman who drifted across the Pacific, admires a radio picture of her husband. The picture was taken in Samoa by our photographer John Jones, and appears on our cover.





**SOLITARY SAILOR** William Willis (above) stands aboard the balsa-wood raft, named "The Seven Little Sisters," which carried him in a 6500-mile, 115-day drift across the Pacific from Peru to Pago Pago, in Samoa.

**A COMFORTABLE BED** at Government House in American Samoa (below) proved a change for the 61-year-old American adventurer. His only shelter at sea had been in a thatched hut which stood upon the deck of the raft.



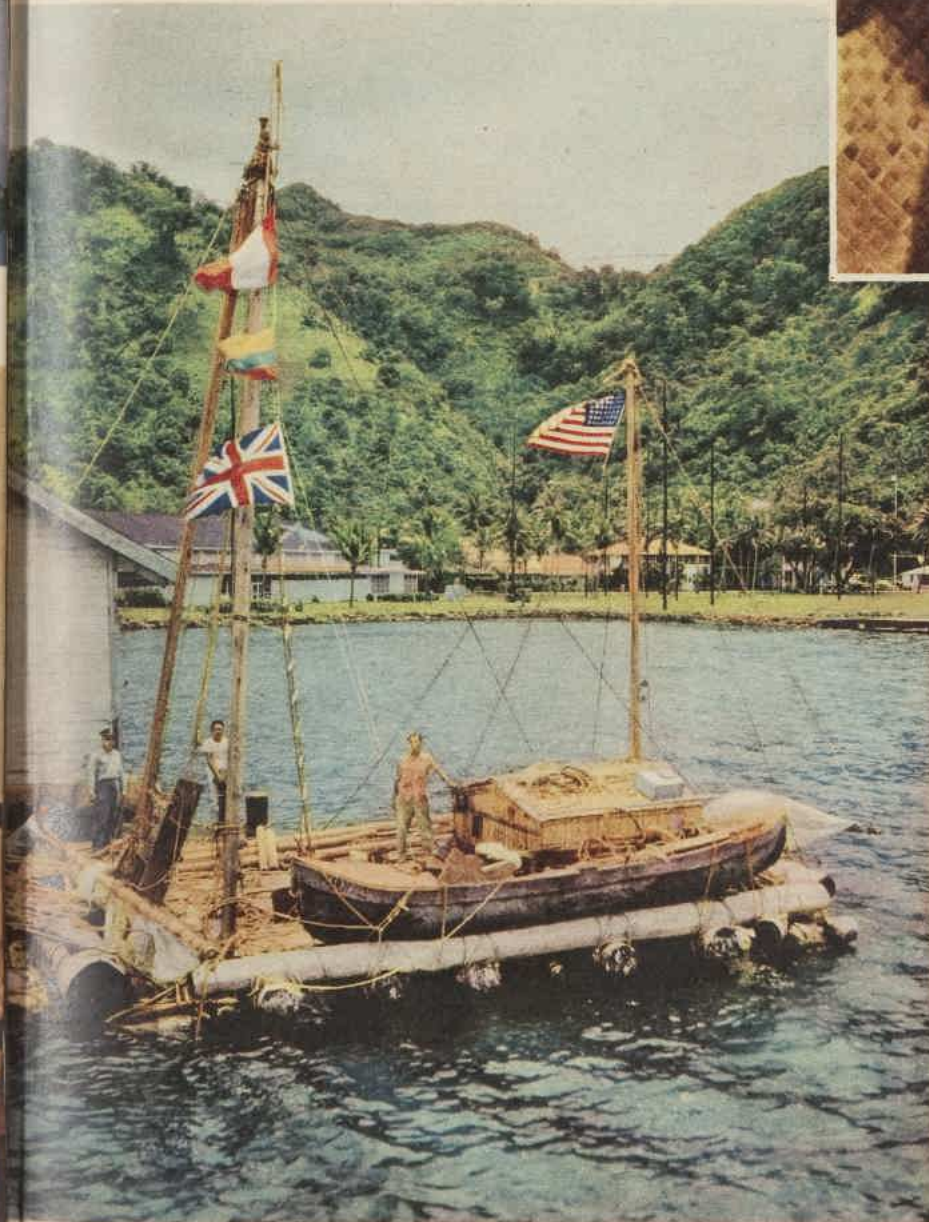
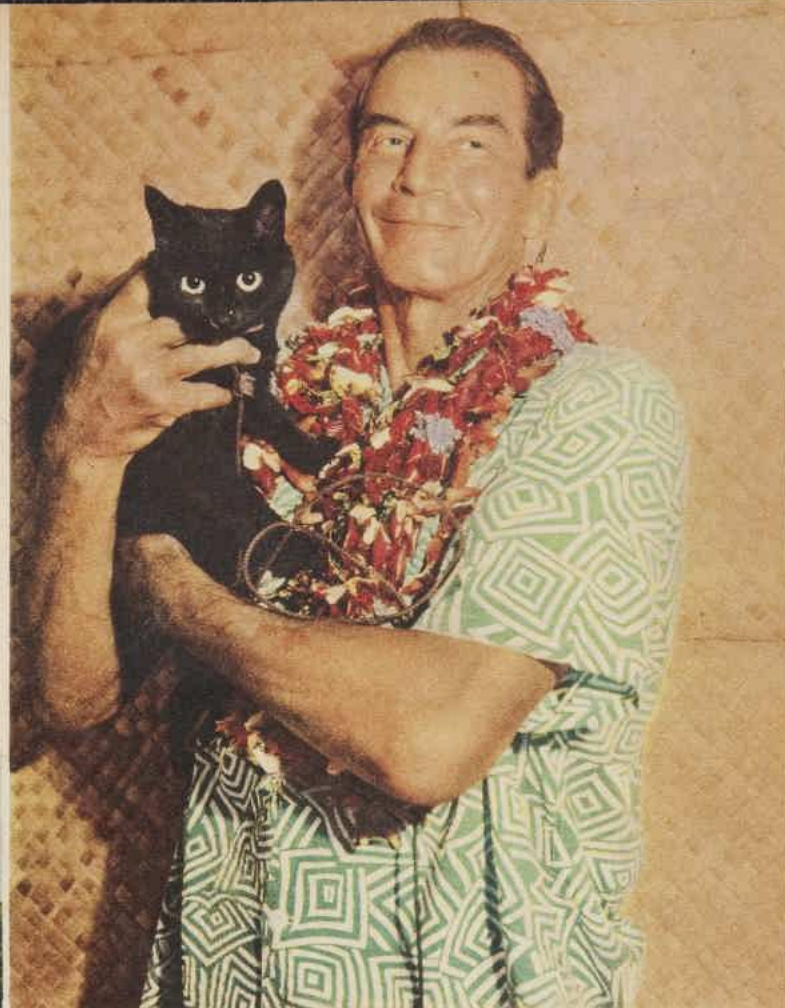


# Alone across the Pacific



● Here are the first color pictures of William Willis and the raft on which he crossed the Pacific alone, from Peru to Pago Pago. Our photographer flew 5560 miles to get them. There were only two people who thought 61-year-old Willis would come through according to plan. They were Mr. Willis and his wife. They were right.

*SAMOAN SEAMEN inspect Willis' strange craft (left), which was steered by a complex system of centreboards. At right he poses with Meekie, his cat.*



*FLYING the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, Willis and his craft reach journey's end. Lashed to the deck of the raft is a Peruvian-made cedar canoe, there in case of emergency. Willis' voyage exceeded that of the famous Kon-Tiki by 2000 miles.*



*CONTRAST: Above, Willis sits in the doorway of his raft hut where his meals were usually raw fish, molasses, and flour paste. In Samoa (below) he dined at Government House. (Pictures by staff photographer John Jones.)*





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## GREEN OCTOPUS

### Pest that could strangle Australia

By a special correspondent

Early risers in the Riverina and south-western New South Wales towns often wonder at the behaviour of a fawn utility truck and the man who drives it.

**R**UNNING slowly through the almost deserted streets, it circles the still-sleeping townships, traversing every road as if searching to a plan.

Key to the truck and its mysterious morning trips is the legend on its side—Prickly Pear Destruction Commission.

The driver has been fighting prickly pear—Australia's most frightening pest—for 21 years.

He is Alf Britton, a supervisor for the N.S.W. Prickly Pear Destruction Commission, and on his early morning jaunts he is looking for prickly pear plants. To him the fight against pear is a 24-hours-a-day job.

At present there are a number of men like Alf on the job, for this year the New South Wales Government has

ing land, fences, buildings, and even homesteads.

The pest covered an area nearly twice as big as Australia's total area under crop. In Queensland it choked land that could have carried five million sheep.

When it comes to spreading, prickly pear has every trick in the book.

Every pad will take root where it falls and start new growth.

But even with all its tricks, prickly pear would never have been able to spread without the help of its greatest allies—people themselves.

Back in the early 1900s when prickly pear was reaching its peak there seemed to be no way of checking it. It swept all before it.

Then in 1925, following years of research overseas, the cactoblastis insect, a natural enemy of the prickly pear, was

### Destruction funds are augmented

doubled prickly pear destruction funds under a policy that aims at freeing the State from the threat of the pest for all time.

So far in Australia, only Queensland and New South Wales have had large areas infested, though pear has been reported in all States.

When you dig back into the history of prickly pear in Australia, the exploits of this hungry land-swallowing monster make the beanstalk of fairy-tale fame a very small-time operator.

Prickly pear has been very aptly nicknamed the "Green Octopus."

It was unknown in Australia before colonisation and only very few plants were brought ashore in the 30 or 40 years after the first settlement.

Yet, by the 1920s, it covered sixty million acres of New South Wales and Queensland, and was bulldozing its way across new land at the rate of a million acres a year, swallowing farming and graz-

brought to Australia from America.

The cactoblastis, a small brownish-grey moth, lays its eggs on the prickly pear. The grubs, which hatch out of the eggs, burrow into the plants and eat them.

Multiplying rapidly, the cactoblastis proved more than a match for the prickly pear. They literally ate their way through millions of acres of it.

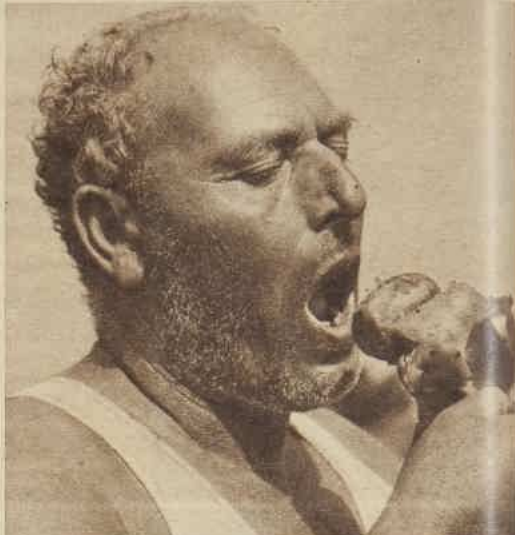
Then the balance of nature took a hand.

This natural enemy of the pear can fly only very short distances. It therefore loses its effectiveness against pear once the pear becomes a scattered growth.

Cactoblastis was only really effective in the dense pear jungles of the 1920s.

However, there is some difference of opinion on the value of the cactoblastis between the New South Wales Prickly Pear Destruction Commission and the Queensland authorities.

New South Wales has one aim—to destroy the pest com-



**MALTESE** Emanuel Galdes says prickly pear is a wonder cure for ulcers, chest and stomach complaints, and diabetes. Emanuel, a market gardener at Baulkham Hills, N.S.W., has been in Australia 21 years, but still relishes his prickly pears. The fruit is choice food to many Europeans.

pletely; Queensland is satisfied if pear is kept under control and continues to use cactoblastis.

Authorities in N.S.W. are at present giving the cactoblastis its final fling in their State. They have bred a special batch of the insects and released them on a thick patch of pear near Mudgee, N.S.W. It is yet too early to give complete results, although the N.S.W. Commission states even now that the experiment shows the cactoblastis to be an "outworn weapon" against pear.

During the war years and until recently, shortages of labor and equipment seriously hampered eradication work.

At the same time a new prickly pear pest has established itself.

It is the Tiger Pear, a tough, fast spreader.

Cactus gardens, too, have become a popular fad and, inevitably, a fair proportion of prickly pear is being grown.

One woman introduced it into gardens in at least four

knock it about. The publican was diligently watering it.

Europeans, particularly those from the Mediterranean countries, present another real problem for the destruction commission.

In those countries a cactus with a lush, fleshy fruit is grown by everyone and is a staple part of the diet. The inhabitants credit it with all-embracing medicinal qualities.

One prickly pear field man inspecting a Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area farm owned by an Italian found a large number of prickly pears growing. He arranged for the farmer to destroy them.

Business over, he accepted an invitation to tea and was told by the farmer that this was the happiest day of his life because his sister was arriving from Italy.

While they were talking, she arrived—complete with much luggage and a large brown-paper parcel.

The parcel was proudly unwrapped, to reveal several large leaves of prickly pear.

### Thoughtless people pear's great allies

different Riverina districts spread over a distance of some 200 miles.

Supervisor Alf Britton first came across her trail when he was on one of his Riverina garden inspection trips.

After a long search he went to a hospital where prickly pear had been reported, and located her.

On the same trip, he pulled into a hotel in a small country town late at night and parked his truck in the yard, only to find he couldn't get out the door because he was parked against a dense hedge of prickly pear.

Next morning, up bright and early to take his usual dawn run, he found the whole yard hedged with prickly pear. Two savage blue cattle-dogs were chained up guarding it, so that, he found out later, straying cattle wouldn't

brought all the way from Italy so the brother would have some from his old home.

Mr. V. H. Gray, Prickly Pear Destruction Commissioner, says one of the greatest obstacles in his work is the fact that, generally, people know nothing about prickly pear and have little idea of its danger.

It's futile, he points out, for the Government and private landowners to spend hundreds of pounds poisoning prickly pear if cactus gardeners are providing sources of new infestation all the time.

His advice to cactus gardeners who have prickly pear in their gardens is to burn it or bury it under at least two feet of soil.

The worst thing they can do, he says, is to throw it out, because it will grow again wherever they throw it.

### GARDEN CRIMINALS

**MANY** attractive domestic cactus gardens, now so much in vogue, are illegal. Their owners are liable to fines of up to £50.

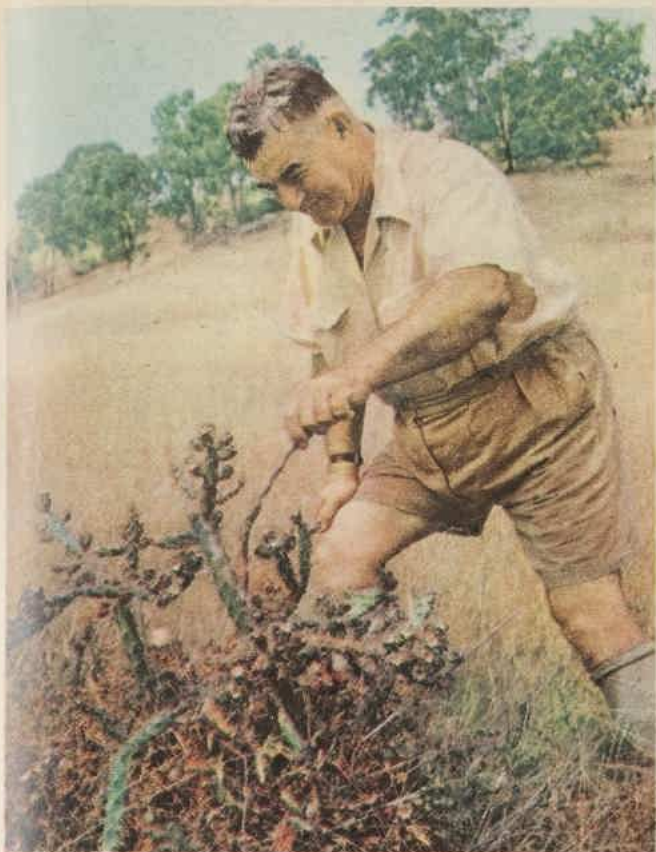
The gardens are illegal everywhere except in Tasmania if they contain any of the varieties of prickly pear, and are illegal in Queensland if they contain any variety of cacti.

Growers of pear or people offering it for sale are liable to fines of up to £50 in all States except Tasmania. All States, however, serve warnings to destroy before launching prosecutions.

If you are a cactus-garden fan, don't destroy the plants before you have them identified. Some gardens are a collection of succulents which are harmless.

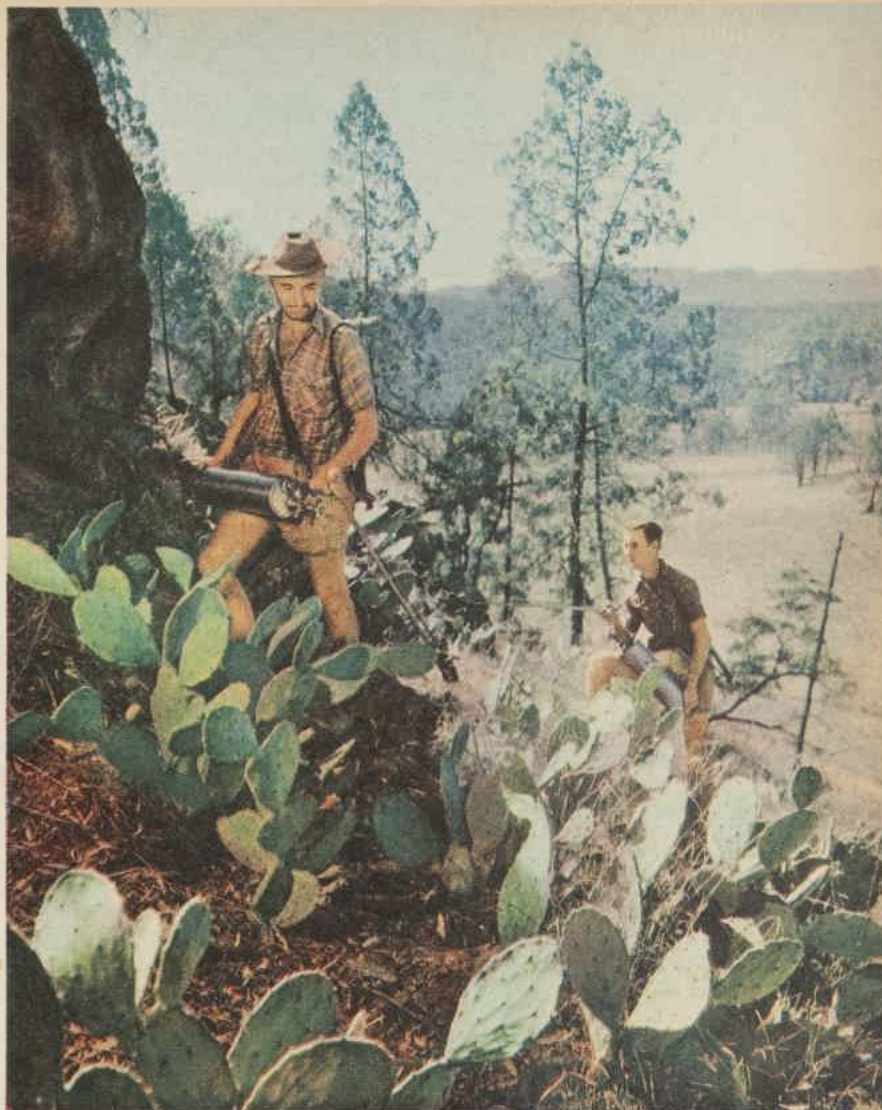


## Government declares war on prickly pear



**TIGER PEAR** (above), top villain of the prickly pear family, is treated by Prickly Pear Inspector J. Cox. It has gained a foothold through floods and lush seasons.

**PRICKLY PEAR** Destruction Commission workers (right) Henry Nesvera and Reg Tremlett working on a heavy prickly pear area in the Burragorang Valley.



**GOOD LAND** can be made useless with frightening speed by the growth of prickly pear. Seeds from the fruit are spread by birds, animals, and insects, and may lie dormant up to 20 years before germinating in a good season. Even the smallest pulpy fragment of prickly pear will take root and start new growth. One plant, taken to Scone, N.S.W., spread the pear over 70,000 acres. Fastest spreader is the Tiger Pear.



**CACTUS GARDEN** enthusiasts are a particular menace to the Prickly Pear Destruction Commission. The potplant at Toni Goodwin's right is prickly pear. Every major spread of pear has been traced to garden plants grown by thoughtless enthusiasts.





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# Mitchell Will

## THIS NEWSPAPER WILL CONDUCT QUEST ON TRUSTEES' BEHALF

We are proud to announce that The Australian Women's Weekly has been appointed by the trustees of the estate of the late Peter Stuckey Mitchell to conduct competitions to find the young Australians who will benefit from Peter Mitchell's will.

This is the will that set the nation talking in June, when it was disclosed that a fortune had been left to provide annual prizes to promising young Australians who could pass exacting tests in citizenship and general knowledge.

**THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY** is proud of being chosen to conduct this quest, because we believe that the ideals expressed by Peter Mitchell through his will cannot fail to encourage the growth of physical and mental health in young Australians.

The trustees, who have empowered us to conduct the competition on their behalf, are Walter George Henderson, retired solicitor, of Robertson, N.S.W., his daughter, Miss Jocelyn Henderson, Brigadier Raymond Walter Tovell, chartered accountant, of Melbourne, and The Union Trustee Company of Australia Ltd.

The late Peter Mitchell, grazier, of Bringenbrong, near Albury, N.S.W., died in 1921 at the age of 64, leaving more than £215,000. His widow, a life tenant in the trust, died on April 10 this year.

The will directed that after her death the net income from his estate should be awarded, through a number of periodical competitions, as prizes to 15 unmarried women under the age of 30, 10 youths under

21, and to soldiers, sailors, and police.

In April, 1955, fifteen young Australian women will be awarded the following prizes:

**FIRST PRIZE, £512/16/8.**  
**SECOND PRIZE, £256/8/5.**

**THIRD PRIZE, £128/4/3.**  
Twelve prizes of £64/2/- each.

These amounts are the results of calculations based on the instructions in the will.

In the following year, in addition, we will conduct the competitions for the 10 youths.

Awards to members of the Army, Navy, and Police forces will be made on tests conducted within their own organisations.

### Opportunity

It is our task now to find the 15 young women beneficiaries for 1955, and we are ensuring that any girl in Australia with the necessary qualifications has an opportunity, no matter how isolated the area she lives in, to state her claims to benefit from the will.

Conditions of the will as they apply to women are

printed on the opposite page.

Here is the way we will conduct the competitions:

Any girl who believes she is eligible or is willing to study and work to make herself eligible in coming months must write to us for an application form and an examination paper.

To obtain these papers, she must fill in and return to us the form published on this page.

Her completed application and the answers to the examination questions must be returned to us no later than January 1, 1955.

The same people who mark Intermediate and Leaving Certificate papers will be asked to mark the examination papers.

The trustees have set 50 per cent. in the written examination as a minimum standard for eligibility of candidates for further consideration.

From the results we will choose a number of girls in each State to come to their capital cities for interviews and further examinations by committees of experts.

Girls who are under consideration as finalists will be required to sign a statutory

## FILL IN THIS FORM

When you have filled in this form return it, with a self-addressed foolscap envelope bearing 3½d. stamp, to:

"Peter Mitchell Quest,"

Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me the papers necessary to make application to benefit from the Peter Mitchell Trust. I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....



# 15 PRIZES TO BE WON

Here is how  
Australian girls can  
apply for benefits

## Extracts from the will

**V**ERBATIM extracts from Peter Mitchell's will are given below. They explain the qualifications necessary to win prizes.

**T**HE extracts are from the First and Third Schedules. The Second Schedule refers to male applicants only and will be published later.

### THE FIRST SCHEDULE

The persons to whom this Schedule refers shall be unmarried females not exceeding the age of thirty years British subjects and bona-fide residents of the Commonwealth of Australia of a white race and not the offspring of first cousins.

The purposes covered by this Schedule shall be the providing each year of prizes or bonuses for fifteen of the fittest of such persons last aforesaid the fitness to be decided by my Trustees or by any examiner or examiners they may choose to appoint or by my Trustees assisted by such examiners. The amount of the first prize shall be twice that of the second and the amount of the second shall be twice that of the third and the amount of the third shall be twice the amount of each of the remaining prizes which shall all be equal.

In the deciding of the fitness of any candidate and her superiority to the others the following matters (in addition to the main test hereafter mentioned and hereafter called the "main test") shall be taken into consideration; and each candidate must reasonably comply with conform to or satisfy each of such matters according to a minimum standard required by my Trustees before being admitted to the main test.

1. Her physical excellence and the goodness of her general health; her freedom from any hereditary taint or disease, particularly of the intellect; her brightness and cheerfulness of disposition and the fact that she is a person who may be calculated generally to bear and rear healthy normal children.

2. Her knowledge and understanding of the main elements of the history of the British Empire apart from the mere memorising of facts and dates.

3. Her general knowledge of the climates and geography of the Commonwealth of Australia and of its main natural products.

4. Her knowledge and understanding of standard English Literature (as embraced in the books or parts of books set forth in the Third Schedule hereunder and such other books not exceeding five as my Trustees may unanimously add to such Schedule with power to replace any of the books so added) and in particular of a sound and appreciative knowledge of such parts of the Protestant Bible as are specially mentioned in such Schedule.

5. Her knowledge of elementary anatomy and physiology and the main functions of the human body her knowledge of first aid and her ability to ride on horseback and to swim.

6. The soundness of her knowledge of practical house-keeping and domestic economy and of the necessity at all times for clean and sanitary surroundings and conditions and the best practical means of attaining them under ordinary circumstances in the said Commonwealth.

The main test to which the candidate must be subjected is as follows:—

Her practical and theoretic knowledge of the nursing

(in sickness and health) handling management training care and rearing to perfect health and strength of babies and young children.

The candidates (in their order of merit) who best satisfy the main test shall be entitled to succeed provided they shall have reached the minimum standards prescribed by my Trustees with regard to the preceding matters or tests but if the examiners shall be of opinion that any two or more candidates have equalled each other in the main test then the extent to which they shall have answered or satisfied the previous requirements or tests shall be taken into consideration and the best in order of merit chosen.

### THE THIRD SCHEDULE

The Protestant Bible and in particular Genesis, Exodus, First and Second Samuel, First and Second Kings, the Book of Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, Isaiah, Daniel, St. Luke, St. John, The Acts of the Apostles, Corinthians (first and second), James, Peter (first and second), First John, Revelation.

Shakespeare's Plays as follows:—"The Tempest," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "King Henry IV (first and second parts)," "King Henry V," "The Life of King Henry VIII," "The Life and Death of Julius Caesar," "King Lear," "The Tragedy of Macbeth" and "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark."

Carlyle—"Sartor Resartus," "Heroes and Hero Worship," "Presidential Address at Edinburgh."

Walt Whitman—"Me Imperturb," "Song of the Open Road," "A Song of Joys," "Myself and Mine."

Cervantes—"Don Quixote."

Smiles—"Self Help."

Dickens—"Pickwick," "David Copperfield."

George Eliot—"Middlemarch."

Kingsley—"Westward Ho."

\* Scott's Novels.

Stevenson—"Treasure Island," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "The Black Arrow," "Master of Ballantrae."

"David Balfour," "Catriona," "The Wrong Box."

Harris—"Uncle Remus."

Thackeray—"Vanity Fair."

Kipling—"Kim," "Tales of Soldier Life," "Puck of Pook's Hill," "Rewards and Fairies," "Poems and Verses."

Conan Doyle—"White Company."

Charles Reade—"The Cloister and the Hearth."

Macaulay—"The Earl of Chatham," "William Pitt, Earl of Chatham," "Lord Clive," "Warren Hastings."

Lubbock—"Pleasures of Life."

Burns' Poems as follows:—"The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Tam O'Shanter," "The Two Dogs," "The Brigs of Ayr," "Address to the Unco' Guid," "To a Mouse," "A Winter Night," "Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet," "To a Mountain Daisy," "Man Was Made to Mourn," "Epistle to a Young Friend."

\* The Trustees suggest that candidates particularly read the following:—"Ivanhoe," "Guy Rannering," "Rob Roy," "The Heart of Midlothian," "The Talisman," "Kenilworth," "The Legend of Montrose," "Old Mortality."



PETER STUCKEY MITCHELL, who left an income from his estate to benefit young Australians. He died in 1921.

declaration stating that information supplied in their application form is true in every detail.

Finalists from each State will be brought to Sydney, where the trustees of the estate, aided by an expert committee, will choose the women who will benefit.

### Best type

**I**N 1955 and succeeding years, we hope to find 15 of the best type of young Australian women, for whom the prizes will mean, perhaps, the fulfilment of some cherished ambition.

Peter Mitchell was not in search of "perfect women." He knew that it is impossible to get perfection.

He believed in Australia and in young Australians and wanted to encourage the growth of splendid, healthy Australian families.

And he intended, through his will, to help young people sound in mind and body to fulfil their potentialities as future leaders of Australia.

His will says:

"Now I consider that, though gifts for the benefit of the weak, failing, and sick are highly praiseworthy and to be commended, yet more lasting good is to be effected by providing means to encourage and help the capable, healthy, and strong to develop and bring to fruition their natural advantages and which will act as an incentive to all sane, normal, and healthy persons of both sexes to improve so far as possible their natural

mental, moral, and physical conditions."

The word "incentive" in this extract from his will is a key to Peter Mitchell's wishes.

He knew humanity and he knew that people work harder if there is a goal in sight.

So he hoped that young people, knowing there was a prize to be won, would be encouraged to work for it.

They would have an "incentive" to study to fulfil the conditions of the will—to acquire certain skills and read a set list of books.

He wanted young people to read Shakespeare, Scott, Stevenson, Dickens, and other famous authors, because he believed that in reading them they would attain a richer understanding of the British heritage.

For the same reason, he wanted them to study the history of the British Commonwealth and to understand the constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia.

### Loved Bible

**A** LOVER of the Bible, he also wanted young people to read it for its beauty and wisdom and to live their lives according to its teachings.

However, legal interpretation of the will rules that candidates are not rendered ineligible if they have not read every one of the listed books. They must be able to demonstrate by examination that they have knowledge, appreciation, and understanding of them as a body of literature.

When the terms of the will were announced, it was revealed that one-third of the total prize-money was to be allocated to women.

The reason for this was given by Peter Mitchell's old friend and trustee, Mr. W. G. Henderson (the solicitor who drew up the will): "Peter was a breeder. He believed in good sound stock and that's what he wanted the young people of Australia to be and to produce."

"And who are mainly concerned with the rearing of healthy youngsters? Women." And that is the reason why

the "main test" that women competitors must pass is:

"Practical and theoretic knowledge of the nursing (in sickness and health), handling, management, training, care, and rearing to perfect health and strength of babies and young children."

On the surface, it might appear that the standard set for women candidates is unduly high.

But we do not think it is. We know there are thousands of Australian girls who fulfil these general requirements.

And we believe that many of them will be prepared to

study the books Peter Mitchell loved so well and acquire the skills he admired.

"Peter Mitchell wanted to encourage people to read," said Mr. Henderson.

Referring to the clause requiring women contestants to be able to "ride on horseback and to swim," he added:

"He didn't expect champions. He didn't want expert roughriders and Olympic swimmers, but he didn't want people who go and drown themselves in waterholes."

In past years, there have been a number of complaints from intelligent women that so

many guests conducted in Australia have been for those fortunate enough to have a beautiful face and figure.

But in this competition the accent is on talent and health, not beauty.

As Mr. Henderson puts it: "This is not a bathing-beauty contest. It is not for butterflies who never do a hand's turn."

So we feel that this competition offers a challenge to all young Australian women. And if you are an unsuccessful applicant this year, there is no reason why you should not work on and enter again next year.





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 17, 1954



# FASHIONS ON OAKS DAY AT FLEMINGTON



**RECENTLY MARRIED** Mrs. Redmond Green (centre), who was formerly Nan Connor, of Edgecliff, with her mother, Mrs. M. S. Connor (left), of Sydney, and Mrs. A. G. Warner.



**ABOVE.** Mrs. Lambert Latham (left), of "Ellerslie," Scone, with Mr. Andrew Tennant, South Australia, and Mrs. Trevor Clarke, Dunkeld.

**LEFT.** Arriving at Flemington is Mrs. Rupert Moses, of "Wandewee," Singleton. Mrs. Moses wore a teal-blue dress.



**FASHIONABLE TRIO.** Mrs. Charles Parsons (left), of Mosman, Mrs. Graham Nathan, of Melbourne, and Mrs. Elsie Robertson, formerly of Sydney, at the races. Mrs. Parsons chose a printed yellow chiffon dress with a double-brimmed crinoline hat trimmed with feathers; Mrs. Nathan wore a wide-brimmed hat of black ostrich feathers with her dress of black patterned, white pure silk; and a toast-brown straw hat accented Mrs. Robertson's white dress.



**UNDER THE ELMS** at Flemington, Lady Clarke (left), Mrs. Everard Baillieu, formerly of Sydney, and Mrs. Frederick Fair enjoyed a picnic lunch before the first race. Mrs. Baillieu wore a dress of blue silk shantung.



**SYDNEY VISITOR** Beth Campbell with Bruce Matear, of Melbourne, in the Members' Enclosure at Flemington. Beth chose a princess-line dress of palest lime-green taffeta shantung, patterned in white blossom, with a rose-trimmed, white chiffon hat.



**PICKING THE WINNERS** are (from left) Lady Nock, of Sydney, Mrs. A. H. Tolley, and Mrs. Norman Sheppard, of Melbourne. Lady Nock wore a black-and-white printed paper taffeta dress. Mrs. Tolley chose a slim-fitting suit.



**COOLIE HAT** of burnt-orange straw was worn by Mrs. Pat Harnett, of Darling Point, with her dress of black-spotted cinnamon chiffon. A feature of the dress was the three deep flounces on the skirt.





# KRAFT

## SHOPPING GUIDE

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For sustaining main-course dishes — delicious salads and sandwiches — use nourishing, protein-rich Kraft Cheddar. Every golden slice is rich in food values — a bargain in nutrition.



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#### RED COON — the most popular fully matured cheese

Wonderful on biscuits and bread — or as an after-dinner dessert with fresh fruit. The original "Red Coon" Cheese with a full, "tangy" flavour.

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**A MEAL IN 7 MINUTES!**



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*fine cheeses*

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# KRAFT

KD651



"I'd never go back  
to soaps  
or powders"



"Honestly, Trix saves me hours of work a week. Take washing-up, for instance. Dishes come clean in a wink, grease seems to disappear like magic.

"But, best of all, with Trix there's no drying-up! Imagine that! I just stack the dishes—and they dry sparkling clean . . . no smears, no smudges. No wonder they say that Trix-washed dishes are free from germs . . . far, far cleaner than dishes washed in suds and dried-up with a towel!

"Trix is so economical, too . . . I use only one teaspoonful for a whole, big wash-up. No, I'd never go back to soaps or powders."

Why don't you try Trix . . . just one big money-saving bottle . . . and prove for yourself that "anything suds can do, Trix can do better!"

**Trix** the "miracle" detergent is better for practically every household cleaning job . . . WASHING CLOTHES . . . CLEANING WINDOWS . . . LINOLEUM . . . TILES . . . PAINTWORK . . . STOVES . . . UPHOLSTERY . . . EVEN THE CAR!

**Trix is thick**

it goes twice as far as ordinary detergents

So economical! Just one teaspoonful

of Trix for a whole sink-full of dishes.

TRIX is a product of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd., makers of famous MORTEIN



BUTCH



"I've had to accompany lots of prisoners in my day, Butch. So far, you've been more of a nuisance than any of them."

MOTHER



"It's Tommy's birthday today—I said he could bring one or two little friends home to tea."

## It seems to me

AN exhibition at a Sydney department store, devoted to what are nowadays known as accessories for outdoor living, is quite remarkable in its scope.

There are things you stick into the lawn to hold glasses. They have a prong at one end and a sort of wire contraption at the other which holds the glass. This, presumably, saves you from having your drink trampled into the lawn by other careless outdoor-livers.

I know it's rather awful to say so, but I have a sneaking preference for indoor living. I quite enjoy old-fashioned camping or picnics, but these, as everyone knows, are not outdoor living.

Outdoor-livers wear smart clothes and sit on patios or lawns and eat barbecued food.

This is tolerable when the sun isn't too hot, the wind isn't too cold, and the flies and ants are quiescent.

All the same, the man who invented walls and roofs and windows did a most useful service. And tables now—they're clever things. They're not quite as NEW as prongs stuck in the lawn, but marvellous for holding glasses.

Stuffy, aren't I? Excuse me while I close another window.

ANOTHER outdoor living refinement on sale is coke (to burn, not to drink).

People can take it in their cars for picnics if they like.

Sissies! Doesn't anyone have the strength to gather wood any more?

Or perhaps the stuff is scented with Chanel No. 5.

So much chic-er than gum leaves.

MAYBE I won't be quite so snuffy about outdoor living if Sir Ben Lockspeiser's millennium ever arrives.

Sir Ben is a British industrial scientist, and this month he forecast a world operated by electronic brains, with factories, offices, and homes running automatically.

He said that both manual and white collar workers would disappear. Specialists (industrial scientists, I assume) would be left.

He didn't say where the other workers would disappear to, but possibly, when you come to think of it, they would be able to sit on lawns round their automatic barbecues all day.

This would be pleasant enough in its way. And yet there is one appalling thought about a workless world. If you don't work, you can't talk shop, and, in that case, what are so many of us going to talk about?

Tip for the future: If your youngster won't make an industrial scientist, suggest that he takes up psychiatry.

WHEN a British firm advertised this month for "office boy over 70," there were dozens of applicants.

It must be nice to work where the office boys make you feel young, not old.



Dorothy Drain

SOMETIMES I am inclined to agree with British tailors who recently deplored the passing of the Sunday suit.

They were speaking of men's clothes, and in particular objected to what they called the "calculated scruffiness" affected nowadays by men on casual occasions.

The tailors didn't mention women's clothes, but, along with the Sunday suit, they departed the "best dress."

Like the mid-Sunday job, they were victims of a motor car.

Both sexes have promptly loaded themselves with more complex clothes tyrannies which, though profitable to tailors, were welcomed, indeed engineered, by the dress trade.

Clothes for work are comparatively simple. But it is the week-end wear which has so many variations.

Suppose you are asked out to a Sunday night meal. It might turn out to be a gathering mad with the matador pants, or it might be one where a pair of those would send children giggling hysterically in corners.

The problem is additionally complicated by whether you travel in a car or by public transport.

And even men must calculate precisely the degree of scruffiness which is correct. In any way it's quite as big a tyranny as ever was the Sunday suit.

NOBODY cares much about ex-King Farouk any more. His name crops up only occasionally.

He got into the news this week with the quaint item that he is growing a beard. It is reported reason: That it will make him look older now, and, therefore, when he shaves off in a few years' time he'll look younger.

This reasoning is worthy of a woman—and I say that with a defiant pride in feminine reasoning.

I knew a girl who went round half the time looking like something the cat brought in, and then would, for special occasions, blossom into a vision that might have stepped from the pages of a shiny magazine.

"People get such a shock," she explained, "and then they pay you lovely compliments. I do enjoy it."

FAMOUS furrier Jose Maria Ties told a reporter in London, "If a woman feels better in a rabbit coat rather than a mink stole, she will look better in rabbit."

If a woman feels better in rabbit And prefers its appearance to mink. Why, then, she looks better in rabbit. But what makes the gentleman think That a woman feels better in rabbit And wouldn't much rather have mink?





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All over the world, wherever people of perfect taste gather, Arrow Dart (illustrated above) is the shirt you'll see most often. A perfectly set non-wilt collar, exact sleeve lengths, trim Mitoga tailoring and smooth "Sanforized"-shrunk fabric are among the factors which make Dart the world's most famous white shirt.

Among the other shirts of distinction in Arrow's wide range, you'll find a selection of collar styles to suit every taste: short points, medium points, spread points, either fused or soft, in both white and colours.

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 SHIRTS



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## A NEW TEAT THAT ENCOURAGES THE NATURAL GROWTH OF BABY'S MOUTH AND TEETH...

A brand new improved teat for your Steadiflow Baby's feeding bottle—the Steadiflow Teat by Ansell. It's the nearest thing to natural feeding that modern science can devise—encourages natural growth and prevents malformation.

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The new shape of the Steadiflow teat is the result of advice given by leading Baby Health Authorities. They have long realised that a correctly designed Teat, can help the shaping of baby's mouth as well as cut down colic.

**HIGH SHOULDER HOLDS MOUTH AND TEETH NATURALLY**  
Baby's mouth and teeth are held in the perfect natural position during the vital formative year, this helps prevent malformation.

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An exclusive retraction device allows the Steadiflow teat to be tucked inside the bottle. Teat remains untouched by hand and perfectly sterile.

### TWO DIFFERENT TEATS

There are two Steadiflow Teats, each gives a different flow of food. For the very young babies there's a teat with one hole and for the older ones there's a Steadiflow Teat with three holes. This gives a flow to suit the baby's digestion—it eliminates the pain and discomfort of wind and colic.

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Twin valves at the base of the teat allow air to enter the bottle as the milk is withdrawn. This allows an even flow and prevents collapse of the teat.

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"Always look for the Raleigh Baby"



# MINK AND DIAMONDS



PRINCESS MARGARET watches the parade with the Duchess of Marlborough (at left, without a hat). Margaret wore smart Spanish-toed shoes with her dress of black velvet.

## Princess in black

• Princess Margaret wore black—an unusual Royal choice—and discarded her delicate jewellery pieces for spectacular ones for the Blenheim Palace party.

Her ballerina dress was made of black velvet and was worn over stiffened petticoats.

Against the richness of the velvet she pinned outsize diamonds and added five rows of pearls.

The Princess was startlingly chic in the brilliant assemblage.

Velvet hats, close fitting, in wonderful jewel colors were worn by many of the guests. Mink stoles and coats covered the severely simple dresses that seemed to be worn as a background for family jewels.



ROBE DE BLENHEIM. A mannequin, wearing a gown named in honor of Marlborough's ducal palace, pauses for scrutiny by M. Dior before parading before the 2000.

## Glamor party for Red Cross funds

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Blenheim Palace, historic home of the Dukes of Marlborough, was the setting for the most fabulous display of French fashions ever staged in England.

In the presence of Princess Margaret, and 2000 privileged guests who paid five guineas a seat, Dior showed his winter collection to England.

THE Duchess of Marlborough lent her home and organised this great event for the British Red Cross.

It was a diamond-studded, mink-coated audience who sat on the little gilt chairs in the richly ornate long library, in the first, second, and third state-rooms, the green drawing-room, the red drawing-room, the grand cabinet, the salon, and the green writing-room.

The twelve French mannequins and one Australian (Diana Massie) had to walk three and a half miles to show the collection of 112 dresses.

A Dior collection was never shown to better advantage. The H-line was given a haughty look at first, but that

was nothing more than the English way of appraising before approval.

Once accepted, there were warm and generous rounds of applause, led by Princess Margaret. She even removed her long black suede gloves to clap a little louder.

In the splendor of enormous rooms, richly furnished with handsome tapestries, flags bearing battle honors, marble busts, and ancestral paintings, the Dior clothes—particularly the fabulous evening gowns—looked as though they had been designed for women to wear in just such a setting.

Though all the mannequins confessed afterwards they were terrified of tripping in front of the Princess, they didn't look as though they were suffering from stage fright. They

moved as serenely and as elegantly as though in the familiar surroundings of Dior's salon, even though they had a most complicated entrance in front of the Princess to make and just as difficult an exit.

This was rehearsed the evening before, after a dinner-party given by the Duke and Duchess for the mannequins.

At the rehearsal each mannequin walked to the empty dais, dropped her half curtsy, then stepped backwards for at least three yards before turning to walk down the narrow aisle in the long library.

Complicated as this entrance-and-exit was at the rehearsal, it was terrifying when the Princess was seated in the rose-damask armchair surrounded by the Marlborough family, from her old friend Sonnie Blandford to the daughters of the house and their husbands.

Only when rounds of ap-

plause rang through the high-ceilinged rooms of the palace, and Princess Margaret had gone, did the French mannequins confess they had been almost overwhelmed by the grandeur and importance of the occasion.

"We all had stage fright the moment we entered the long library," Diana Massie, the Australian model, said.

"I was terrified I would trip when walking backwards," the famous Alla, Dior's leading model, said.

"I wouldn't like to be an English deb," said Victoire, smallest and youngest of Dior's mannequins. "I don't think I could manage a curtsy in front of the Queen on a throne."

For the models wearing the long, sheath-like evening dresses we, too, had held our breaths as they curtsied and hobbled backwards down the narrow aisle.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 17, 1954



# At Palace fashion parade



RED CROSS NURSES get a frontline view of a glittering Dior evening gown as the model passes. A bust of the original Duke of Marlborough looks on approvingly at the bevy of beauty, youth, and fashion filling his ancestral halls.

From the moment they arrived the Duchess did everything she could for the mannequins to make them feel at home at the palace.

Alla, Claire, Jeanne, and Renee stayed at Blenheim the night before the parade after the dinner and rehearsal. The rest were "boarded out" with friends of the Marlboroughs in nearby country homes.

"Oh, your English breakfast," they said when recounting their various experiences. Diana was the only mannequin to enjoy hers.

The rest, faced with an English country house breakfast with choice of porridge or cereals, bacon and eggs, kidneys as a side-dish, scrambled eggs, lashings of steaming hot coffee and toast, took one look at what, to them, was a feast far too early in the day and murmured: "Black coffee and a croissant, please."

Diana said, "It was wonderful. I felt thoroughly spoiled."

Her host and hostess gave a luncheon party for Diana and Odile, to which the Walwyns and some of the younger members of county families were invited.

At Blenheim Lord Blandford showed the Dior girls round the palace and sold them fourteen shillings' worth of Blenheim postcards. He also showed them the famous room where Sir Winston Churchill was born.

On this occasion it was used as a first-aid room.

For the Red Cross workers the Dior fashion show was a real field day. The detachments lined up for inspection, nurses ushered guests to their seats, and a uniformed commandant, beribboned and brisk, announced the models by name and number.

Sometimes the French names were so anglicised that

we had to watch the programme closely for a clue.

After the parade was over these Red Cross workers from Oxfordshire detachments came hustling through the long corridors dispensing champagne as expertly as they do medicine.

The Duchess of Marlborough, in black taffeta and blue zircon jewellery, controlled her helpers like a general. When she wanted Christian Dior's manager for England her voice was heard down the full length of the

tune jewellery, laid out on a marble slab beside the mannequins' dressing-rooms.

The brilliant assemblage of guests forgot their manners to scramble off their gilt chairs and crane their necks for a better look at the meeting of Princess Margaret and Dior.

Even the sons-in-law of the Duchess of Marlborough were thrust forward in the crush.

The designer blushed deeply as Princess Margaret told him how much she had enjoyed the parade.

As the Princess looked up from her 5ft. 1in. and smiled widely at him, Dior threw out

his hands in a typical French gesture and bent forward to hear her more closely.

As the guests surged forward the voice of a Red Cross commandant boomed out from somewhere behind the organ, thanking Princess Margaret

and Dior and asking them both to be life members of the Red Cross Society.

A few minutes later Princess Margaret handed Dior a medallion and scroll.

The French diplomatic corps, most of London's French colony, and almost the entire staff of Dior's Paris salon were present at this most ambitious fashion show.

Dior received their praise proudly. He had received the congratulations of an English princess, captured the English nobility and county families, raised £9000 for charity, and was about to retreat with honor after his invasion of historic Blenheim.

Looking down on the scene was the bust of the first Duke of Marlborough, who was presented with the vast palace of Blenheim by his grateful country as a reward for defeating the French at Blenheim in 1704.



BLENHEIM PALACE, the family seat of the Dukes of Marlborough, taken from the air. The palace last week was the scene of a super-glamorous charity fashion show.

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DOCTORS PROVE Palmolive can bring  
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## This Christmas Thor will make housewives happy in **69** countries!

To women all over the world, a Thor for Christmas means the same wonderful thing — "take it easy" washdays for evermore. At the flick of a switch, Thor agitator-washes clothes cleaner. Thor overflow rinses whites whiter, colours brighter. And Thor spin-dries 20% drier

than wringer-dry. Thor runs so silently, so smoothly, that it can be installed on any kitchen or laundry floor without bolting down. A timely word in your husband's ear may work washday wonders for you. For now is the time to see your Healing dealer for Xmas delivery.



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it's the life of  
the party. Smart,  
dove grey, leatherette  
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handle for easy  
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54 gns.



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in the country, or its own batteries.  
And Trio's really portable — only  
7 lbs. complete with batteries. 29 gns.



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Definitely tops in the 3-way portable-  
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of two-tone cabinets to match home  
decor. 36 gns.



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# Worth Reporting

WE ate a plate of curry the other night with members of Sydney's Indian community at the home of Mr. K. C. Sen Gupta, First Secretary (Information) of the Indian High Commission.

The occasion was the Hindu religious and social festival of Diwali—the Festival of Lights—a day for giving gifts, entertaining friends, and general festivity.

The supper, highly seasoned and delicious, was prepared by wives of staff members of the Indian High Commission.

The problem of keeping the large quantity of food hot was solved by Mr. Som Datt Mehta, of the Information staff, who loaned his wife's stove for the occasion. He was kept busy dashing through the rain from his nearby home with saucepans of rice and curry.

Over supper we talked to Mr. Nagan Atreya, of Bombay, a business consultant who is visiting Australia to study business management.

Somehow the subject of the sari, the Indian women's national dress, arose and Mr. Atreya was able to clear up a few points about the wearing of the sari that we've often wondered about.

"It is worn in many different ways," he told us. "Women from Bombay and Poona wear the sari most elegantly, with a definite air of style. They are usually fairly tall and slim.

"The Gujarati people from north-east of Bombay are prosperous business people and much fatter than most Indians. They wear their saris draped in a way that makes them look slimmer.

"They also wear the sari thrown over the right shoulder, while the Bengalis in the north and the Tamils in the south wear theirs over the left shoulder."

During the evening, all of the guests were decorated on the forehead with a vermilion spot about the size of a half-penny, signifying health, wealth, and good luck.

We were so thrilled by ours that we forgot to remove it before going home and couldn't understand until we looked into the bathroom mirror why a carriage full of suburban train travellers stared at us so oddly.

DRY-CLEANING bills must be one of the biggest expenses facing motor-cyclists who carry women pillion riders.

At Kingsford Smith airport in Sydney recently a young motor-cyclist and a woman friend dismounted outside one of the terminals.

As he walked past, we noticed six perfect lipstick mouths on the back of his pale gabardine coat.



EATING in a Chinese restaurant the other night, we were amused at the waiter's reaction when a member of the party asked for chopsticks.

The waiter set chopsticks by his plate and then leaned over, put a fork and spoon beside them, and grinned, "Just in case."

## Dancing round the world

BALLROOM dancers Ivy Paton and Charles Froulop, who won the South Pacific open professional championship in Brisbane recently, have won every dancing event in which they competed this year.

The couple have been dancing together professionally for nine years.

"I'm especially pleased about our success on my partner's account," Ivy said. "About two years ago Charles was hurt in a fall when he tried to rescue a cat from a window-ledge at our Sydney studio. Doctors said he would never dance again—but it didn't stop him."

The next step forward in the pair's career will be a trip overseas. They hope to compete in the 1956 Star championship in England and then dance their way round the Continent.

## WIN A CHEST OF TEA

A pound of tea goes a long way, but with the increased price every housewife is trying to make it go still farther.

Send us your economy ideas on how to make a pound of tea go farthest.

Prizes as follows will be awarded for the best entries.

**FIRST: Chest of tea (50lb.).**

**SECOND: 10lb. of tea.**

**THIRD: 5lb. of tea.**

**Ten consolation prizes of 1lb. of tea.**

Entries close December 1.

Address your entries "Tea Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

## BOOK NEWS

By HELEN FRIZELL

FROM Humphrey Jordan once again comes a competently written sea-story, entitled "Only a Real Jonah"—the best book he has produced for years.

I'm not quite sure why Mr. Jordan has won such popular success—his sea-stories are all about ships and men. Women hardly come into them and there's none of the torrid romance in the tropics which Hollywood usually delights in.

Perhaps it is because his seamen are real—men of integrity who do their duty without heroics and overmuch soul searching. There's Captain Ludd, for instance, his old crew mates, and the owner's son, young Reginald Staples, a boy of charm and money, who only lacks self-discipline.

Superstition or no superstition, there seems something of the Jonah about Staples. Things happen to the ship once he is aboard. There occur fevers, fires, delays, and accidents.

What is a Jonah? According to Mr. Jordan it's "a man, a woman, or even an animal maybe—for there ain't no rules about it, that I know—what brings ill fortune."

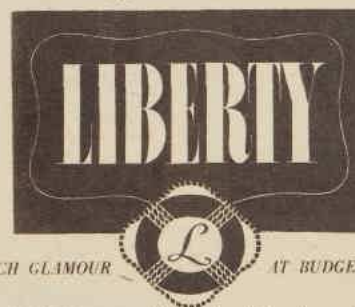
There's nothing of the Jonah about Mr. Jordan, however. A born story-teller who has the gift of describing real events, he brings good craftsmanship to readers who enjoy sea-stories.

Published by Hodder and Stoughton. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

WANTING to lose weight, a Sydney woman went to a doctor and was put on an 18-day diet.

However, instead of losing weight she put on a few extra pounds. Patiently, the doctor asked if she had stuck to her diet.

"Oh, yes," she said. "But the trouble was I got through it in five days."



World's largest maker of Foundation Garments.

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So easy to clean...

The only Egg-Beater in Australia with detachable propellers!



# Pick up a handful of glamour



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for you for a  
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BERLEI, with you Young Things in mind,  
specially created "small fry" girdles . . . they're the cutest  
little figure-controllers ever designed to gently  
guide your figure in the way it should grow.

- Smaller than your best boy's pocket handkerchief  
... and easy to launder.
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- Wonder nylon-elastic sensation that  
s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s with you . . . you'll hardly  
know it's there!
- Snug-fit waistband . . . with dual front for  
control where you need it most.



Novelty packed in an attractive, re-usable plastic container.

"small fry" for the girl with the cute shape who has an  
eye to her figure future.



EVERY UP-AND-COMING MISS WILL WANT ONE  
AT THE DOWN-TO-EARTH PRICE, SO TAKE THE SHORT CUT TO YOUR FAVOURITE STORE



# For Teenagers

## What job will YOU get?

This month's teenage section is devoted to helping young people choose the right job.

**W**ITHIN the next few months the 45,000 boys and girls leaving school will be faced with the problems of deciding what sort of careers they want, what type of work will suit them, and how to go about getting the job of their choice.

Only a lucky few people know right from the start what they want to do or be. For the others, the last months of school when the big decision must be made can be a pretty trying time.

There are several thousand different types of jobs available, but the problem is deciding which is the right one for you, which one you will like doing and so will do well.

The best way to start planning your career is to sit down and think out a few important facts about yourself.

• What are your qualifications? Can you type or are you good at mechanics or with figures?

• Do you like working with your hands or do you prefer to sit at a desk and solve a tricky problem?

• Are you at ease with people or do you prefer to remain quietly in the background and let others do the mixing with strangers?

• Is the job to be a lifetime career or is it just to make money so you can save for that trip abroad or pay for further studies?

Before you can begin to think of looking for the right job among the many thousands available, you must be able to answer these questions.

**ONE** of the problems associated with job hunting when you leave school is to find out about the many different jobs that might possibly interest you. Just because your father or sister or best friend works at one kind of job there is no reason why you should follow in their footsteps.

Any one of several thousand other

jobs might suit you far better and have better prospects for you.

That is where vocational guidance comes in.

In every State there is a government department devoted entirely to finding out what type of person will best fit what kind of job.

A great part of the work done by vocational guidance officers is testing young people to find out just what their abilities and capacities are.

All too often boys and girls don't realise that they have hidden talents which vocational guidance aptitude tests can bring to light.

Many boys and girls leaving school don't care much for the idea of being tested for aptitudes because they think it smacks too much of school exams. But there is really nothing to worry about. These tests do not depend on knowledge or schoolwork, but rather show what type of job you will be able to do most successfully after you have been trained for it.

You may think your abilities are suited to only one or two jobs, but the vocational guidance people in your State may be able to suggest more congenial careers which you had never heard of that would suit you even better.

With the suggestions of the vocational guidance people to direct you, the problem of finding the right job in an enormously wide field is made considerably easier as the range is narrowed down.

Vocational guidance is provided free by the State and is available in most country centres. But don't hesitate to write to your vocational guidance officer if there is any difficulty you would like help with or if you want to talk anything over. They are there to help you.

**BEFORE** you decide on the sort of career you would like, find out exactly what the job and the training entail.

For further information about vocational guidance, write to—

New South Wales: Director of Youth Welfare, 4 Albert Street, Sydney.

Victoria: Vocational Guidance Section of the Commonwealth Employment Service, Nicholas Building, 37 Swanston Street, Melbourne.

Tasmania: Commonwealth Employment Service, cnr. Murray and Collins Streets, Hobart.

Western Australia: Mr. B. J. Wiley, c/o Commonwealth Employment Service, cnr. King and Wellington Streets, Perth.

South Australia: Mr. E. Millikan, Vocational Guidance Section of the Commonwealth Services, Richards Buildings, Currie Street, Adelaide.

Queensland: Professional Services Department, Commonwealth Bank Buildings, 71-77 Adelaide Street, Brisbane.



Often job hunters think they would like a job and hurry into it without bothering to examine all the details, only to find later that the job does not come up to their expectations.

Just because you are fresh from school and have never had any training for a job, don't feel there is nothing you can do. Everyone has to start some time, and the chances are that the people who know most about their businesses are the ones who started with as little experience as you.

Don't be afraid to start at the bottom as a messenger, an office boy or girl, or as an apprentice. The pay may be low and you may feel that you will never get anywhere, but you are learning your business or trade from the bottom and are getting a good, solid training in the fundamentals.

Whether you reach the top or not, that early training will help you do a good job—even, perhaps, in another field.

Many boys and girls these days decide to enter the skilled trades and become apprenticed for a number of years until the training is completed and they become qualified tradesmen.

On an average it takes five years to complete an apprenticeship and become a qualified tradesman, and in most cases this includes training

at a technical college as well as working for an employer.

There are nearly 300 trades which require years of apprenticeship. These include the building, clothing, furniture, leather, iron, and ship-building trades, hairdressing, printing, pharmacy (which also requires university training), dental mechanics, and carpentry and joinery.

Those who want to enter the professions and become lawyers, doctors, dentists, engineers, or teachers can look forward to a number of years of study and training before they are fully qualified.

Young people, particularly boys, who go into offices often find that if they are to take full advantage of the opportunities offered them through their firms they must undertake further studies in economics or accountancy.

Many firms offer cadetships and will pay for extra courses which will qualify the cadet for a responsible position in the firm.

Nearly every job requires some sort of training. Even a straightforward one like typing does, and most girls leaving school to take up office jobs go to a business college for a period.

Information about the training you will need and how to go about it can be supplied by your vocational guidance branch.

Some young people don't want to make a career of the job they have, but want to keep the job to support them while they are studying part-time for another career.

Far too many people give up their ambitions and neglect their talents for the simple reason that they cannot afford to devote their energies to study and practice full-time.

With the right job you can keep up your interests and still earn enough to live on until you are ready to branch out into the career of your choice.

By JANET BAILEY,  
staff reporter

**ONCE** you decide what kind of job you want, whether it is to be your career or only a temporary job, your next problem is how to set about getting it.

Register with your local Commonwealth Employment Agency, let them know the type of job you want and your qualifications.

Keep an eye on the positions vacant columns of your newspaper. If you see something there that looks likely, apply immediately.

Don't wait until some time that afternoon, or the job may be gone. Anyway, it will make a bad impression and your future employer will think you are not terribly interested.

To page 34

Page 33



for **EVERY**  
kind of hair

for **EVERY**  
style of  
perm



## Richard Hudnut HOME PERMANENT

will give your hair lovely  
*natural-looking curls*

Whether your hair is easy to wave or hard to wave, one of the two types of Richard Hudnut Home Permanent will provide you with just the "hair-do" you want, easily, surely. . . both types have the Revolutionary Beauty Rinse Neutraliser with Creme Rinse incorporated.

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... soft, natural curls  
This is the same Richard Hudnut Home Permanent you know so well in the GREY box. No matter what method of perming you follow, this Richard Hudnut product will give you curls that are really natural-looking, soft and springy, shiny and silky—yet the hair remains strong and smooth. No frizz . . . never that "new permanent" look. No split ends . . . your hair is conditioned to silky smoothness. May be used for bleached or tinted hair.

### For HARD-TO-WAVE Hair



extra quick . . . firmer curls  
**NEW!** This is the special, new Richard Hudnut Home Perm recently introduced. Look for it in the GREEN box. This special-formula home perm now gives to hard-to-wave hair those springy, pretty, long-lasting curls which have previously been denied it . . . no "fail-to-take." Women with normal hair, who would like firmer curls, may also use this new product. It's Richard Hudnut's latest contribution to Australian hair beauty.

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after every shampoo,  
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**FAST** with...  
**BAYER'S ASPIRIN** TABLETS

## Teenage section

# Radiographers wanted

Not many people have the faintest idea what radiography is, and yet it is one of the hundreds of interesting jobs available to young men and women who are leaving school this year.

**A RADIOGRAPHER** is a person specially trained to take and develop X-rays used in the diagnosis of illness.

Radiography is one of the few well-paid careers which is not already crowded out. There is a shortage of trained radiographers in Australia today, and although the shortage is less acute than a few years ago, there is still a big demand for the services of young people who want to start themselves off in an interesting career with a future.

What qualifications must a radiographer have and how does one go about enrolling for training?

Usually the would-be trainee radiographer has his or her leaving certificate or its equivalent in physics and chemistry or in combined physics and chemistry.

Provision has been made for those who have not done their leaving certificates or who have not passed in these two subjects. A preparatory year of lectures in physics will bring them up to the standard required of first-year trainees.

### First step

THE first step in becoming a trainee radiographer is to contact the Education Committee of the Australasian Institute of Radiography in Sydney. The committee examines the candidate's qualifications and references and gives him or her a personal interview before granting permission to begin training.

Educational qualifications are not the only considerations in becoming a successful radiographer. It is also necessary to have a cheerful personality and be able to treat

sick people with sympathy and tact.

Consistent accuracy is essential, too, because one tiny mistake in taking a plate can do hundreds of pounds' worth of damage to the extremely expensive X-ray equipment.

There are two types of course open to trainee radiographers, depending on where they live.

If the trainee lives in Sydney, he or she must attend the lectures given there, but if distance makes this impossible there are correspondence courses given by the

positioning of the patient, and darkroom photography techniques.

Fees for the course are very reasonable at only 21 guineas for the whole course.

The student must also buy his own text books, but not many are needed as printed notes are distributed with the lectures.

As with any other specialist course, there are exams each year to ensure a high standard. These exams are thorough and include oral as well as written work.

Most students find that

pleted a year of practical work. Incidentally, a trainee must be 21 before he or she can receive a diploma.

All lectures are at night, so the trainee has every opportunity of working during the day, and is wise to do so. Positions are readily available for trainee radiographers with doctors or with hospital X-ray departments.

A trainee's pay is not much, beginning at about £5 on leaving school and rising to £11 or to the basic wage on reaching 21.

There are three grades of radiographer. Movement from one grade to the next depends on the vacancies available in a hospital. A C grade radiographer starts at £14/13/-, while an A grade gets £16/13/-.

In 1953 a new course was started for graduate radiographers. It is a course in X-ray therapy, which is the treatment of already diagnosed diseases such as cancer and various skin diseases.

At the moment it is a two-year course in physics, specialising in radioactivity, histology (the study of cells), the doses required for various treatments, and the art of instructing patients under treatment in the do's and don'ts of X-ray.

Most radiographers love their work. They get satisfaction from helping the ill and injured and watching their progress back to health.

### How to start

**DOES** the idea of becoming a radiographer appeal to you? Perhaps you have some questions to ask before deciding whether to try it. Mr. J. C. Keage, the secretary of the Institute, will be happy to supply any further details. He can be contacted at the X-ray Department of St. Luke's Hospital, Darlinghurst, Sydney.

If you decide radiography is the career for you, good luck with it.



**RADIOGRAPHERS** Lily Walter, left, and Jill Matthews adjust the complicated equipment as they prepare to take an X-ray at Canterbury District Hospital. Both girls have completed their training.

Melbourne Technical College.

Training takes two years, and, in Sydney, comprises lectures given by doctors and radiographers on two nights each week.

During the first year, lectures cover physics, anatomy, and physiology. Then, in second year, the real business of radiography begins and the trainee studies technology, the whys and wherefores of the intricate X-ray equipment,

physics and technology are the main stumbling-blocks in the work, but with perseverance they can be mastered, and the rest of the course is plain but interesting sailing.

Each year between 40 and 60 new trainees are enrolled with the Institute. A few of them drop out along the way for various reasons.

The majority finish their courses and receive their diplomas after they have com-

## What job will you get?

from page 33

When you do apply, be sure you apply in the manner specified in the advertisement. If it asks for a written application, then apply by letter; don't ring. And if they ask for references, then send only copies of your references.

There are a few things to remember when it comes to the interview with your future employer. They are little things, but they may determine whether or not you get the job:

First, be your own polite, courteous, and neat self. A prospective employer is not impressed by an affected accent or by expensive clothes.

What he wants to know is whether you will be able to do the job efficiently, so be neat and tidy, stand up straight, and be prepared to answer and ask questions briefly, clearly, and concisely.

It will help if you go to the interview with qualifications or school record ready written down and are prepared to give several references.

Your headmaster or headmistress will give you a reference when you leave school if you ask for it. Your clergyman or a businessman who knows you well can also write you one.

Don't hesitate to ask questions about the job or about any part of it you don't understand. Before you start, make sure you know the working hours. It would never do on your first day to appear at nine o'clock and find work started at a quarter to.

Don't try to do all the talking yourself. Don't be too aggressive, but don't be too timid.



**WRONG WAY** to dress when you apply for your job. Don't dress up, it's not a party.



**RIGHT WAY** to dress when you apply for your first job. Be trim, fresh, well-groomed.





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of 1954**

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The new Lavina Watches typify the fashionable trend towards smaller, daintier watches for ladies and larger for men. The watchmaker's art can produce none lovelier, none more reliable than Lavina Watches—famous for over 100 years. Ladies', from £14 15/-, bands extra; Gent's, from £15 15/-.

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A super-effective, "Action-Proof" ingredient now in Odo-Ro-No—perfected after years of research—brings you the safest, surest deodorant protection ever known!

Rely on double action Odo-Ro-No

★ Stops body odour INSTANTLY

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Also available—liquid Odo-Ro-No with the popular applicator. In two strengths, regular and instant.



## Here's your answer

People who want a diet to get fat seem to be just as numerous as those who go in search of a diet to get thin.

By A DOCTOR

I AM more than ever convinced of this, having seen Kay Melaun's correspondence since she published a thank-you note for a weight-increasing remedy sent in by a reader.

The piles of letters from all over Australia appealed for this remedy—but it was one which cannot be recommended for teenagers.

There is no magic potion that will add weight, but there is a simple remedy. Eat more.

Eat more after your appetite has been completely satisfied.

As I write this I can hear the wails from all of you who protest that you cannot eat more.

That is nonsense. You can. It is simply a matter of teaching your body new and better dietetic habits.

And you will not gain weight unless you do this.

It is hard at first to eat when you are not hungry, but, fortunately, your stomach, after a week or two, will adjust itself to the new regimen and demand more food.

The next point is to choose your food wisely. This means choosing foods that are rich in vitamins, minerals, and body-building elements (proteins). Every day your diet should include as a minimum:

- 1½ pints of milk,
- 2 potatoes,
- 2 pieces of fruit,
- one piece to be citrus,
- 1 serve of green vegetable,
- 1 yellow vegetable,
- 1oz. butter,
- 1 egg,
- 1 large serve of fatty meat or fish,
- 4 slices of wholemeal bread,
- 6 glasses of water.

This is the bare minimum of food per day. You must eat this quantity of these types of food. To them, of course, you will add large helpings of your mother's milk puddings,

stewed fruits, and other specially nutritious foods she will serve.

Cheese, vegetables served with rich melted butter sauces made from flour and milk and butter, all types of nuts, dried fruits, muscatels, and rice—unpolished—are all very nutritious and will help you to put on weight.

When it is possible, eat cream on your sweets or whipped cream on bread and jam, eat an ice-cream with

ing the powdered milk you have doubled the nutriment in the milk.

You can double up on the weight-gain in potatoes, too, if you add a tablespoon of powdered milk to them when you mash them.

Another great friend to the thin is the milk bar. If you're thirsty, have a milk shake. With malt and syrup and ice-cream, and an egg, too, if they serve them.

If, of course, you don't live in milk-bar country and prefer milk flavored as many people do, make your own milk shakes. You can buy malt, flavoring—vanilla and almond essence from the pantry are as effective as flavored syrups—and powdered milk and eggs to add, and most homes have an egg-beater that will put the "shake" into your drink.

You will notice that I have not mentioned sweets or chocolates, though everyone knows are very fattening. Be careful of these and watch your skin, especially if you have a tendency to pimples.

Eating a diet like the one I have given you makes the body cease living off its own fat.

There is enough starchy food in this regimen for the daily energy requirements, and any excess of fat and protein will be converted by the body into fat and will be stored.

That is your ambition—to store some fat, and you can do it easily if you try honestly to build up your intake of food.

Of course, this diet or weight-increasing remedy is directed to people who are thin but healthy, and are not thin because of medical reasons.

If any of you honestly try this diet and stick to it and do not put on weight, see your doctor. There may be some medical reason that is keeping you thin.



### Hollywood wardrobe

By EDITH HEAD,

Paramount Films fashion designer

FILM star Rosemary Clooney has been travelling a lot by air lately, and has the usual problem—luggage.

To help her we evolved a changeable dress, which was a navy faille coat-dress. Then we made six petticoats in six different colors and rolled them round a little piece of wood. They looked like a little parasol and packed well. Each petticoat had a matching scarf.

When she wanted a change in dress all she had to do was put on a different petticoat and wear the basic dress unbuttoned, redingote style.

Next week: Eleanor Parker's feminine blouses.

syrup or sweet flavoring. They are all a help in gaining weight.

Here is a trick that will help you. Drink what we call protein milk.

To each of your three glasses of milk a day (your minimum pint and a half) add a tablespoon of powdered milk. Whip it up with the egg-beater, drink it down. By add-

### Successful author

PATRICIA FERRIS, author of this month's teenager story published on Page 7, is a thirteen-year-old Queenslander who has never attended school.

Her home is in the country at Calliope, about 90 miles from the nearest town, so that all her schoolwork is done by correspondence.

She says that, as she never sees other girls, books are her friends and she is now taking up writing as her hobby.

Good stories continue to be submitted by teenage writers, both boys and girls, many of

them missing publication standard only by the very narrowest margin. Chief reason for the failure of some very well-written stories is a weak or flat and obvious ending.

Short short stories, especially, need to finish off with a well-turned little climax and denouement, so maybe this hint will be helpful to some of you.

Specially commended submissions are:

J.B., Armidale, N.S.W. Bright, attractive writing, but dialogue rather stilted and unreal, and story a little too drawn out. Try revising.

M.C., Nedlands, W.A. Promising, but generally too melodramatic and denouement too obvious.

J.S., Seymour, Vic. Good attempt at story construction, but general handling too immature.

K.B., Botany, N.S.W. Very promising. Good style. Ending a little too weak.

D.H., Rylstone, N.S.W. Some bright, original work, but theme too slight.

Clothes change quicker...

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Snappy "Crawlers"

Buy Baby Clothes with **Gripper FASTENERS**



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USE **Grippers** ON THE CLOTHES YOU MAKE

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Wonderful laundry proof hard-holding "Grippers" end button bother forever and make all children's wear more practical and convenient. Look for "Gripper" Fasteners on the clothes you buy. Replace buttons on the clothes you wear and for home sewing buy a "Gripper" Card.



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# THREE SUCCESS STORIES

## PROFICIENT NURSES REWARDED

Any nurse will testify that nursing is not the glamor job it's cracked up to be in books and on the screen, but the girls who finish their four years' training all seem to love it.

**HELEN ALEXANDER**, who is just finishing her final year of training at Sydney's Royal North Shore Hospital, is one of the ones who thinks nursing is a wonderful career despite the hard work.

She likes the people she meets, both patients and nursing staff, she likes looking after patients in the wards, and finds the whole field of nursing absorbingly interesting.

There is no history of nursing in her family, but ever since she was a child Helen has wanted to be a nurse.

Helen says she is not particularly brilliant when it comes to examination marks, but she has just won a prize for general proficiency in nursing over a period of three years.

Of all the nursing she has done, Helen likes her work in the operating theatre best.

The hospital routine does mean that time off is limited, but the girls still have time to go shopping, to a five o'clock picture, or swimming in summer.

And if there is some special occasion they can generally manage to have time off to go to it, or can swap duties with one of the other nurses.

"But," said Helen, "you've got to adapt yourself to nursing hours and be prepared to have time off during the week instead of at the week-ends like everyone else."

Although she plans to be married in June, Helen does not want to give up nursing.

Another prize-winner is 20-year-old Margaret Hind, who is just finishing her third year at the hospital.

### Loves nursing

**MARGARET**, who has won the prize for general proficiency during two years, is also very enthusiastic about nursing.

"It's really worth it," she said. "Of course, there are days when everything seems to go wrong, but that happens anywhere."

"I've loved every minute of the training," she said. "Each new ward I've been to I've thought was the best of all, but then I've liked the next one even more."

"Every week I think of something I want to do when

I finish my training," she went on. "There are so many openings—obstetrics, special nursing, children's nursing—I'd like to do them all. And I want to travel."

"A few nurses fall by the wayside because of failure in exams or sickness, or because it isn't the glamor job they thought," said Margaret. "But I don't know what I'd do without it."

Sister Joan Summerville, who graduated last January and is this year's winner of the prize for general proficiency during four years, advises girls to decide for themselves whether nursing is the career for them.

"If you are taking up nursing you must decide for yourself," she said. "Four years is a long time to do something you don't like."

Do you want to be a nurse? Your first step, if you do, is to decide on the hospital at which you wish to train, contact the matron, and discuss it with her.

Of course, you must have your Intermediate Certificate, Junior School Certificate, or its equivalent and be 17 or 18 years of age, depending on the requirements of your State.



PRIZEWINNERS at Royal North Shore Hospital, Sister Joan Summerville and Nurses Helen Alexander, centre, and Margaret Hind, admire one of the books presented to them at the annual prize-giving. The girls all won their prizes for general proficiency.

## Manager of chain store is only 21

It's unusual when a young man of 21 starts work each morning to the greetings of a chain store staff who treat him with the deference due to their boss.

THE young man in question is Robert Kelly, youngest manager ever appointed to a branch of an Australia-wide network of well-known chain stores.

Robert's job is to promote the smooth running of the store, direct his staff of 23 permanent employees, interview and engage all prospective employees, and soothe the feelings of difficult customers.

His word is the final one within the branch store, and his wages are far in excess of those received by most young men of his age group and standard of education.

Robert had his intermediate certificate and 12 months' experience in his family's newsagency and mixed business when he joined the chain of

stores as a counter salesman at the age of 16.

At his initial interview with the firm's staff supervisor he applied for training as a branch manager. After two months spent working on the sales counters he was enrolled with a group of other ambitious youngsters in the company's training scheme.

"I'd heard about the training scheme from one of our neighbors," Robert said, "and I'd heard about it from my brother Peter. He went through the whole course of training before he joined the firm, and he was made manager of one of the country stores last year when he was 23."

"It sounded pretty good to me."

### Training course

ROBERT'S training took him through all phases of the store's business. In the course of his four years as a trainee he worked in branch stores throughout the Sydney metropolitan area and at the end of his training visited two country branches as relieving manager.

He studied the sales, stock keeping, advertising, merchandising and administrative sides of the store's activities. At the end of each phase of his training he sat for a written examination on the theory of the things he had learned.

Throughout his training company executives kept a close watch on his progress. When a vacancy occurred for a branch manager in the Sydney suburb of Ashfield Robert got the job.

Robert Kelly's rapid pro-



ROBERT KELLY, who at 21 years of age became the youngest manager ever appointed to a branch of a well-known chain store.

motion is the result of the present-day policy of most big stores to choose their executives from among their own staff, and recognise the ability of the individual worker, irrespective of age.

The qualities that big store staff supervisors and training officers look for in executive trainees are, broadly speaking, these: Good appearance, reasonable standard of education, keenness, initiative, and leadership.

Training schemes differ from store to store, but they follow the same general pattern.

Trainees are given a thorough grounding in the policy of their store, they learn the organisation's methods of selling, customer psychology, and store management.

As one department store executive points out: "Working in a department store doesn't just mean what people used to call 'counter-jumping.' Since the war stores have changed their outlook; if a young chap has got the ability, we'll see he has a chance to use it."

"There's a future in store work for anyone who is keen and ready to work."

## Home economist's career

Del Cartwright, home economist, is one of Australia's most successful and best-known young career women.

HER field, home economy, is one which is gradually building up in Australia, with consequently greater opportunities for trained girls.

When we called on her to ask her about her career she was seated behind a desk looking smart and businesslike.

Before her were a number of brightly colored brochures, two recipe books, and a neat pile of letters. She was speaking on the telephone.

The caller was a manufacturer with a new product to be tested. They spoke of "consumer demand," "eye appeal," "product life" and "promotional support."

Years of study and hard work were behind Del's informal conversation.

She started by studying food preparation, dietetics, and home management.

After several years of work she joined the Home Management Branch of one of the power supply organisations (the organisations which supply gas or electricity).

After a number of years with a power supply company, Del joined the staff of a large department store, where she has been for a number of years. This move widened her scope, for she handled gas and

electric appliances as well as all types of labor-saving gadgets and home-making equipment.

"Really every woman is a home economist, or should be. She has to be today. It is important that young women should know something of food preparation and home management," Del said.

### Hard work

DEL assures us that her life is not all glamor. Behind the scenes are research and preparation that amount to hundreds of hours of work.

Del gave this advice to girls interested in Home Economics: "I advise any person who is interested in home economics as a career to study and equip herself. Then it's a matter of personal effort and good luck: It is a career with a future."

Sydney and Perth Technical Colleges and the Adelaide School of Mines all have a three-year diploma course in food and nutrition.

The courses are available to girls who have matriculated and lead to jobs in teaching, dietetics, agricultural extension services, large-scale food service in cafeterias, in experimental foods and household equipment in industry and commerce.

In Melbourne a four-year

course in Institutional management is available at the Emily McPherson College of Domestic Economy. It may be done by girls from 15 who have their Intermediate Certificate.

There is also a diploma of Institutional management—a four-year course—available at the Gordon Institute of Technology at Geelong. Students must have passed their Leaving Certificate in physics, chemistry, and English.

Other courses which do not need such high educational qualifications may be taken as basic training for jobs as cookery or store demonstrators. These may be done at night in conjunction with a daytime job.



DEL CARTWRIGHT, one of Australia's most successful career women, photographed in her kitchen at home. Del's career should be an inspiration to all girls who plan to make a career as a home economist.





**Margot**



"MARGOT."—Prettily shaped coat-frock (above) made in printed British cotton. The color choice includes red, pale blue, buttercup, and green, all printed with black lines on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 60/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 82/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 60/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 62/9. Postage, 2/6 extra.



# Candy Hardy FROCK SERVICE

Teenage dresses available ready made or cut out ready to sew

HERE are six lovely summer frocks chosen by Candy Hardy to fall smartly in line with the newest teenage trends in fashion.

Bouffant skirts, miniature sleeves, and a well-fitted waistline are the main points in the silhouette—all are flattering to young figures.

The color range is superb, and the materials all have excellent wearing and laundering qualities.

The frocks are on view and can be purchased at Fashion Patterns,

645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They can also be ordered by mail.

Address orders to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart.

Each order must be accompanied by the name of the dress, color (second color choice necessary), size, and a money order, postal note, or cheque for the price of the garment. Please print your name and address in block letters.



**Lois**



"LOIS."—One-piece frock (left) has cool, low-cut neckline, tiny sleeves, and full skirt. The material is crease-resisting Irish rayon linen obtainable in white, sky-blue, buttercup, apple-green, and rose-pink.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 84/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 87/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 67/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 69/11. Postage, 2/9 extra.

**Susan**



"SUSAN."—Button-front frock (above) is made in polished cotton featuring a stripe-and-spot design. Color range includes pale blue, mid-blue, and white; grey, white, and red; grey, white, and green; and grey, white, and lemon.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 79/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 83/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 59/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 63/9. Postage, 2/6.



## Lucille



"LUCILLE." — Ballerina frock with matching detachable cape (right) made in a plastic-spot organdie. Color choice includes white, pastel blue, lemon, pink, and nil-green, all printed with a white spot.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 98/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 99/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 72/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 74/9. Postage, 2/6 extra.



## Carolyn



"CAROLYN." — Ballerina frock (left) styled with a cross-over bodice and tucks in the skirt. The material is printed Swiss organdie, featuring sprigs of white flowers on pink, blue, lemon, mauve, and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 99/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 105/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 74/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 77/9. Postage, 2/6 extra.

## Beth



"BETH." — Sunfrock and matching bolero (right) features a sleeveless frock and short-cut, large-collared bolero. The material is candy-striped haircord obtainable in red and white, saxe-blue and white, and green and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 85/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 89/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 69/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 72/6. Postage, 2/9 extra.





# Don't sigh for musical ancestors

I HAVE no doubt that many of you Disc Digesters are learning to play an instrument or maybe fancy yourself as a bathroom nightingale — and you're the ones I'm talking to.

If you want to make a career of music you have to have talent with a capital "T" and a capacity for really hard work.

Probably you all know that only too well. What I want to refute is the commonly held theory that you can't make good musically unless you come from a musical family.

That's just nonsense. Talent is what you need, not a long line of doh-re-mi ancestors.

In the world of serious music there seems to be no hard and fast rule governing the great composers. Roughly half of them were born to music. Their fathers were either court musicians or talented amateur performers who saw to it that their sons became choir-boys or else enjoyed private tuition.

In bygone centuries a knowledge of music was considered as essential as the three R's. Youthful tuition, allied with heredity, fired the spark, and men such as Wolfgang Mozart entered the ranks of the immortals.

When we consider the other half we are in for surprises — some encouraging surprises for those who imagine that be-

Record fans, it seems to me, can't help thinking of music when they think of careers. Relaxing round a gramophone, it is easy to imagine yourself holding an audience spellbound with a piano concerto or making Ella Fitzgerald sound amateurish.

By **BERNARD FLETCHER**

cause they are not born to music they could never make it a career.

Handel's father was a barber-surgeon, one of a line of coppersmiths. He wanted young George to study law, and was furious when he found that his son wanted to be a musician, an occupation which he regarded as even more humble than that of a smith.

Genial Josef Haydn had an

even less encouraging start. His family was plain peasant stock with no frills, his father being a wheelwright and his mother a cook in a nobleman's household. Her ambition for the lad was to see him in the priesthood. But instead of be-

coming Father Haydn he became the "Father of the Symphony."

Berlioz' mother was so prejudiced against music that she determined he would become a physician like his father, but even the preliminary study was so abhorrent to the romantic Hector that he fled the lecture rooms and chose his own way of life.

If Chopin had followed in his father's footsteps he would have been in turn a merchant, soldier of fortune, and a tutor, while Mendelssohn would have been like one of Noel Coward's characters: "In a bank, sitting inside a little glass cage totting up things."

So eager was poor, lovable Schubert to obtain knowledge that he became a choir-boy in order to get a free scholastic education on the side; and Schumann, whose mother opposed music as being fit only for a vagabond, renounced his law studies when his secret love became too strong to be denied.

Among more modern composers we find the same driving force. Imagine Wagner running away from home at the age of 14 to set up house-keeping in a garret! He was going to be a second Shakes-

peare. In one of his blood-and-thunder romances he killed off 42 of the characters, but he had to bring them back as ghosts to terminate the plot! His love for drama, however, was later given full scope in his heroic operas.

Apart from composers, those who perform in today's world of entertainment often stumble into their careers more or less by accident.

When listening to Ethel Merman and Mary Martin on their "Ford TV Show" LP disc, I can't help thinking how lucky we are that the girls didn't stick to their original crust-earning jobs—Ethel used to pound a typewriter and Mary ran a dancing school.

Getting the big break in show business amounts to being heard by the right people at the right time. Luck may have a little to do with it, but mostly one has to carry on like Animal Grab . . . work like a beaver, have the hide of a rhinoceros, and the sticking power of a joey kangaroo.

The formula is as true today as it was ten, twenty, thirty years ago. Ask David Whitfield, Britain's newest singing sensation. His success story is the kind you associate with Hollywood.

David did seven long years in the Navy, singing at the drop of a cap. He gained confidence singing for his mates, at ship concerts, at shore-leave functions. When he was de-



**MUSICAL SUCCESS** gained by David Whitfield, 28, Britain's newest singing success, came from the old hard-work formula, not ancestors.

mobbed a little over a year ago, the only job he could find was loading cement at £7 a week, but he kept on singing even if it were only in workmen's clubs.

His next step was to pestering a night-club into letting him sing as a fill-up while the showgirls changed costumes. Smart David kept his ear to the ground as well, and was all prepared the night when a prominent recording studio talent scout and a theatrical publicity agent were in the audience. He had made it his business to know they would be there, and that night he gave out and sent the customers slumping in the aisles. The studio signed him up and another musical career was on its way.

## SLANG from BETTY BETZ

Slang expressions currently in vogue in the United States include:

- Real nothing—a nobody.
- Bun brain—a stupid person.
- Down, boy!—warning to a wolf.
- Big load—boring date.
- Square bear—someone who's not in the know.
- Double bubble—a glamor girl.
- Heavy furniture—a boring escort.
- Monster—small brother or sister.

Only local noteworthy contribution is Nong, meaning a drip or a dill plus



The high quality of an Omega movement is your best guarantee that your watch will be a lasting reminder of the happy occasion it is intended to commemorate. As time goes by you will treasure your Omega as much for its high precision movement as for its exclusive styling. Ask your authorised Omega Jeweller to show you his complete range of the most recent designs.



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OWW14

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 17, 1954



# DEBBIE SERVES A SUMMER SALAD

Debbie, our teenage chef, has been learning lots of tricks for making attractive, appetising salads. Now that she has perfected them she is happy to pass them on to you.



1. To prepare a potato salad, cook 6 medium-sized peeled potatoes until tender. Cut into dice, place in large bowl. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped celery,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated carrots, 3 tablespoons chopped onions or shallot, and 1 dessert-spoon chopped mint. Fold in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mayonnaise and season to taste.



SALADS are the perfect summer meal—and quite half their attraction is in their eye-appeal. Debbie's completed salad (above) looks professional, but even a novice in the kitchen can copy it easily by following the clear directions on this page.



2. Ham rolls filled with potato salad are good. Buy thinly sliced ham, cut into 3in. x 4in. squares (pressed ham is best, it saves waste). Spoon potato salad on to each square, roll up. Secure with cocktail stick. Decorate with halved stuffed olives. Any thinly sliced cold meat can be used instead of ham; remember to remove skin from luncheon sausage.



3. Celery curls are always attractive and very popular. Cut well-washed stalks into 2in. or 3in. lengths. Using a sharp stainless knife, cut down each piece six or seven times to within  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of the end. Place split stalks in icy water and allow to stand until crisp and curled. For variety, cut from both ends to within  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of centre.



4. Radish tulips, made with round radishes, add charm to every salad. Wash radishes, remove threads and all but a tiny sprig of green leaves. With sharp stainless knife cut down four sides of each radish, making petals. Very carefully cut down each petal again, making eight petals. Place in iced water until crisp and petals separated.



5. Minted pineapple sticks are simple to do and very tasty. Remove core. With stainless knife cut into finger-lengths approximately  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Coat lightly with finely chopped mint. You may prefer to cut the pineapple into cubes. Orange slices, blocks of cheese, and balls of cottage-cheese can also be coated with chopped mint.

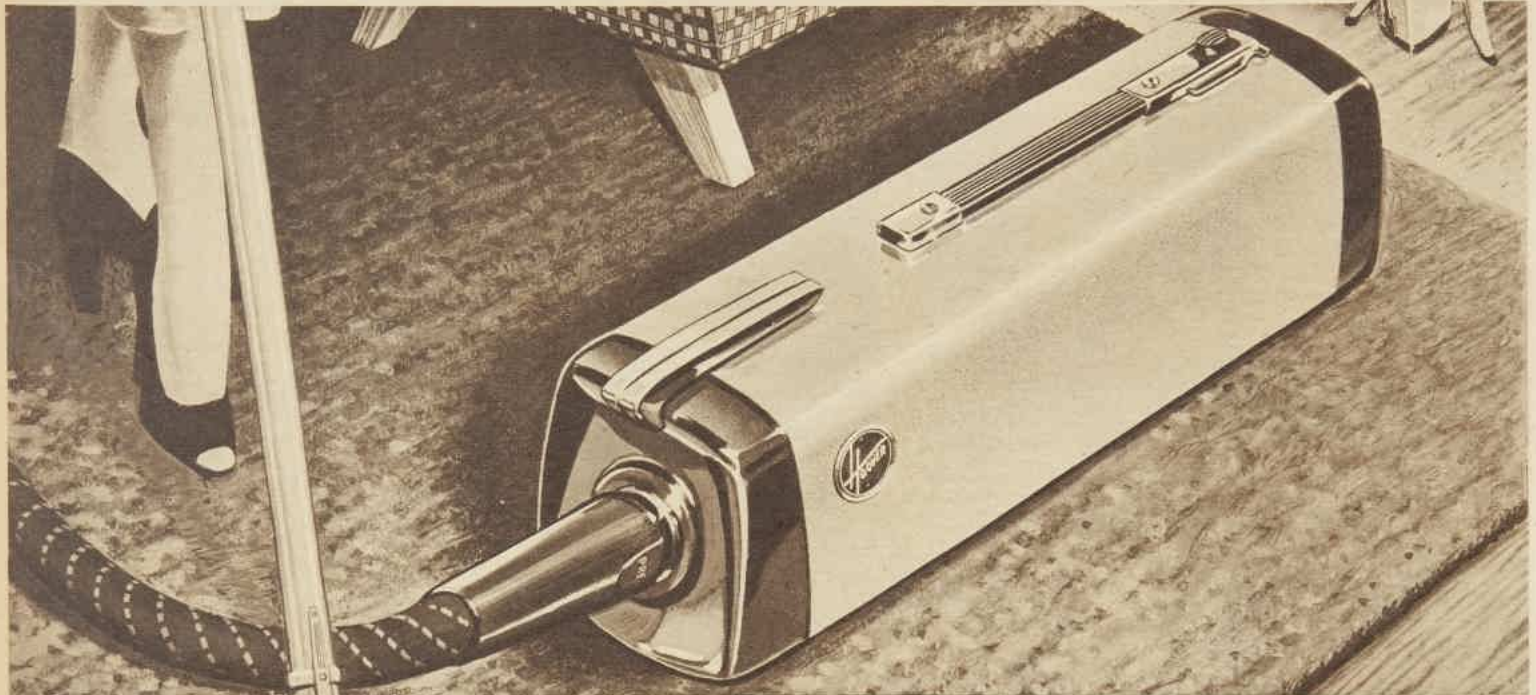


First time in Australia!

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Its stronger suction goes right across — as you can see by the way the end cards are held by the Hoover carpet nozzle. Hoover's Full Width Suction means more thorough cleaning and faster cleaning.

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**A TOOL FOR EVERYTHING.** Included with the tools for curtains, upholstery, etc., are a polishing mop and a spray gun for paint or insecticides. Tools and cleaner are so easy to store.



## DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● New for summer is a short-cut lounge coat, designed for a dual purpose—to wear on the beach or at home. This one is of rose-printed cotton.

THE coat was chosen in answer to an inquiry from a young reader who wrote asking for a beach wrap she could also use as a bathrobe. Below are her letter and my reply.

"COULD you please supply a paper pattern for a dressing-gown which could double as a beach wrap? I am sixteen and have to have my clothes very practical, but, of course, like them pretty, too. My bust measurement is 32in."

The design I have chosen for you is illustrated (right), a bathrobe-cum-house coat, which can also masquerade as a beach coat. The waist of the coat is a mere nothing, the skirt has an elegant flare. Moreover, it is not a difficult design to draft and make up. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 30in. to 36in. bust. Lines under sketch at right will give you further details and how to order.

"I HAVE a black ballerina skirt I wear with a wide cummerbund and I would like an appropriate style for a separate top for dancing. I want the top bare, but I am flat-chested and would like to disguise this fact."

A pin-tucked white organ-die top outlined in a pleated 4in. wide ruffle would be very flattering to your figure type. Have the top shaped down low at the back and held firmly in place with a shoe-string halter strap. Have the strap in the same material as the top.

"WOULD you assist me with two fashion problems for which I need advice? The first is an idea for a suit which would be comfortable for train travelling. The second is a style for an informal frock with some sort of jacket, the jacket to be light wool. I am just eighteen and work in a doctor's rooms."

The answer to your first question is a lightweight suit made on easy lines; skirt slender with a deep back pleat, jacket boxy and cut to waist length. If the suit is for summer it would be best in a dark cotton—perhaps a plaid or a striped twill. The color you choose depends on your own coloring. However, all dark cottons are an incoming fashion, particularly in the U.S., where they are a positive rage.

For a casual frock and jacket, I like the idea of linen for the dress, and instead of a wool jacket I suggest a cashmere cardigan. Have the dress made coat-dress style and its versatility will be unlimited. Choose a pastel color for the linen and white for the cardigan.

"I WANT to have some pretty floral printed silk made into an afternoon frock. Usually I wear very tailored clothes and wondered if the silk would be suitable made into a plain, but smart, style."

One of the smartest fashions for summer I know is a shirtwaist dress made in floral

D.S.114 — Short-skirted lounge in sizes 30in. to 36in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4038, G.P.O., Sydney.

silk. A dress in this category has lots of casual elegance without being fussy or overdone.

"MY mother thinks a chalk-white lace I have chosen for my debutante gown does not suit my coloring. Would it be all right if the lace were made over a colored slip? My complexion is rather sallow."

I advise you to have your white lace made over a pastel. It is far better to wear a dress which is becoming than to slavishly follow the traditional fashion of white for a debutante. Have your lace made over blush-pink tulle, with the foundation of the dress white. The combination will give a subtle shaded effect, which will be soft and flattering to your skin.

"WOULD you help me combine pin stripes and plain material for a smart outfit that can do me later for my annual holidays? The plain material is dark blue cotton, and the stripes dark blue-and-white twill."

Use the striped material for a princess style skirt, de-



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# Pretty Thoughts



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Hearty good wishes! Mother-and-daughter gowns in lovely, long-wearing Jeldi Chenille. Ten safe-washing colours, including flower-like pastels. In all sizes, from 2 years up to O.S. (Buy separately if you like!)

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For the present and the future this exquisite "STAR-FLOWER" design, in Jeldi's softly curving Ripple Chenille; washable, wrinkle-proof, and reasonably priced! A dozen lovely colours to choose from!

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Santa will visit



"BUNNY" COVER

Cot covers for the youngest set, 2-bed coverlets for the four-to-fourteeners... all in the kitten-soft Jeldi Chenille that's so easy to care for! Designs and colours for boys and girls.



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# Christmas - from



Bedspreads and gowns in loveliest-of-all Jeldi Chenille . . . to buy now for your own decorative Christmas, or to lay-by for gifts at your favourite store!



Gift of beauty—gift of ease! Your favourite, easy-to-care-for Jeldi Chenille in a brand new design styled especially for contemporary settings. It's "Rhythm," in Champagne, Rose, Blue, Green, Gold, Beige, Off-White, Mushroom; also Pastel Pink, Blue, Green and Gold.

Flowery or in fashionable monotones . . . Jeldi Chenille gowns in a wide, wide range of styles for every age and size. Choose from delicate pastels to rich, regal Burgundy.

(LEFT, No. 645; RIGHT, No. 646)

(No. 260, DOUBLE AND 3-BEDS)

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ph, Lithgow,



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(OUT with the Old Years of rub and scrub)



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... this Xmas give her a

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Give her a Hoover—she knows it's the Best

HP.36WW1439

Continuing . . . .

## Beware My Love

from page 9

and you, too. It isn't fair." Robert was favored by nature. He looked younger than he must be, considering the importance of his work. He had gone to a good college on the Eastern seaboard, then to Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship. His family was rich, but various research institutes paid him handsomely, and he won awards and prizes regularly.

On the Hill he was one of those in charge of the whole chemical research set-up, in which Evvy was a mere hired hand. I suppose that was part of the strain Evvy felt.

Robert had a queer, contradictory charm. His youthfulness concealed a certain power that you noticed when you knew him better. He had a deep voice, and he spoke with a quality I can't explain—you forgot what he was saying, just to listen to it. I warned myself, "You're jealous of Evvy. You wish Robert had loved you instead."

It was true. But I also felt the impulse to run whenever Robert was near me or accidentally touched me.

I knew more about Robert than Evvy did. I saw his experience with women in his every look; it was part of his power. And Evvy was the kind of humble girl, for all her golden qualities, who would accept even unfaithfulness, she was so beside herself—and, again, I mean the phrase literally—with love for Robert.

I thought as the months went by that it wasn't good for her to love like that. She was jumpy. She came home from work, sometimes after midnight, drawn-looking and worried.

Evvy finally told me she and Robert were going to get married at once, even though her family hadn't met him. They were rushing because he was going back to Washington soon on a very confidential mission, which had to do with co-ordinating the most important research going on at all of the atomic centres.

"It's a terribly important job," Evvy said, frowning; and I thought again, she simply loved too much and took things too hard.

"I can imagine," I said. "He won't dare shake his head for fear all those secrets and responsibilities will spill over. Are you going to get married up here?"

Evvy frightened me, she turned so white with anger. "No!" she said. "I don't want to be married anywhere around Tech Area or inside a wire fence, or with a pass in my pocket. Marriage is personal."

"Honey," I said. "Of course it is; and, of course, you don't have to be married in a white lab. coat either. Orange blos-

soms for you, and a veil. I just thought it might be in the church up here."

Evvy said, looking at the floor: "We're going to get married, very quietly, without even you to see us. In Santa Fe. This week-end."

I was stunned. "You mean your family won't even know beforehand, Evvy?" I said.

Evvy said, "I just want to be married to Robert. After that, nothing can separate us."

"What should?" I asked. And then I thought: Of course, I should have known. Robert had undoubtedly been entangled with other women and probably married at least once before. Evvy's family would hate that.

"Nothing," Evvy said.

"After the ceremony we may drive straight across the country and call the trip our honeymoon," she said. "I'll leave our car at the garage in Santa Fe. Robert has several meetings to go to and several important people to talk to, in Chicago and New York, and so on. I'll leave my stuff in order, and as soon as we're settled in Washington I'll send for it. It will be a nuisance, darling, but you'll do it, won't you?"

"You mean you've already given notice?" I said. "Oh, Evvy, you might have told me."

Her voice was very low. "I'm sorry about so many things, Martha, and that's one of them," she said. "I decided about marrying Robert very suddenly. I can't wait."

She was crying, and, after all, I loved Evvy and I didn't want to be on her conscience when she was about to take the most important step in her life.

"It's all right, Evvy," I said. "I'll miss you, but getting married comes first. I wish you were happier about the whole thing. I wish I could say something that would make you laugh."

Evvy did laugh then, a pathetic little gulp of a laugh. "Martha," she said, and then shook her head because she couldn't say any more. She wept and went on with her packing with a grim tidiness that was full of compulsion: she had to destroy the notes and bits of paper that had to do with her job, she had to sort out old clothes I was to give Maria, our cleanline woman from Santa Clara, and so on.

She tied up packages, but didn't address them to herself. How could she? She would have a new name—and there's a superstition about using that ahead of time, isn't there?—and she didn't have an address.

To page 47

FOR THE CHILDREN



## Why you need Vitamin C, daily

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Specialists recommend a minimum daily intake of Vitamin C (which cannot be stored in the body), of from 70 mgm. for adults, down to proportionately smaller amounts for children. This is equivalent to the Vitamin C content of nearly ½ lb. of garden fresh peas, beans, potatoes or tomatoes, one huge orange, three apples—OR—one roll pack of Delicious time flavoured Vit-O-Fruits.

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I wondered where Robert had lived in Washington before. I went to bed and now and then I woke and heard Evvy still moving around in the living-room. At last she went to bed, but she didn't sleep.

I was awake myself by now and I knew by her stillness that she was not sleeping, and I wondered what her thoughts were. Finally, at daylight, I did fall into a heavy sleep and when I woke Evvy was gone.

At ten that morning, when I was working in the lab, the telephone rang and Robert said, "Martha, I'm sorry to disturb you, but do you know where Evvy is?"

"I thought she'd be marrying you about now," I said.

There was a brief silence. Perhaps Evvy wasn't supposed even to tell me she was marrying Robert today. "But she isn't here," Robert said. "We were to meet an hour ago."

"I don't know when she left, but it was a long time ago," I said.

"I'm very worried," Robert said slowly and softly.

I thought it was odd, but natural, if you follow me. There were a dozen reasons why Evvy might be delayed. But the thing was—and it was something that I had not been able to put my finger on before—I was quite sure that Robert was saying what he thought should be said in the circumstances, without any real feeling behind it.

That was what had bothered me about him for some time, especially in relation to Evvy. I had been thinking he was not a person, but a set of carefully applied resemblances to a living man, who was in love, brilliant, famous. He made the gestures, he said the words, but everything was calculated—it had to be, since he was never himself.

"Don't worry," I said. "Evvy was a little excited. She might have stopped to say good-bye to someone."

Robert said, "Evvy is very unhappy, very upset. I thought, if we married at once, some of the strain might lift."

"Doesn't Evvy want to marry you?" I asked.

"Yes," Robert said. "She knew I had been married be-

## Continuing . . . Beware My Love

from page 46

fore, and that upset her, too, but that was chiefly concern for her family's reaction. It was her very anxiety to marry me at once that showed me how troubled she was."

I stood holding the telephone. It suddenly felt warm, because my own hands had chilled so suddenly. "I love Evvy," I said rather loudly, "and I've known her most of her life. I don't understand what you're trying to say."

He said, "Nothing."

He hung up, and, of course, a few hours later we all knew why Evvy hadn't met him. And I knew, with the most overwhelming sense of stupidity, and coldness, and guilt, that if I had watched Evvy more carefully last night, if I had listened to what she obviously had forbidden herself to say, I would have known she never intended to marry Robert.

And yet she loved him. She would have done anything in the world for him. Even as I thought that, a cool little prickle of question raised itself. What was there required of her that Evvy could not do, even for Robert?

I arrived at the outskirts of Santa Fe, where there are old-fashioned bungalows with deep porches and a few schools.

Evvy's people had flown in earlier, and we had arranged to meet at the hotel, and then I would take them to the church where Evvy waited in a closed coffin. A lot of people from the Hill would be there.

Robert would be there. I had seen him once after she was found. All of us who knew her had had to answer questions—Evvy's boss, myself, Robert. I thought Robert must have put in forty-eight hours very much like mine, and perhaps worse, since he knew what it was Evvy meant in her note, which had been carefully put inside a tin box, and that put in the glove compartment.

"What happened, Martha?" Mrs. Frasee whispered to me. She seemed to have lost her voice with grief. When I had last seen her she had been all

excited about Evvy coming to Los Alamos, and at the interesting scientific future before her.

Evvy's older sister, Joan, wore black. As we slowly crossed the plaza they looked with dull eyes at the Governor's palace and at the Indian women selling necklaces made of corn. I don't know that they even saw them.

"She was in love with some man," Evvy's sister said. "I understand he was very distinguished and respected. Was it something to do with him? They were going to get married, weren't they?"

I couldn't say. "The wedding was supposed to be two days ago," and hurt them with new knowledge. I said, "Why, I'm sure they were. You never saw anyone so much in love as Evvy."

Mrs. Frasee sighed. "That isn't always enough, it seems," she said.

The church was cool and smelled blessedly old, as though to put today in its place and in proportion. Sunlight, stained all colors, fell on the people in the pews—Dave and Mary, a lot of Evvy's friends and people from the lab. Even Lieutenant Marrow was there, and I remembered how Evvy used to smile and wave at him.

Robert was alone, and he heard us come in and I saw his face alter. I saw him glance over at me with a kind of desperate appeal to put aside the tangled antagonisms and jealousies that had complicated our relationships while Evvy was alive; and for all my resolutions to be kind to Robert, I could not.

I looked at him closely and I saw a careful replica of a human being, marked by guilt and grief, at a funeral. I saw that the youthfulness had faded a little, but I also felt that there was not one spontaneous move or gesture or feeling in the entire Robert Payne Benson.

That was my clue, and all

during the service for Evvy I added remembered things together: a look in her eyes when she came in late at night from working on something special, and a sentence begun and not finished, and other things. By the time the service was over, I knew what Evvy did or what she had suspected.

It supported me to know. I introduced Robert to Evvy's mother and sister and saw how startled they were in the midst of their sufferings, and saw how it quietly comforted them to see what a distinguished man Evvy had loved and who had loved her in return.

He spoke to them so nicely, so gently. They had no difficulty in sharing their grief with him. They wept for his loss as well as their own.

I was going to drive Mrs. Frasee and Joan back up to the Lodge at Los Alamos. They would want to talk about Evvy and try to understand. They would take away her things. But Robert suggested he drive them, and I said, "Of course. There'll be coffee and sandwiches waiting at the apartment."

"Poor Martha," I heard Robert say, as he helped the women into his car. "This has been so very hard on her."

I stood there in the alien sunshine and my eyes were dry. What I felt now was fear, because I knew, and there was nothing I could do without any proof.

Even if I cast suspicion, my motives would be suspect; who would listen to the girl whose friend had driven off a cliff edge; who had, perhaps, been disturbed, and jealous, anyway?

There was one among us on the Hill—trusted, honored, duly certified and cleared by the government—who was a traitor. He would not call himself that. In his mind, his conscience was clear and his purpose honorable.

He did only what was necessary; his understanding was firmer than the others' and he was convinced that what he did

## Beauty in brief:

### DRY SKIN NOTIONS

By CAROLYN EARLE

● If you consider that your skin is on the dry side—and consequently apt to look older than it need—check the possible causes.

SUCH a condition may be due to sluggish oil glands in the skin itself, or to insufficient fat in the diet. Using the wrong kind of cosmetics may also have something to do with the bother.

As a counter, make a point of eating foods that are rich in vitamins and drink more water each day.

Stimulate the circulation with regular cream massage of the face and neck area and avoid drying face packs, astringent grooming preparations, and harsh soap.

Use lukewarm water for washing in preference to either hot or cold water, pat the skin surface dry, and apply suitable cream. Make a point of creaming the face and neck before taking a hot bath.

In make-up, skin-food foundations give the skin a dewy appearance, are always preferable to liquid-powder varieties. Follow with cream rouge and fine-milled face powder.

Powdering over old make-up is a habit to be avoided.

was right. His loyalties were not divided; they were absolutely tied to the cause he worked for.

Evvy tried to point him out, but it was a nightmare to me, knowing that he was free to come and go not only in Los Alamos, but everywhere else where the country's secrets were kept. She had left a note with his name and put a smashed car to mark the note, so it would be noticed and somebody would wonder.

I gripped the steering wheel and the air felt hot and dry all around me. Lieutenant Marrow spoke to me as I started the car. He came and put his lean brown hand on the side of the car. "We look into notes like the one Miss Frasee left very carefully," he said to me. "I didn't know if you knew that."

"I thought probably," I said. "We don't just make a routine check," he said. "No matter how big the name is."

I looked at him again then and thought I might as well go on back up the Hill, where all the queer, silver-colored buildings were, and I might as well go back to work in Tech Area, showing my pass, and locking the safe at night.

I could spend any spare time I had trying to understand what made a man of distinguished family, raised in every American privilege, talented in his own right, and honored for his own brilliant scientific achievements, become a spy, a plain traitor.

If I could understand, and if the inquiry ever reached that point, perhaps there would be something I could say.

Meantime, the bright nightmare of the day was all around me and the peopleless land where so many people once had been, and all I could think was, if the other side won, Robert Payne Benson would be a hero.

(Copyright)

## Inside story of this La Mode family

### Cast :

Father—in his "Swadex" short sleeved singlet and briefs.

Mother—in her lovely "Silkature" slip.

Daughter—in her glamorous "Silkature" nightie.

Son—in his "Swadex" athletic singlet and briefs.

(All garments by La Mode)

### Action :

This is one of the nights when dad has to put his foot down—although he smiles to himself as he advises the eager young man on the telephone to call again tomorrow. Tonight is 'early night' for this La Mode family—particularly the starry eyed young lady who's been waiting for this very call. Mother smiles understandingly as she busies herself getting the young chap ready for bed—and he, the young scamp, is wide awake to what's going on!

### Insist on

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Father and Son's underwear is "Swadex" cotton interlock available in athletic and short sleeved singlets, briefs and shorts. Long wearing, easy washing, stays snug and comfortable.

Daughter's "Silkature" nightie (1351) is a crossover, trimmed with nylon lace. Straight waist band, softly gathered skirt. Sizes SW - XOS in Mellow, Sky and Ivory.

FH1



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# Continuing . . . Adios Lolita

[from page 3]

nor short, rather he seemed to think "just right"; with bright eyes and full red lips in a small laughing face, and a mass of shining black hair elaborately swept up.

He could not see whether she had a rose in her hair or not, but he was sure that the low-cut, high-waisted gown with its billowing folds of lace, which she was wearing, was most expensive. Here if ever was a lady extremely beautiful and superbly groomed. Pablo was enthralled.

The girl was the first to speak.

She said, "Buenos dias, senor." In a low musical voice, and Pablo, recovering himself, said quickly, "Buenos dias, senora. A thousand pardons if I frightened you," and he dismounted and stood hat in hand.

"I trust I do not disturb you," he hurried on, "but I saw none of your servants. I am Pablo Ricardo Tomas Esteban Ramirez. I'm on my way to the fiesta at Guadalupe, and I wondered if I could water my horse."

"No, you did not disturb me. I will get someone for you."

She called, "Anselmo! Anselmo!" and struck a large gong suspended from a beam which protruded from the tiled wall on the right. She waited a moment and struck the gong again before turning back to Pablo.

"Everyone has gone to the fiesta," she apologized.

"And you?" he asked.

She hesitated and then an old man came shuffling up the path.

"Anselmo, you will take the senor's horse and give it water," the old servant looked suddenly at Pablo. He took the horse and without a word or glance at his mistress he led the horse away.

She smiled brilliantly. "Anselmo is so old, and he has been here so long, he thinks he is the master," she explained.

Pablo said nothing, and she went on, "I'm so sorry that there are no servants here today, but if you will wait I will get you some wine."

She walked along the narrow flagged pathway to the large, heavy door. Pablo stepped quickly after her and held the door open, and, as he picked up several blooms which she had dropped, he found himself inside the room with her.

"Gracias," she smiled, and took the roses he handed to her. She begged to be excused for a moment, and returned with a decanter and glasses on a polished tray.

She poured a drink and handed it to Pablo.

"But you must drink, too," he said.

"I insist," he added, as she gave a slight smile and slowly shook her head.

She poured another drink. He raised his glass. "To my charming hostess."

"To your success—at the fiesta."

It was a fine wine, and heady. Pablo enjoyed it and praised it.

"It is a special wine," she said. "Don Alvarado gets it direct from Spain."

"Then a toast to Don Alvarado. He is a man of excellent taste—excellent taste," he repeated and looked steadily at her over his glass.

Pablo was pleased with himself, with his manners and with the ease with which he fitted into this grand house, and he found himself almost believing the magnificent lies he told about himself, his home, and his people.

THE girl was standing by the tall window now, gazing out across the river at the distant mountains, purple in the haze of the strong sunlight. Pablo stepped over to take her glass and as he did so their hands touched.

He placed the glass on the table, and turned and looked at her. She had not moved, the line of her body silhouetted against the sunlight. He came up behind her and placed his hands gently on her shoulders.

"You have not told me your name," he said softly.

"It's Lolita," she replied, and then added hastily, "Does that matter?"

Her skin was smooth and soft, soft like silk, and he took a firm grip of her shoulders and slowly turned her around towards him. She was beautiful, very beautiful, and her lips red as the petals of crushed roses, and her eyes smiled in that half secret way as one who sees the future.

She was close to him now. He noticed the curve of her arm, the inclination of her head, the twist of her slim body, and he held her firmly as he crushed her to him and kissed her eager lips. Her arms curled slowly round his neck.

When they stepped out on to the patio, Pablo's horse had impatiently stamped a large half-circle of grass by the gate where Anselmo had tethered him. Pablo would be late at the

fiesta, but in good time for the fireworks and the dancing.

"You must go now."

The girl looked anxiously up the roadway towards the gate and added, "I must see Anselmo before his master returns."

Pablo strode over and unhitched his horse. He plucked a rose from the hedge, and as he mounted he threw it to Lolita, his dream lady come true. "Adios, Lolita!"

He raised his sombrero in a flourish of farewell, wheeled his horse around with a short rein, and was off with a clatter of hoofs, the happiest caballero in all Mexico.

When he reached the bend in the roadway he looked back. Lolita was pinning a rose in her hair. He spurred his horse on, and for a good mile rode at a steady gallop before reining in to a walk.

A little farther on he left the highway and took a steep, narrow bridge track which quickly brought him to the crest of the hill. The road wound below him like the lash of a huge whip, and he saw in the distance a coach and horses, heading for the ranch.

That would be Don Alvarado returning. On a momentary mad impulse he turned his horse around, with the intention of retracing his steps part of the way, and thus come back to the main highway at a point where he would pass the coach.

It would be interesting to see what manner of man he was whose wife had just kissed him. Then he realised that to get down to the roadway before the coach passed he would have to gallop fast, and perhaps draw undue attention to himself.

He swung around in the saddle and watched the coach as it continued on its way, watched it until it turned into the large gates of the ranch.

He lost sight of it as it went up the drive and came to a standstill at the spot where he had so recently been. He did not see the couple alight from the coach, nor the neat and attractive maid-servant who came out across the patio to welcome them.

She curtsied to the couple, and, taking a small bag from the lady, said, "Welcome home, senor, senora."

"Gracias, Lolita. Has everything been all right today while we were away?"

"Si, senora. Everything has been lovely," and she tenderly touched the rose tucked into her shining black hair.

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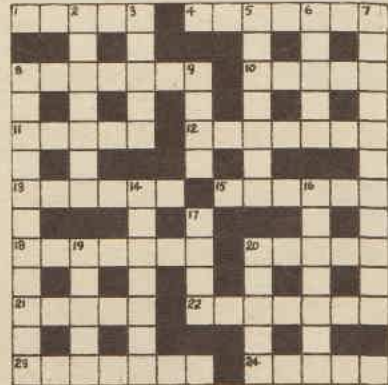
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Helps to forget the past through the French and the English (3).
- Endure the little sister who is outwardly saucy (7).
- Here Tom presents a speculative truth (7).
- Famous king of Troy (5).
- Woodland deity (5).
- Red sore (Anagr. 7).
- At that period a refrigerator salesman couldn't have done much business (3-3).
- "My new-out takes the light where the crimson-blank the windows

- flare" (Rudyard Kipling, A Dedication) (6).
- Perceive but mainly serve (7).
- "It's as . . . as life and . . . as natural" (Lewis Carroll, Through the Looking Glass) (5).
- A nine is empty (5).
- Restrain about the art of printing (7).
- Representatives of the Pope consumed in extremities (7).
- Birth place of the Big Bertha (5).

Solution will be published next week.



### DOWN

- Let rest the supporting structure (7).
- Only he who never does anything, never makes it (5).
- Humors about harbors (7).
- Contains the story of 10 across (5).
- They follow the persons in power or are in gaol (11).
- Limit a stone (Anagr. 11).

- Spots a Roman god (4).
- Clothing with men in it (7).
- 6 (7).
- Shakespearean king (4).
- According to O. K. Chesterton "all . . . is metaphor and all metaphor is poetry" (5).
- If you clasp seldom what you hide is a fault (5).



Solution is last week's crossword.



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Quick identification of garden insects and diseases is the first step towards . . .

# CONTROLLING PESTS

**G**ARDEN insect pests fall into two main groups—biters and suckers. To control them it is important to be able to identify which variety is attacking your plants.

Biting insects chew holes in leaves or flowers. They can be killed by stomach poisons sprayed or dusted on to plants or by baits applied to the soil. The most common poisons to combat biting pests are DDT, benzene hexachloride (BHC), lead arsenate, and Paris green.

Sucking insects feed by inserting the proboscis into leaf tissue and sucking sap. They are unaffected by a protective coat of poison on the plant and can only be killed by directing a contact insecticide on to the insect itself.

The main insecticides for suckers are DDT, BHC, hexathyl tetraphosphate (HETP), derris, nicotine sulphate, and sulphur. It is often possible to mix two or more of these types if more than one pest is present.

Plant diseases, which are as great a menace to the gardener as insect pests, are also of different types.

The most common arise from one of three different causes—a fungus, a bacteria, or a virus.

Many fungi diseases can be controlled by spraying with the correct fungicide.

On the whole, bacterial diseases can't be cured, but may often be prevented by seed treatment.

Virus diseases can't be controlled directly, but their insect carriers can be killed with the right insecticide.

To help you with your summer problems, here are some hints on the identification and control of the more common pests and diseases.

## Orchards

### WHITE WAX SCALE

Among gardenias and citrus trees this is one of the worst of pests. Unless you can eradicate the scale, your citrus fruits will never look as healthy as the grapefruit pictured on this page.

**What To Look For:** White waxy lumps on stems.

**What To Do:** In early December, when small scales move on to stems and before they have developed a heavy waxy coat, spray trees thoroughly with 1 part of white oil to 40 parts of water, or with 1lb. washing soda crystals, 1lb. soap, 4 gallons water. Old scales with thick wax coat may need brushing off.

### FRUIT FLY

This is the worst fruit pest and control measures are compulsory.

**What To Do:** Apply the following foliage bait weekly, starting five weeks before ripening: 2oz. tartar emetic, 2½lb. white sugar, 4 gallons water. Splash it on to several sections of the foliage with a kalsomine brush.

## GARDENING

Any infected or fallen fruit must be collected every 3 days and burnt or boiled for 10 minutes.

### Tomatoes

#### SPOTTED WILT

This is a virus disease transmitted by thrips.

**What To Look For:** Glistening bronze spots on the leaves which eventually blacken and shrivel.

**What To Do:** Prevention depends on killing the thrips with 0.1 per cent. DDT spray or 2 per cent. dust applied weekly, starting when plants are tiny. Pull out infected plants and burn them.



#### LEAF SPOTS

**What To Look For:** Brown spots or dark, water-soaked areas enlarging from the leaf margins. Leaves finally blacken, shrivel, and rot. It is especially bad in late crops.

**What To Do:** These are fungus diseases which can be controlled by spraying weekly with home-made Bordeaux 1-1-40 or copper oxychloride.

#### MITE

**What To Look For:** Silvering of the leaves, followed by drooping, curling, and death.

**What To Do:** These insects are too small to be seen with the naked eye. They are suckers and can be controlled with sulphur dust applied once every 3 weeks from the seedling stage.

#### TOMATO CATERPILLAR

**What To Look For:** Green, yellow, or buff caterpillars marked with black, up to 1½ inches long, on fruit and leaves.

**What To Do:** Use 0.1 per cent. DDT spray or 2 per cent. dust once a week.

If caterpillars and mites occur together, mix DDT dust and sulphur dust in equal parts.

#### BLOSSOM END ROT

**What To Look For:** Brown leathery sunken area at blossom end of fruit.

**What To Do:** This is a physiological disease caused by fluctuations in the water supply. Regular watering will generally prevent it.

## Lettuce

### SPOTTED WILT

**What To Look For:** Brown dead spots on leaves, growth restriction, giving a one-sided look, drooping. A slimy wet rot may occur as a secondary infection.

**What To Do:** There is no control, as DDT is not used on lettuce. Practise clean cultivation, burn infected plants.

### CUTWORMS

**What To Look For:** Dull greyish caterpillars, 1½ inches long, which curl up characteristically, will attack most plants. They feed at night and hide in soil during the day.

**What To Do:** Scatter a poison bait over the soil late in the afternoon. Make it by adding 3½oz. of Paris green or 20 per cent. BHC to 5lb. bran. Mix thoroughly and add just enough water to get a crumbly mass.

## Carrots

### APHIDS

**What To Look For:** Masses of small, soft, yellowish-green insects feeding on undersides of leaves and stems. They are especially troublesome, as they transmit the carrot virus.

**What To Do:** Spray these suckers with HETP (½ fl. oz. to three gallons of water) or 0.1 per cent. DDT. There is no control for the virus, except by controlling the aphids.

**VEGETABLE WEEVIL**  
**What To Look For:** Adults are the grey elephant weevil; larvae are pale green, legless grubs, half-inch long.

**What To Do:** Lay the same poison bait as for cutworms.

## Beans

### RED SPIDER MITE

**What To Look For:** Leaves mottle and turn yellow, then fall. Pest can just be seen with naked eye.

**What To Do:** Dust these suckers with sulphur monthly.

### GREEN VEGETABLE BUG

May attack anything.

**What To Look For:** Green, shield-shaped, smelly bugs.

**What To Do:** Spray bugs with 0.1 per cent. DDT.

## Asters

### FUSARIUM WILT

There are no longer wilt-resistant strains.

**What To Look For:** Infected plants wilt, turn yellow, and suddenly die.

**What To Do:** Prevent the disease by treating seed for ½ hour in mercuric chloride 1 in 1000 dilution. It can be purchased ready-made-up by the chemist. Any infected plants should be burned.

### GREEN VIRUS

**What To Look For:** Flowers are green and bunchy.

**What To Do:** Dust with 2 per cent. DDT to kill the transmitting insect.



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Continuing . . . .

the best film directors in the world," she said. "And he might read one or two of my books with the idea of filming them."

Ben Nevis did not know enough about the film industry to tell Miss Nutting that film directors as a rule lacked the mental concentration to read through even one book let alone two.

"Well, I'll introduce you to him with pleasure," he promised. "And if you like I'll lend him that book of yours called 'Tooth and Claw.'"

"Wouldn't 'Freckles' be better? And then he could get in the panther shoot."

"I don't think you'll persuade Hugh Cameron to appear in a film. He wouldn't even come to the party with me dressed as a reindeer."

"But I shouldn't expect Mr. Cameron to play a part. Didn't you say Ronald Campbell was going to be in the film about Marco Polo? He'd made a splendid Freckles—Guy Harford, of Bulger's Horse."

"Of course I don't know anything about this film wallah Campbell," Ben Nevis said dubiously. "But I suppose we must admit that the Campbells have produced some quite good soldiers, and he might be able to play this freckled wallah from Bulger's Horse."

"But the great thing is to persuade Mr. Croker Bates to read my book," Miss Nutting impressed on the Chieftain. "Perhaps if His Highness were to say something to him he might pay attention."

"I'll talk to the Maharajah myself," Ben Nevis promised. "This film wallah didn't seem to think I knew much about films. I upset him apparently by asking if he had ever made a film of Santa Claus. And then he went off into this frightful rigmarole about Marco Polo."

"Well, I shall keep my fingers crossed and hope for the best," said Miss Nutting. "And now shall we try on your beard?"

"What an enormous contraption!" Ben Nevis exclaimed. "Are you sure this is a beard? It looks to me more like a hearthrug. Oh, I see. You hook it on behind your ears."

The Chieftain put on the beard, looked at himself in the mirror over the mantelpiece, and gasped.

"I remind myself of something. What is it? I know. It's a hassock which burst in our chapel at Glenbogle Castle. It tickles my nose rather. I hope I shan't sneeze it off."

The dierze came in at that moment with the scarlet hooded gown.

"When the hood is up it hides where your beard is hooked on," Miss Nutting pointed out. "And of course we're going to retrain the gown with fresh cotton-wool for the party. The gown is just about six inches too short."

Miss Nutting turned to the dierze and addressed him in fluent kitchen Urdu. He twitched his head in a sidelong nod from time to time to indicate that he understood what she was telling him to do.

"They're so wonderfully quick at grasping what one wants," Miss Nutting said proudly.

"But you speak the lingo so well," the Chieftain said. "I'm picking it up gradually. Of course, I used to talk fluent Gaelic with my old nurse long ago, and I think that's a great help with other languages. I've forgotten most of the Gaelic I knew, but after a bit of Gaelic you're prepared for anything, if you see what I mean."

"I'd love to visit the Highlands one day. Next time I'm

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## Ben Nevis Goes East

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in England I simply must go north."

"And you'll have to come and stay with us in Glenbogle," said the Chieftain. "Mind you, I can't promise to show you the Loch Ness Monster, but you're more likely to see it with me than with anybody else. I've seen it myself several times. Kilwhillie has seen it, too. But he won't talk about it. He thinks it sounds boastful. He's a very retiring wallah."

"I admired him so much on that wonderful day we had at Tussore. What a magnificent shot!"

"Yes, he's a fine shot on his day."

"So cool."

"Oh, he's very cool."

"Tell me, how does one spell his name?"

Ben Nevis obliged her with the spelling of Kilwhillie.

"And he's so modest," Miss Nutting went on.

"I think he's too modest," said Ben Nevis.

"But it's such an endearing quality in a man."

"Yes, but I think it's this modesty of his which has kept him from marrying."

"Perhaps he had a disappointment when he was a young man," Miss Nutting murmured with a sigh.

"I think he did have one or two, but I never talk to him about that kind of thing. He's

over my ears again before the children see what's happened. Well, you've made a conquest, anyway, Hugh."

"How do you mean?" Kilwhillie asked suspiciously.

"I mean, Miss Nutting has fallen in love with you, and, by Jove, Hugh, I think she'd make you a splendid wife."

"Thank you, Donald, I prefer to judge for myself who would make me a splendid wife. Miss Nutting must be at least fifty."

"She's not much over forty," Ben Nevis urged.

"In fact, she may not be forty yet. It may be the climate. She's exactly the wife you want. Of course, I didn't even hint at such a thing."

"I should hope you didn't," said Kilwhillie.

"But frankly, Donald, your behaviour since you landed in India has been so irresponsible."

"Irresponsible?" Kilwhillie repeated firmly. "So irresponsible."

"Well, don't keep repeating that idiotic word, Hugh. I'm not a Poll parrot."

"So irresponsible that I don't know where you'll end by landing us both."

"I can't help it, Hugh, if Miss Nutting has fallen in love with you. I didn't feel called upon to say that the shot with which you hit that panther was something uncommonly like a fluke. Naturally, I let her think that you were a jolly



"Your mother? What does she look like?"

my most intimate friend, but I never intrude, if you know what I mean."

"I do, indeed," Miss Nutting declared with emotion. "Some secrets are sacred."

"Yes, you must certainly come and stay with us at Glenbogle. Kilwhillie House is at the head of Glenbogle, which is the next glen to ours. It's a romantic old house with some very interesting relics of the '45. We were both of us out in the '45—not Hugh and myself, of course, but our people. We shouldn't have had any of this Bolshevik nonsense today if the Prince had won. However, there you are. It was not to be, as they say."

Soon after this sad reflection Ben Nevis set out back to Rosemount, and the strenuous ascent of the khud worked upon his imagination with thoughts of home.

He found Kilwhillie writing letters in the sitting-room they shared.

"I've had a very pleasant afternoon with Miss Nutting, Hugh," he announced. "I tried on my Santa Claus rig-out, and it's quite . . . now what's the Indian for all right? Something like Tokay. Never mind, I've forgotten for the moment. I say, Hugh, does your moustache tickle your chin much?"

"Certainly not. Why should it?"

"Well, this enormous beard tickled my nose like anything. If I sneeze it off at the party you must stand by to hang it

good shot. And I really don't know why it should annoy you for Miss Nutting to fall in love with you. She's an exceptionally nice woman. As you know, I've no desire at all for you to get married, but if you do get married I'd rather you married Miss Nutting than . . ."

"Donald," his friend interrupted, "I should be very much obliged if you would say no more about marriage. I have no intention of getting married, and if I had, Miss Nutting would be the last woman whom I should think of in connection with such a state."

"Well, you seem to have fascinated her, Hugh. She could hardly talk of anything all the afternoon except you. Oh, yes, I remember now, she said you were one of the most endearing men she had ever known. But I didn't encourage her, Hugh. You mustn't think that. In fact, I told her flatly that I didn't believe you'd take part in a film which she hopes this film wallah will do about this book of hers called 'Freckles.'"

Kilwhillie closed his eyes wearily.

"I shall be very thankful to find myself on a boat homeward bound," he declared, "however rough it is."

Angela had been right in anticipating that Captain Gerald Ripwood, of the 9th Baluchistan Rifles (Bulger's Horse), would be taken back when he

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Listen to the Constant Invader

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 17, 1954



called at Parker's Hotel on that December morning two or three days before Christmas, and in order to secure him the maximum embarrassment she received him alone before Maisie came into the hotel drawing-room.

Captain Ripwood was now about thirty-five—a tall, thin man with a profile, a black moustache, and a sallow complexion. The check on his face was enhanced by the slightly raffish effect of his personality, and his dark eyes had the calculating expression of one who is always hoping to tell somebody a horse.

"Mrs. Winstanley?" he asked, showing a row of rather large white teeth in an insincere smile. "His Highness telegraphed to me that I was to call here for you and escort you to Tussore."

"Did you have a good journey?" Angela inquired.

"The train was very crowded from Pindi onwards, and my coupe was as dusty as usual, but it wasn't too bad. Are you going to stay with His Highness?"

"No, my friend and I are going to lunch at the palace. You are going to be the Military Adviser, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm to put the Tussore Lancers into fighting trim," he replied with a cautious little laugh. "I was at Kohat with

Continuing . . . . .

Bulger's, and there's nothing much doing on the frontier just now. I was glad to get away. Indeed, I'll be frank with you, Mrs. Winstanley, and admit that I shouldn't be sorry to get away for good . . . if I could find a snug little job as Personal Assistant to one of the Princes. You mentioned a friend just now. Who is she?"

And it was at this moment that Maisie Lambert entered the drawing-room.

"Maisie!" he exclaimed. Then he pulled himself together. "I haven't seen you for a long time." He turned to Angela. "You didn't tell me that your friend was an old friend of mine. Does His Highness know?" he asked quickly.

Angela cut in. "That you and Maisie were engaged to be married? No, and there's no reason why he should know that you were anything more than old friends."

"Quite, quite," Captain Ripwood quacked gently.

"Well, I'll go and put my things on," said Angela. "You're ready, Maisie. You can entertain Captain Ripwood for a few minutes."

With this she left the drawing-room, smiling not at Cap-

## Ben Nevis Goes East

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tain Ripwood when he opened the door for her, but over his shoulder at Maisie.

"Well, I must say I had a bit of a shock when you walked in just now, Maisie. You were the last person I expected to escort to Tussore," the Captain told her.

"I'm sure I was, Gerry. You can imagine what a shock it was for me when the Maharajah told us who was going to accompany us to Tussore."

"Listen, Maisie. I know it looked at the time as if I was treating you shabbily, but honestly it wouldn't have done for us to get married three years ago. You thought it was because I got tired of you, but you do yourself an injustice by thinking that."

**M**AISIE was incapable of replying, but anyhow Ripwood gave her no chance. He hurried on, "The fact is, I realised I couldn't afford to get married. There was nothing personal in it. I had to be practical. And it's vitally important that I should make a good impression on Tussore. How well do you know him?"

"Angela and I only met him for the first time last week."

"Angela Winstanley. Where have I heard that name. Who is she?" Gerald Ripwood asked.

"She was the wife of the manager of the British and Oriental Bank at Jumbulpore. But Angela has just divorced him."

"Yes, I remember now hearing about it," said Ripwood. "And does she know Tussore well?"

"I told you, Gerry, she and I only met him last week. But I think he's greatly attracted by her. The Maharajah is very keen on music and Angela plays the piano beautifully."

"I see," but before Gerald Ripwood could say any more a man with one of those long rectangular chins which are usually the mark of sententious

egoism came into the room. This was the political journalist who was a guest of the Maharajah of Bangapatam and who was believed by the Indian Princes to have the ear of the Prime Minister.

"I'm Jeffrey Hearne," he announced. "I'm staying at Rosemount, and the Maharajah suggested that I should beg a lift in your car to Tussore. He's anxious for me to tell the Maharajah of Tussore what I told him last night about a talk I had with the Prime Minister just before I left London. You're Captain Ripwood, aren't you? I understand you're going to be Military Adviser at Tussore. I don't mind telling you in confidence that the P.M. is very pleased with the way the Princes are tackling the military situation. Things are beginning to look very sticky in Europe. What's the feeling in the Indian Army?"

"The feeling in the Indian Army is that the Government at home are not showing the slightest sign of tackling the military situation out here," Captain Ripwood replied.

"Ah, well, of course the P.M. has to consider the whole picture. As I said to Pedder-Wilson last night, this is not the moment to make Parliament uneasy about India. The P.M. has a terrific job on his shoulders and I don't think that's always quite appreciated. Winston has been making a lot of mischief lately, but he has a very small following in the House, and the country hasn't forgotten Gallipoli yet."

The Maharajah was by no means pleased by the arrival of Mr. Jeffrey Hearne in Tussore. He had been looking forward to an afternoon of music and had no desire whatever to hear what the Prime Minister was thinking.

"I'm sorry, sir," his new military adviser said. "I didn't think you'd want Mr. Hearne, but as he brought a message from Rosemount I didn't see how I could refuse to bring him along in the car."

"No, it's not your fault, Captain Ripwood," the Maharajah said. "I'll send him back to Pippla after tiffin. Mrs. Winstanley and Miss Lambert can go back later."

"I used to know Miss Lambert, sir. It was quite a surprise when I arrived at Parker's."

"Had you met Mrs. Winstanley before?" the Maharajah asked.

"No, I'd never met her. What an attractive woman she is, sir. Would you like me to go back with Mr. Hearne? I can collect my bearer in Pippla with the rest of my baggage."

"Yes, that's a good idea." So, soon after tiffin was over, the new military adviser managed with great tact to get rid of Mr. Hearne, who had been boring the Maharajah with long stories about the advice he had given to the Prime Minister on various occasions.

"I wonder you never went into Parliament yourself, Mr. Hearne," the Maharajah remarked.

"That's what everybody asks," Mr. Hearne said. "And I always reply, 'No, I'm more useful outside Parliament.' I have my ear to the ground and I'm in a position to know what is being said outside the lobbies. And that's what the P.M. wants. Well, you know what it is, Maharajah. There are so many Members who think about nothing but getting somewhere and they think they'll get somewhere quicker by agreeing with the P.M. I've no axe to grind. The P.M. knows that he'll get an absolutely straightforward and downright answer from me however disagreeable it may be. Besides, I get around. I've been in close touch lately with the Arabs. And, of course, India . . ."

He paused briefly to draw breath before hurrying on:

"Well, I don't believe anybody at home is in such close touch with Indian opinion. Moreover, I've not made the mistake so many of these politicians made of supposing that Congress is the only thing that matters in India. That's where the Labor people and the

## How natives are civilised

**W**ITHIN a year Papuan Administration patrol will begin to civilise the 3000 natives in the newly discovered Shangri-la valley in western Papua.

John Zehnder, a young geologist who found the valley while looking for oil, says that the people are strong-bodied, of middle height, carry stone axes and bone daggers, live mainly on sweet potato, and look very decorative with their red and flower-studded hair wigs.

But how will the work of civilising natives be done?

Colin Simpson, an author who has flown over the valley, tells you in A.M. for November 16, now on sale everywhere. With it you will see the first color picture of the valley to be published in Australia.

Liberals always fall down. I'm a realist. 'Well, Hearne,' the P.M. said to me just before I left England, 'I hear you're going out to India to have another look round. Come and see me as soon as you get back. I want to hear your impressions.' 'You can count on me, Prime Minister,' I said. 'I haven't let you down yet.' 'No,' he said, 'you never have, Hearne.'

"Now, I doubt if there's another political journalist to whom the P.M. would say that, and though I mention it myself, it's true, Maharajah. And it's lucky I came out to India just now because Pedder-Wilson, who, by the way, is also staying at Rosemount, will go back to England without a notion of what the situation really is. That fellow has a genius for getting hold of the wrong end of the stick. Fortunately, I shall get back about the same time as he does, and if I think he's misleading the

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## Quick sweet for to-night JAM Pancakes

### PANCAKE RECIPÉ

1 cup milk      1 cup flour  
1 egg      1 teaspoon salt  
1 dessertspoon melted butter  
1 level dessertspoon sugar

Beat egg yolk and melted butter into milk. Add salt and sugar. Blend into flour, whisking until smooth. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. **NOTE 1.** Batter is better for standing, so make any time convenient during day. **2.** Melted butter gives extra tenderness. **3.** Adding egg whites separately gives extra fluffiness. Frying. Grease pan very lightly between each pouring of batter. Lift pan occasionally so that it does not get overhot.

Serve your *next* pancakes Swedish style. Instead of rolling the pancakes in the usual way, stack them one on top of the other, with strips of greaseproof paper between to keep them separate. When all pancakes are made remove paper and put them together with warm dark jam—black currant, blackberry or dark plum. Sprinkle with castor sugar and serve in meltingly tender wedges.

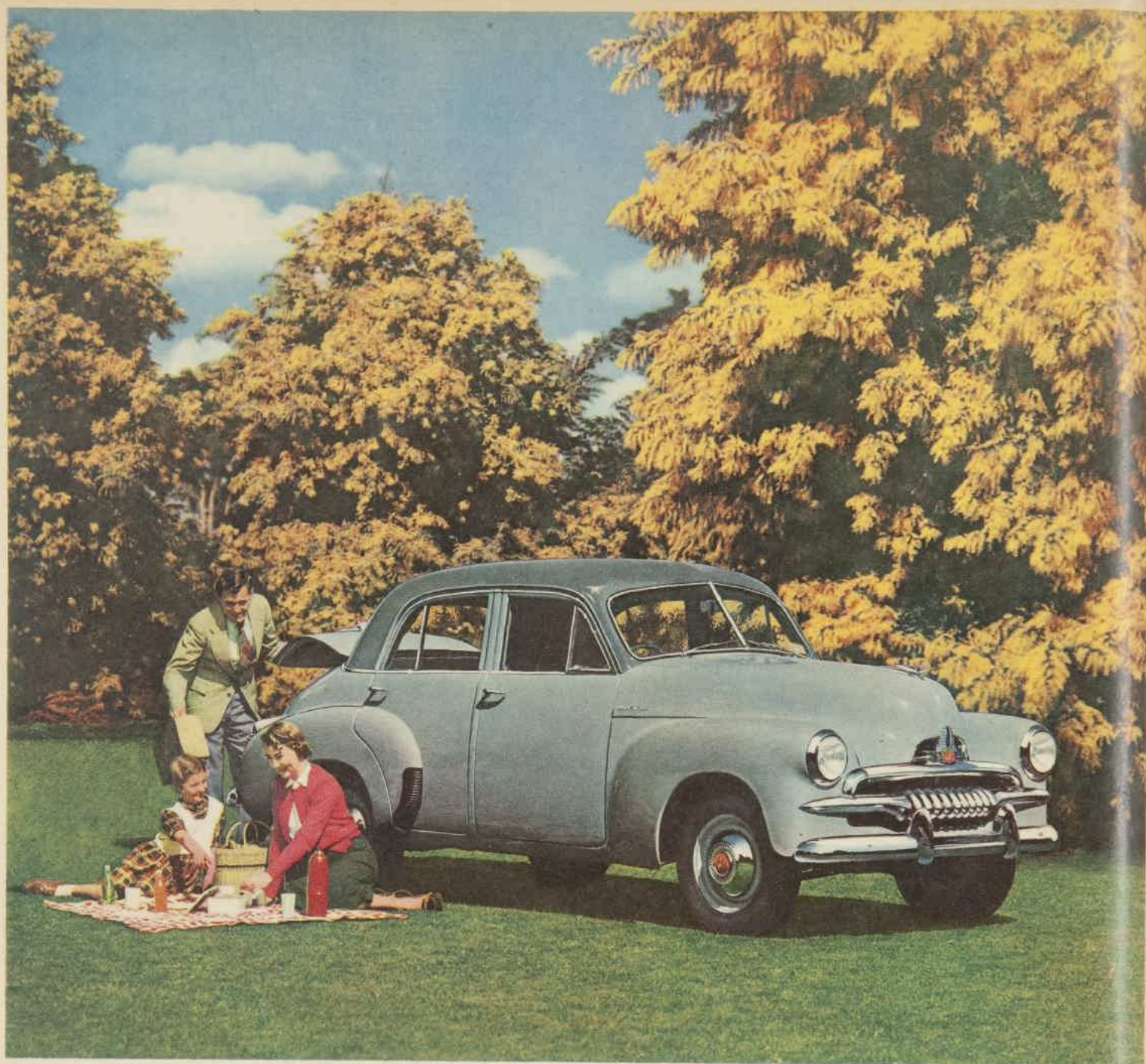
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## Continuing . . . . .

House I shan't hesitate to say so."

"Have you talked at all about India to Ben Nevis?" the Maharajah asked.

"To that comic Highlander staying at Rosemount? No, I haven't much use for these effete aristocrats who come out here to sponge a free holiday at the expense of one ruling Prince or another on the strength of having been at school or at Oxford with him."

"I don't think you could call Ben Nevis effete, Mr. Hearne," Angela interposed.

"Well, he seemed to have a high opinion of himself which I found rather exaggerated. He asked me if I'd ever seen an Abominable Snowman. Well, I mean to say, that's not the sort of thing you ask a political journalist in my position." Mr. Jeffrey Hearne shook his head in compassion for such ignorance.

The military adviser came into the drawing-room where they were sitting after lunch and listening to Mr. Hearne's tireless and fluent self-recommendation.

"The car is ready, Mr. Hearne, when you are," he announced.

"Won't you have another brandy?" the Maharajah suggested.

"No, thanks very much. I make it a rule never to drink much in the middle of the day. People often ask me how I manage to get through all I do, and I tell them, 'By rationing myself very strictly all day.' When I was in Malaya last year . . . . ."

Angela looked round quickly at the Maharajah. She fancied that he had uttered a low groan.

"I was saying, Mrs. Winstanley," the political journalist went on, with a hint of rebuke in his tone for her lack of attention, "that when I was in Malaya last year I used to be called One Drink Hearne at Raffles." Of course, it was said in chaff, but, by George, I believe they were genuinely impressed by it all the same. Well, I must be getting back to Rosemount. I promised Bangapatnam that I would tell him exactly what the P.M. said about the position of the Princes if the Government decided to intensify the process of devolution in India. The P.M. is keen to do this if it's practicable—if it's practicable, and I know Bangapatnam is anxious to hear what the P.M.'s ideas are from somebody who has the P.M.'s ear."

When at last Mr. Jeffrey Hearne had gone, the Maharajah exclaimed, "What an appalling bore that fellow is! I hope Bangapatnam will enjoy his afternoon. Has your friend Mr. Tucker arrived in Pippla yet, Mrs. Winstanley?"

"No, he won't be arriving till tomorrow evening," Angela replied.

"Perhaps you will kindly give him a note from my secretary inviting him to dinner on Christmas night?"

"I shall do so with pleasure, Maharajah Sahib."

"And now do you not think that we might charm away the memory of Mr. Hearne with a little music? I am impatient to hear you play again."

## Ben Nevis Goes East

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They walked along to the music-room. She seated herself and played two ballades of Chopin.

"Have you the sonatas of Beethoven?" she asked. "If you have, I'll play you the Appassionata, but you must turn over for me."

"I shall turn over for you with very great pleasure," said the Maharajah.

And as he stood beside Angela to turn for her the pages of the Beethoven sonata, Maisie Lambert, sitting back in a deep armchair, was dreaming dreams of a delightful bungalow not far from the Palace at Tussore to which Gerry was coming back from a long day spent in personally assisting the Maharajah to administer his State. He would be a little tired, but his eyes would light up when he saw her and he would say, "Nobody mixes such a good emmet as you, Maisie darling. How I bless the day when you and I decided to get married!"

And then their Goanese cook . . . or should they have a Muggi cook? . . . Ethel Maxton might find her a treasure in Chittagong . . . well, anyway, he would be one of the best cooks in India and the dinner would be absolutely perfect. "You certainly are a wonderful housekeeper, Maisie, darling." And after dinner they would sit and talk about what Gerry had been doing all day.

**A**LREADY Maisie could hear the Maharajah saying, "I don't know what I should do without your husband, Mrs. Ripwood. He has made life twice as easy for me." Or would the Maharajah call Gerry and her by their first names? After all, Angela would be calling her Maisie, and she could hardly call Gerry Captain Ripwood. "I don't know what I should do without Gerry, Maisie. He has made life twice as easy for me since he became my personal assistant."

What would Gerry be paid? Hardly less than 1500 a month with a house rent free and free fuel and probably nice presents from time to time. Gerry obviously hadn't disliked meeting her again suddenly like that. He had been a little embarrassed at first. But that was natural. And he had insisted that the reason why he had broken off their marriage was because he couldn't afford to get married. He had begged her to believe that it was not because he had got tired of her. "Of course, it's a pity we couldn't get married three years ago, Maisie, but never mind, it's just as wonderful now."

The Appassionata came to an end at that moment, and Maisie, in the deep armchair blushed as if when the music stopped her thoughts were audible.

"That was marvellous," said the host. "I wonder if you will be so kind, Mrs. Winstanley, as to play one of Beethoven's violin sonatas with me?"

"You play the violin, Maharajah Sahib," Angela exclaimed with evident pleasure.

"As a hopeless amateur. I won't attempt the Kreutzer."

"Nor would I," said Angela. "But I think I could read the Spring Sonata well enough at sight if you know that."

"That is the very one I was going to suggest," the Maharajah exclaimed.

And as Maisie Lambert, in that deep armchair, watched the duet, she decided that the slim, handsome Maharajah could not help asking Angela to be his Maharani, so completely in accord did the pair of them seem. But would Angela marry him if he asked her?

She must do all she could to make life as a Maharani seem the most wonderful prospect in the world. And, of course, Angela would want to travel in Europe and meet famous musicians, which would mean that Gerry might be left in Tussore to keep an eye on everything while the Maharajah was away. Of course, she should not like to think that Gerry had married her because he thought it would help his position with the Maharajah. He would have to show her that he loved her for herself.

Should she put him to the test? It was just like one of Maud Nutting's stories. But a novelist could always make things end happily, whatever misunderstandings and disappointments kept the reader anxious to know what was going to happen. It would be awful if she put Gerry to the test and he failed her. After all, he had failed her once because he thought he couldn't afford to get married. If he thought that he wasn't going to become a permanency in Tussore he might fail her again.

Wouldn't it be better to wait and see if he really was still in love with her, and if she thought he was, wouldn't it be wiser to let him see how useful she could be to him in his career? But everything depended now on whether the Maharajah asked Angela to marry him, and on whether Angela would accept him if he did.

Considering how much surprised Gerry must have been this morning, he had been wonderfully self-possessed. And he was still the same fascinating Gerry he had always been. She loved the way he patted his moustache and that side-long look in his eyes when he had assured her that the only reason he had broken off their marriage was because he couldn't afford it. And she could hardly have expected him to throw his arms round her the moment Angela went out of the room.

The only man whose kisses had ever thrilled her . . . the only man. Yes, she loved him as much as that night when . . .

The Spring Sonata finished, and once again Maisie was blushing at her thoughts.

"Why, you play splendidly, Maharajah Sahib," Angela declared. "We must study . . ."

"Yes?" the Maharajah asked when she paused abruptly.

"I was going to say the Kreutzer Sonata, but when shall we have an opportunity?"

"Listen," he said in a low

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voice. "Why don't you stay here? Miss Lambert can go back in the car and fetch all your things and at the same time bring her own. Please stay." Angela looked into his dark eager eyes. Then she shook her head.

"No, it would be imprudent," she seemed to decide. "The decree nisi of my divorce will not be made absolute until early in the New Year."

"And then?" he pressed.

"Why, then I shall be back in Tallulahabad and packing up to go to England."

"But you told me you loved India better than England."

"So I do, but I shouldn't love India living on alimony from my ex-husband."

"Perhaps Mr. Tucker will ask you to marry him," said the Maharajah.

"Perhaps he will, Maharajah Sahib. I shouldn't be at all surprised," Angela declared, her eyes hard and bright.

"And will you accept his offer?"

"Isn't that a question I must answer when the offer is made, Maharajah Sahib? And now I think it's high time Miss Lambert and I were going back to Pippla."

"But you'll have some tea before you go?" he asked.

"Well, perhaps a very quick cup while the car is coming round."

"You're very anxious to leave Tussore," said the host, with a touch of petulance in his tone.

"On the contrary, Maharajah Sahib. It has been a completely delightful afternoon, and I will show my gratitude by playing you a polonaise on your concert grand."

"But that was magnificent," he exclaimed when the last chord had crashed and Angela came down from the dais upon which the great instrument stood. "May I say something to you, Mrs. Winstanley?"

"Your Highness is in your own Palace," she murmured.

"You disturb me."

"Disturb you?"

"You disturb me very much."

"Then I must soothe you," she said and she played Chopin's Nocturne in E flat

Continuing . . . .

## Ben Nevis Goes East

from page 55

with an almost shameless rubato.

"You have passion," murmured the Maharajah, who had been watching her with glowing eyes as she played, his eyes fixed on her throughout.

"And now this quick cup of tea," she said lightly.

Ten minutes later Angela and Maisie were driving back to Pippla in a roscate sunset, through which dark birds were flying home to roost.

"I think the Maharajah is in love with you, Angela," said her friend.

"Yes, but he hasn't yet given up hope of making me his mistress," Angela observed. "So I think it's just as well that John Tucker is coming tomorrow."

But John Tucker was already at Parker's Hotel when they arrived.

"Hullo, you two girls. I got away from the brewery a day sooner than I expected," he announced. "I've said we'll have dinner in my room. I want to hear all the Pippla gossip."

When they were sitting at the table in John Tucker's comfortable room, Angela's resolve to secure her future as soon as possible was strengthened. It made such a difference to the enjoyment of life in an hotel like Parker's if you could always withdraw to the privacy of your own room.

Otherwise you were merely one of what were collectively known as the residents whose only privilege was to sit afternoon and evening in that faded drawing-room there to talk quietly over their knitting or to play a rubber of contract or to crackle their way through "The Statesman" and "The Civil and Military Gazette."

And she should not be able even to do that often on the money she should have at her disposal.

"And so the Big Chief deserted you, eh, for the prodigal hospitality of Rosemount?" John Tucker chuckled.

"Yes, but we did dine with the Maharajah one evening," Maisie said.

"And I'll bet it was a good

dinner. Old Bangapatam always does his guests well. He's a remarkable fellow. As wise as Solomon and absolutely loyal to the British Raj. I drink to his health."

John Tucker raised the glass of champagne.

"He and Ben Nevis were at school together and had hardly seen one another since," Angela said. "You know, John, I've come to like Ben Nevis so much."

"I haven't had a chance to get to know him. He came round to the Towers one evening and complimented me upon my whisky, but that's the extent of our acquaintanceship. And what's about young MacDonald?"

"He'll arrive on Christmas Eve. There's to be a children's party at the Club and Ben Nevis is to be Santa Claus."

**J**OHAN TUCKER grinned. "They roped me in one year for that Santa Claus business," he stated.

"And then on Christmas night we go to dine with Tussore," Angela went on. "You've had your invitation."

"Yes, it's the first time I've been asked. I suppose I have to thank you for that honor, Angela," John Tucker said, his grey eyes twinkling.

"Well, he obviously realised that Maisie and I wouldn't go without you," she said.

Soon after dinner was finished Maisie Lambert asked if she might be excused as she had a headache, and Angela was left alone with John Tucker.

"You don't mind if I smoke a cigar?" he asked.

"Good gracious, what superfluous politeness!" Angela laughed.

"Well, these Parker's sitting-rooms are not very large," he said.

"Not after your palatial accommodation at Scarborough Towers."

"Or at Tussore, eh?" he

added. "How did you meet the Maharajah?"

"We met him at Rosemount, and then he asked us to the panther shoot he arranged for our two Highlanders."

"And then he asked you again to lunch today?"

"Yes, with a Mr. Hearne, who is such a friend of the P.M., as he calls the Prime Minister."

"That self-important bore? Is he here again?" John Tucker exclaimed.

"He's staying at Rosemount."

"Well, old Bangapatam must think it's worth while to be bored by him. Ours is an extraordinary country. Why wandering Paul Prys like Jeffrey Hearne should be supposed capable of giving better advice about India than businessmen on the spot is beyond me."

"I think poor Tussore found him pretty heavy going," Angela laughed. "He sent him back to Pippla as soon as he could after tiffin with his new military adviser."

"And you and Maisie stayed on?"

"He wanted me to play for him."

"Yes, I've heard he considers himself musical."

"And he is very musical," Angela said indignantly. "There's no question of considering. He plays the violin himself with a great deal of taste and genuine feeling."

"And you accompanied him?"

"We played a Beethoven sonata together."

"Quite a highbrow afternoon," said John Tucker. "And who is the new military adviser?"

"Well, that's quite a story. I told you that Maisie Lambert was once engaged to be married to Gerald Ripwood, of Bulgaria."

"Who once borrowed two hundred chips from me when they were stationed at Tallulahabad. He was quite an agreeable rotter, but I think Maisie was well rid of him."

"Well, perhaps you'll get your hundred chips back, John,

because Gerald Ripwood is now military adviser to His Highness the Maharajah of Tussore."

"And how did Maisie take that?" he asked, his face crinkled in a rosy smile.

"She says she is still in love with him."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, you women. I can't think how I've managed to remain a bachelor all these years. The age of miracles isn't past, in spite of what they say."

"You old fraud, you've never had the slightest difficulty in remaining a bachelor," Angela told him. "You're just not interested in women."

"Ah, no, Angela, I'm not going to stand for that. What brought me up to Pippla for Christmas?"

"Your car."

"You know, you ought to go and live in America on wisecracks."

"Like a monkey, eh? We don't hear them in your room."

"Don't hear what?"

"The monkeys. In my bedroom upstairs I hear them chasing one another over the corrugated iron roof every time I wake in the night."

"Really? Look here, you must have a more comfortable room. I'll see the manager tomorrow."

"Nonsense, John. I should miss my monkey revelry. They help me to keep a sense of proportion. Besides, John, I don't want to be just one more little woman whose comfort you have made your concern. Perhaps I have what is called a nasty mind, but I always suspect the squire of dames."

"Suspect him of what?"

"I leave you to guess."

"When does this decree nisi of yours become absolute?" he asked abruptly.

"I believe that January 12 is the exact date."

He flicked the ash of his cigar into the fire. "And then you'll be free to marry again," he said thoughtfully.

"I know exactly what you're thinking, John," she told him, "but if it requires such weighty consideration, don't do it."

"Don't do what?"

"What entirely against your

better judgment you are thinking of doing," Angela said.

"You mean asking you to marry me?"

"Oh, John, John," she laughed, "what could have put such a ridiculous notion into your head? Thank you, I've already been married to one confirmed bachelor and I'm still too young to repeat the experiment."

"I haven't asked you yet," John Tucker reminded her. "So you don't have to refuse me in advance."

"John, don't be a bear. You'll make me think you feel that I'm trying to lead you on. And that would spoil the jolly Christmas that we're going to have."

"At Tussore."

"You seem to disapprove of Tussore."

"His reputation is not the best, you know."

"In what way?"

"In the way of women."

"If you think there's the least likelihood of my becoming his mistress, set your mind at rest, John. I'll admit that sometimes I wonder about the future, but that kind of solution never presents itself. I am fundamentally respectable. Probably I shall go to England in the spring and settle down with my grandmother in Canterbury. Oh, I shall be the wife of a country parson yet."

"Doesn't young MacDonald want to marry you?"

"You know that. And don't tell me you haven't heard from your friend Colonel Rose-Ross that Hector's father was brought out here to save his son from a dangerous woman. What you may not have heard is that Hector's father would now be only too delighted if I would accept his son's hand."

"You might do worse, Angela."

"No doubt, but unfortunately I have a strong streak of honesty in me. And though I've flirted with Hector, and if you like to put it that way, amused myself with Hector, I wouldn't let him down by pretending that I loved him enough

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#### LEARNED ABOUT 'ASPRO' AND TODAY'S STRAIN

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Continuing . . . .

to marry him. Probably everybody is laughing at old Ben Nevis and thinking that he has allowed himself to be fooled by me, but in fact Ben Nevis is much cleverer than most of you are — and that goes for you, John — in that he recognised in me a fundamental decency. And I wouldn't let him down, either."

"Look here, Angela . . . and then John Tucker stopped. "You think the fence is too high?" she laughed with a touch of mockery in her laugh. "I'm going to bed, John. Don't look so careworn. We're going to have lots of fun over Christmas."

Down in Tallulahabad, Duncan Robertson was saying to Hector MacDonald what a pity it was that John Tucker couldn't have waited until Christmas Eve so that they could have driven up with him and spared themselves the discomfort of their own car.

"I'm not particularly keen to be driven up to Pippa by Tucker," Hector commented with dignity.

"I only thought we shouldn't have had to start at dawn. Anyway, it's marvellous buzzing off like this. It was awfully sporting of your father to get Bangapatam to ask the Colonel for leave for me as well as you."

"Do you know that Mrs. Rose-Ross tried to persuade the Colonel to refuse us leave, Duncan?"

"No!"

"That woman is a menace," Hector declared. "When I went round this evening before dinner to say thank you to the Colonel, he hadn't come in and the khitmatgar showed me into her. So, you're going up to Pippa, I hear, for Christmas?" she started right off, and then she said, "Well, I'll tell you quite frankly, Hector, that the Colonel granted leave to you and Duncan Robertson against my advice. I was absolutely staggered for a moment."

"What did you say?" Duncan asked.

"I couldn't think of anything to say. At least I couldn't think of anything I could say, if you know what I mean. There was only one word I could think of, and I couldn't say that. And then she went on, 'I know you'll think it has nothing to do with me, Hector, but after all you must remember that I have to take the place of your mother out here, and do you think that your mother would be pleased to hear that you were going up to Pippa in the circumstances?' 'In what circumstances, Mrs. Rose-Ross,' I asked."

"That was a good come-back, Hector. What did she say to that?"

"It did stymie her for a moment, but only for a moment. 'In the circumstances of your name being coupled with this Mrs. Winstanley,' I think if she'd said 'that Mrs. Winstanley' I should have let fly, but I said, 'If people choose to couple my name with Mrs. Winstanley that is their business.'"

"That is not their business would have been a bit more pungent," the audience suggested.

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt, Duncan. How the deuce can I tell you what I said if you keep interrupting. Where was I? Oh, yes, 'that is their business,' I said, 'but it has nothing to do with me.'"

"I don't think that was very pungent."

"Duncan, I'm not a walking pepperpot. I wasn't trying to be pungent. I was trying to keep cool, and it was devilish

# Ben Nevis Goes East

[from page 57]

difficult because the back of my head was beginning to boil. 'Well,' she went on, 'I've done my duty, but if you're determined to behave like a headstrong, wilful boy your friends cannot help you.' Yes, she actually called me a headstrong, wilful boy. I was staggered, Duncan. Why, an admiral's wife wouldn't talk to a snotty like that. So I said icily . . .

"If your head was boiling you can't have sounded very icy," Duncan put in.

"So I said icily," Hector repeated. "I happen to be twenty-five, Mrs. Rose-Ross, and I no longer consider myself a boy. And then what do you think she did?"

"Tittered," Duncan Robertson guessed promptly.

"As a matter of fact that's exactly what she did do. But how on earth did you guess?" Hector asked in surprise. "Yes, she tittered. And then she said, 'Dear me, hark at Methuselah. Well, I don't know what you think, Duncan. But I think for the wife of the commanding officer to call a subaltern of seven years' seniority Methuselah is a pretty bad show.'"

"What did you say then?" Duncan asked.

"Well, the Colonel came in at that moment, and so I couldn't do what I was going to do."

"What were you going to do?"

"I was going to laugh sarcastically."

"You could have done that whether the Colonel came in or not," Duncan pointed out.

"Don't be a clot, Duncan! What would the Colonel have thought if the moment he came into the room I'd said 'Ha-ha-ha'?"

"He'd probably have thought you were laughing at a joke made by the Mother of the Battalion. He'd have been quite gratified. I don't suppose he ever gets a chance to laugh at any of her jokes himself. However, all's well that ends well, and on Christmas Eve you and I will be over the hills and far away until December 27."

And by starting very early Hector and Duncan reached Rosemount before noon on Christmas Eve.

"I'm jolly glad you were able to get up to Pippa in time for tiffin, Hector," his father barked. "The Maharajah was worried we should be thirteen at table. So he asked the Machell girls, and if you and Duncan Robertson hadn't turned up we should have been thirteen at table."

"Are they the daughters of the Q.M.G.?"

"They're the daughters of Sir Oliver Machell. He's a General."

"That is the Q.M.G."

"Well, the General and Lady Machell have to go to Delhi and the girls are staying with Lady Pinfield," said the Chieftain. "It was rather amusing when Lady Pinfield wrote to the Maharajah, asking him to ask them to lunch because she would be busy with the blunderbust for this children's party. I read their name as Mac-Hell. I thought dear old Banjo was going to burst, he laughed so much."

"And who else is here, sir?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you, between you and me, that they're the dearest collection of stick-in-the-muds I've met for years. There's a wallah with a face like an undercooked beefsteak and kidney pudding called Pedder-Wilson with a boring wife. He's an M.P. And then there's a financial wallah called Sir John Fussell with an equally boring

wife. Then there's a fellow called Jeffrey Hearne who's a newspaper wallah with a chin leading up to his face like front-door steps, and a film wallah called Croker Bates, and it's a jolly good name for him. He's got a film star with him called Pearl Romaine."

"Is she here, sir?" Duncan Robertson asked, brightening. "She's rather a favorite of mine at the movies."

"She doesn't move around much here," the Chieftain said. "She just lolls about like a piece of damp blotting-paper with two blots for her eyes and a blot of red ink for her mouth. And finally, there's an American called Knibbler . . . K-N-I-B—I thought her name was Kibbler at first . . ."

"It is Kibbler," Hugh Cameron put in wearily. "You'll be calling me Knillwhillie in a minute."

The Chieftain guffawed with delight.

"Jolly good name for you, Hugh. I must remember that when you start objecting to everything I do, 'Knillwhillie objecting again,' I shall say. Well, this Mrs. Kibbler isn't so bad. She was tremendously interested in the Loch Ness Monster. And she's arranged for us to see the mango-trick, though, of course, she won't hear of its being called a trick. Then later this afternoon I'm going to be Santa Claus and give the kids their presents from the Christmas tree. And then tomorrow evening we all go to Tussore for the Maharajah's party, which is apparently rather a tremendous affair."

Hector asked his father if he was proposing to dress up as Santa Claus.

"Of course I'm going to dress up," his father replied indignantly. "That's why Miss Nutting asked me."

"Who's Miss Nutting, sir?"

"She's a novelist."

"Is that Maud Nutting, sir?" Duncan Robertson asked. "I've read one or two of her books."

"I'm reading one now, as a matter of fact. It's called 'Tooth and Claw.' It's very interesting, because Hugh Cameron's in it. And Sher Khan, his bearer. And she very nearly put his dog Bonzo in, too."

"What an extraordinary thing for anybody to do," Duncan Robertson exclaimed. "Where did you meet her, sir?" he asked, turning to Kilwhillie.

"I never met Miss Nutting till I came to Pippa," Kilwhillie replied. "By coincidence my name was used in the book and also the name of my bearer."

"Well, you take it all as a simple coincidence, but Mrs. Knibbler — Kibbler — believes there's far more in it than that. She thinks you projected yourself into Miss Nutting's . . . now, wait a moment, what was it . . . oh, yes, it's Miss Nutting's astral consciousness. Astral has something to do with the stars, but I'm not quite clear what."

"Rubbish!" Kilwhillie snapped.

"You can't go about saying 'rubbish' like that, Hugh. You're as bad as one of those scientific wallahs who came trooping up to Inverness to investigate the Monster."

"I think it's time we went along to the smoking-room," said Kilwhillie. "Lunch will be ready any minute now."

When he and Duncan Robertson had gone on, Hector asked his father if he had seen anything of Angela Winstanley.

"I've seen a lot of her, my boy, but I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed. Yes,

To page 65



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## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★★ Calamity Jane

MEMORIES of "Annie Get Your Gun" will be recalled by "Calamity Jane," Warners' musical Western in color, the difference being that the new film is on a smaller scale in every department.

However, with sparkling Doris Day playing the title role, and Howard Keel as the gun-toting hero, Wild Bill Hickock (a token role for this talented performer), "Calamity Jane" is lively, tuneful entertainment.

Glad in buckskins and with a six-shooter cinched around her waist, Doris Calamity (she's called "Calam" in the picture) affects a grating voice and grubby features.

Calam reckons she can outshoot and outride any man in the territory, and there is only Wild Bill Hickock to dispute her claim.

The winning over of Calamity to the idea of being more feminine provides the rest of the story, and it's put across with customary Hollywood touches.

This transformation is brought about with the help of entertainer Allyn McLerie and handsome Lieut. Phil Carey, and it results in Bill realising that Calam can look mighty purty when she sets her mind to it.

Pick of the film songs are "My Secret Love" and "The Deadwood Stage," both sung by Doris Day, and there are a couple of other spirited numbers as well.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

### ★ Money From Home

PARAMOUNT'S latest in the list of Martin and Lewis comedies, "Money From Home," is only a fair bet for entertainment, though it is based on a Damon Runyon racetrack story and decked out in technicolor.

The point of departure from Runyon arrives after about the first 10 minutes. After that it's the partners' same old slapstick material for the rest of the way.

However, you will get a few laughs from the crazy story which has to do with an attempt by Honey Talk, a small-time guy played by Dean Martin, to high-pressure Jerry Lewis, an addle-pated vet., into doping a racehorse.

A change of heart brings about a change in this plan. Meanwhile Jerry Lewis strives hard for humor while crooning to a bunch of dogs, through masquerading as a harem favorite, and by imitating—not too successfully—an English fop.

He is probably best of all in the wild finale steeplechase.

Dean Martin croons a pleasant song or two to blond Marjorie Miller, and charming little Pat Crowley copes romantically with Mr. Lewis.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

## Overseas news from the studios

From BILL STRUTTON, in London

THE recent invasion by a horde of lovely Italian film stars brought the rest of social London to a standstill. The ballrooms of Claridges, the Savoy, the Dorchester, and of half a dozen embassies have been the scenes of a series of most glamorous receptions this year.

Italy's Film Festival, held with a different premiere each night of the week at London's Tivoli Cinema, opened with the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Princess Margaret arriving and meeting a line-up of gorgeous screen sirens headed by—of course—Gina Lollobrigida, beautiful new star Sophia Loren (once a mannequin), and Eleonora Rossi-Drago.

Gina, renowned for her ample, daring décolletages, thought better of it for a Royal occasion. She came out with a relatively demure, square-necked creation in billowing white trimmed with black and encrusted with jewellery. It was the "royal" Italian film which emerged with laurels—"Neapolitan Fantasy"—a film with almost no plot but with a spellbind-

ing riot of singing, dancing, and color. I hear it has already been booked for early showing in Australia.

★ ★ ★

JANE RUSSELL and Jeanne Crain have been filming—in knee-length hobble skirts with below-hip waistlines—at Monte Carlo on a super yacht owned by Greek multi-millionaire shipowner Aristotle Socrates Onassis. The Prince of Monaco has also been entertaining them between shooting sessions on their British film "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes." In these scenes they are playing their own mothers of the 'twenties—the blondes whom gentlemen once preferred—as well as modern husband-snaring brunettes.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 17, 1954





1. SQUADRON-LEADER PARSONS (Kieron Moore), second left, tells deputation, headed by Harry Tilney (Niall MacGinnis), right, and Sally (Muriel Pavlow), that training must go on.



2. RECONNOITRING the island now to be used as a rocket-firing range, Parsons finds his corporal, Bill Morris (John Gregson), at right, picnicking there with Sally. The couple are in love.



3. FLIGHT in readiness, Parsons takes off for trial solo attack on range just as villagers arrive with proof that the island is church property. A mishap brings the pilot back to base.

## "Conflict of Wings"

"CONFLICT of Wings" (British Lion), the first peace-time story of the R.A.F., tells of a jet fighter squadron, equipped with Vampires, suddenly ordered to convert to the role of a ground-attack squadron prior to proceeding overseas on an operational mission.

A rocket-firing range must be found for their practical training, and they are allocated a piece of land in Norfolk, known locally as "The Island of Children."

Since ancient times this land has been preserved as a bird sanctuary, and the villagers band together against officialdom. ("Conflict of Wings" was published by us as a serial in September.)



4. VILLAGERS are despondent until local poacher talks rebellion. They decide that if there are people in the target area attacking planes would not fire on them.



5. RACING against departure of planes, the whole population puts off for the island in every conceivable kind of boat. A launch severs Air Force telephone lines.



6. SPREAD OUT around targets, townspeople realise to their horror that low cloud may hide them from planes. But tragedy is averted and an official inquiry grants a year of grace for the island.

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2—let it go



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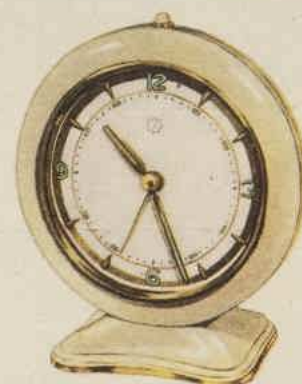
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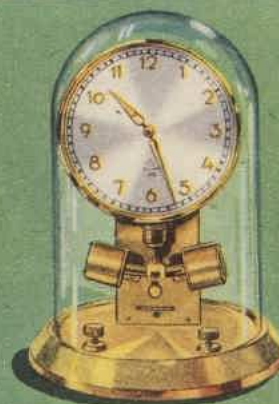
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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

# AS I READ THE STARS By Eve Hilliard

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	★ Your lucky number 5. Important days are November 13 and 19. Wear silver-grey or a silver clip, to help you. If you're buying or selling.	★ You'll need to use your brains, and be able to improvise. Unexpected situations may arise, which you have not faced before. Only trial and error will help you.	★ Determine to carry out at least a few alterations at home, even though it means simply shifting the furniture around. This could act as a tonic on the jaded housewife.	★ Don't expect to have the beloved all to yourself this week. He, or she, will be one of a team, out with the crowd, and if you're wise you'll join in without protesting.	★ Many routine occasions, a full programme, which brings nothing particularly new. Some will feel fed-up with the whole business. There's little you can change.
<b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	★ Lucky number 3. Best days are November 17 and 19. Through the deeper shades of lavender, social influence could produce useful money gains for you.	★ Heavy demands are probable on your generosity and kindness. Go along with them, refusing to allow inward resentment to spoil your efforts.	★ If you're thinking of acquiring a new gadget to save labor and time, influences are particularly good for finding it at a lower price than you expected to pay.	★ Plenty of genuine goodwill from and to the one who matters most, but this will be more companionship than sentimentality, quite likely to be shown practically.	★ Time spent at home, on a common task, which benefits everybody, can be more fun than buzzing off to entertainments. Besides, you can save up for a surprise.
<b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21	★ Lucky number 6. Best days are likely to be November 17 and 22. A silvery grey-blue will create the right atmosphere in connection with your job.	★ Nobody can better-up the powers-but be better than you can when you want something, and your diplomatic approach is certain to produce results.	★ Have you considered the possibility of exchanging services with a neighbor or a friend? This might enable you to pool your resources to your mutual benefit.	★ Should your romantic, attachment be to a workmate, or fellow club member, this can be an especially happy time for both of you. You'll share a common interest.	★ Artistic activities such as decorating, or making articles for sale for a good cause, or any creative work may bring you into contact with friends, organisers.
<b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22	★ Lucky number 5. Best days are November 20 and 21. Pastel-green should attract favorable vibrations for lovers, old and young, single or married.	★ The variety of tasks crammed into your working life just now will at least prevent you from being bored. Try to learn more about different skills.	★ Many of you will escape the domestic round and be, yourself, a guest, or you may find entertaining away from home less trouble, and just as enjoyable, in town.	★ If eligible, you might receive an offer of marriage, either on an outing, or at a place of amusement. Others enjoy a surprise gift from the marriage partner.	★ If you are selling raffle-tickets for some charity, or if you are a junior hostess at some function to benefit others, you'll enjoy a social and financial success.
<b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number 4. Important days November 20 and 22. That quaint print, that gorgeous new tie are your best bet, if you're anxious to lure Dame Fortune.	★ There is an electric quality in all you attempt, carrying success beyond anticipation here, but failure there where you thought it easy. Balance the two for content.	★ If you're a househunter, or if you're building or shifting, you may suddenly locate the very thing you want most. Others find a new, more efficient use for a corner.	★ Hasty romance may be on your doorstep. You may feel happy, but wait to become better acquainted before committing yourself. Marriages make important decisions.	★ The surprise invitation, the picnic that has never planned, meeting with an old friend, not seen for many a day, are possible features of this week's activity.
<b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number 9. Best days are November 18 and 20. A touch of red would set off your otherwise quiet costume, and give energy for a busy time.	★ A spirit of renewed enterprise will start the wheels turning faster; your famous common sense will tell you if you run off the track, but you'll reach one goal.	★ While charging into the home routine may help you to a flying start, nervous tension could result in quick temper, family rows, while you'll become "house-proud."	★ You may be separated from the loved one for a short while. Be faithful about writing, or he or she will feel hurt and neglected. You might not find it easy to explain.	★ Right in your own neighborhood is unsuspected social attraction. The new family across the street, the teenagers next door, may bring fresh influences into the picture.
<b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number 7. Best days November 17 and 19. A little bunch of violets, or a scarf with violet and shimmering colors, could bring success to you.	★ Apply your sense of artistry to your work. That means moderation, shrewd judgment, and that little touch of originality which has a better cash value than you realize.	★ So you've developed a wonderful idea right out of whole cloth. That's fine, only it may not work, or it might cost more than it's worth. Come down to earth.	★ Are you going abroad, in a class, trailing clouds of glory, hardly noticing when people speak to you? That's a wonderful state of mind. You'll spread happiness.	★ That brainwave follows a pattern involving your regular crowd, although it might take them into new fields of endeavor. Get information about the financial side.
<b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number 8. Best days are November 16 and 21. The charcoal-grey, with a suggestion of rose color in a bag, hat, or hanky, will bring out your personality.	★ Conservation of resources, including time and energy, a close-sticking to plan, will carry you farther than a sudden wild burst followed by exhaustion.	★ Keep that frither money down south in your pocket-book, and concentrate on the future gratification of a long-desired item, which is really needed.	★ Practical considerations should be dealt with now. Decide on a possible Christmas gift for one you love, and be ready to spend much time seeking it.	★ Anticipation is often more enjoyable than the actual event. You will know about that pleasant occasion a few days ahead, half the fun is looking forward to it.
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22	★ Lucky number 6. Best days November 18 and 20. Navy blue or aqua could help you to a better understanding with partners or your friends.	★ You should be particularly successful if you cater to the needs of the feminine public. Others discover new methods, or novel ideas overcome budget shortages.	★ Should you be called upon to stay home or to nurse a member of your family, you're likely to find the interlude of quietness and service not too difficult.	★ Quiet happiness with the one and only is likely to bind you both closer together. Don't worry if you're walking and talking, not dining and dancing.	★ Perhaps you're out to save some money, or you are busy polishing off odds and ends but few of you will be basking in the social limelight. Your turn comes later.
<b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number 4. Best days for action are November 18 and 20. Odd shades unusual patterns, a key pany make for good fellowship and lots of fun.	★ You are a bit starchy about nurturing people who can be useful to you, yet it is foolish, for it may improve your working conditions generally.	★ A permanent friendship may develop as the result of a chance invitation to your home. You will have much in common, and enjoy discussion of home problems.	★ Your love affair may take an unexpected twist. A new job, a place to live, available soon, may hasten the wedding day. Don't be afraid to make quick decisions.	★ Your managing and organizing ability will have scope, and when you run a function you do a good job. If you're tired afterwards, you'll still be content.
<b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number 2. Best days for action are November 30 and 22. Favorable colors are pearly-white with a greenish tinge. This color attunes you to your surroundings.	★ A business proposition may be made to you from an unexpected quarter, and you are likely to hesitate because you fear you might not make good. Try it.	★ Should unexpected visitors appear, just do the best you can, and don't worry if you're unable to keep up appearances. People like you for what you are.	★ If you are a feminine native, you'll probably get your own way, whatever happens. If older, you may be able to persuade the beloved to agree with you importantly.	★ New friends, although intriguing, should not take up your time to the exclusion of the old. A burst of popularity may keep you dashing around in circles.
<b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	★ Lucky number 3. Best days are November 31 and 22. Pure white should be present in the costume, if you wish to be in harmony with the stars.	★ Learn to take criticism when it is constructive. Hypersensitiveness, failure to be practical, the cherishing of personal grudges are here to ambition.	★ While home-planning may be in your mind, you may go all over the place getting new ideas. Keep a scrapbook of those that especially appeal to you, or can be adapted.	★ Take him or her off on a little jaunt among new scenes, thus starting a fresh chapter, which will provide interesting topics of conversation for a long time to come.	★ Students may celebrate the passing of examinations, others may play reunions with former associates, while older subjects go into a tinslip over holidays.



## New addition to the family...

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I made it quite clear to her that I should welcome her as a daughter-in-law, but she was adamant. I expect you'll want to hear from her own lips how adamant she is, and you'll get an opportunity tomorrow when you're dancing with her at Tusore. But I thought it was my duty to warn you that you hadn't a chance, my dear boy, of changing her mind. I'm very disappointed about it myself, because I think she would have made you a jolly good wife. But there you are. That's what they call life, eh? You must keep a stiff upper lip and try again, what? And I want you to get hold of some bells if you can."

"Bells?" Hector exclaimed. "Yes, I thought if you and Duncan drove me along to the Club with a lot of bells it would thrill the children when they heard those bells."

"Why?" "Santa Claus, my dear boy, Santa Claus. I tried to get dear old Hugh to be a reindeer, but he was in one of his livery moods and he wouldn't do it. He was being Kilwhillie, what? I say, I'm awfully pleased with that joke. But come along now, we mustn't keep them waiting for tiffin."

The guests were already gathered in the smoking-room when Ben Nevis and the Younger of Ben Nevis joined them.

The Maharajah in his black silk jacket with the jewelled buttons was in a shimmer of hospitality. These Christmas days at Rosemount were dear to his heart. Enid and Penelope Machell, the daughters of the Quartermaster-General, were the only additions to the party.

Penelope, the younger, dark and petite, was not unlike what Angela Winstanley must have been like at the age of nineteen, and the cloud which his father's news had cast over Hector was lightened by finding himself next to her at tiffin. After coffee the party went out in the garden to see the juggler whom Mrs. Kibbler had secured to convert the assembled guests to her own belief in the mysteries of yoga.

The preliminary snake-charming was disposed of by

Continuing . . . .

Jeffrey Hearne as nothing at all because the poison glands had been removed, and therefore anybody could do as much as the charmer since there was no danger of being bitten.

"Well, if it's so easy as all that, Mr. Hearne, why don't you give us a demonstration yourself?" the Chieftain asked with a touch of aggressiveness in his tone.

"I don't happen to play that pipe-instrument," the Prime Minister's confidant sniffed.

"There you are," the Chieftain said. "So it's not so easy after all, is it?"

However, even the knowledgeable Mr. Hearne had to admit that he was baffled by the mango-trick. As for Ben Nevis, he was almost as much excited by the growth of the mango-tree from a seed into a fruiting bush in less than half an hour as he had been by his first sight of the Loch Ness Monster.

"Of course, it must be a trick," said Jeffrey Hearne. "But I'm bound to say I don't know how he managed to hide the different stages of the mango-tree's growth under that blanket and basket."

"I'm told that they do it by cutting themselves under the armpit with a razor and smearing the blood first on the seed and then on the twigs," Mrs. Kibbler said. "That, of course, implies that they are capable of projecting from their own essential selves the necessary vegetative force."

"It's a pity we can't take this chap back with us, Donald," said Kilwhillie. "He might teach the Forestry Commission how to grow trees."

"Oh, jolly good, Hugh," the Chieftain guffawed. "I must remember that joke of yours. If I meet that brute who ringed all the birches in Glen Urquhart in order to plant his beastly asparagus and spinach instead, I'll say, 'What you want is a mango wallah from India to teach you your job.' Do you have these forestry wallahs in India, Banjo?"

"Oh, yes," the Maharajah replied, "the Department of

## Ben Nevis Goes East

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Woods and Forests does a very big job."

"Well, I hope they do it better than our forestry wallahs in the Highlands. If they can see a good bit of sheep-grazing within easy reach of a road they aren't happy till they've covered it with spinach and asparagus."

"Spinach and asparagus?" the Maharajah exclaimed.

"That's what these beastly spruces and whatnots look like when they're young. They won't be happy till they've made every brae look as if it was covered with green baize."

"I should like to take you up on that, Ben Nevis," said Pedder-Wilson. "Reafforestation is the policy of the Government because we must be able to rely on growing enough soft timber for pit-props."

THE Chieftain turned to Pedder-Wilson. "I'm not prepared to see the beauty of the Highlands spoilt in order to prop up a lot of pits," he declared heatedly.

"Oh, Mr. MacDonald, you are displaying the most wonderful aura now," Mrs. Kibbler exclaimed.

"Aura?"

"Yes, don't you remember what I was telling you about people's auras? I said that your aura was ultramarine. Well, I see now that it has rich purple shades in it. I had a friend in Philadelphia who was very successful in photographing auras. I would dearly like to have Mr. Otis Snorker photograph your aura."

"I would have thought our friend Ben Nevis would have had a tartan aura," the Maharajah laughed.

"And what do you think of the mango-trick, Mr. Bates?" the Chieftain asked.

"Please don't call it a trick," Mrs. Kibbler begged. "How would you like it if I called the Loch Ness Monster a trick?"

"Yes, I see what you mean," Ben Nevis answered gravely.

"It's difficult for anybody who knows what can be done on the screen to accept what one had just seen as anything except a clever trick," said Mr. Croker Bates. "I don't profess to know how it is done, but I am perfectly sure that it is merely a clever trick."

"Can you see Mr. Bates' aura?" the Chieftain asked Mrs. Kibbler.

"I certainly can," she replied.

"And what color is it?"

"Well, it's a sort of muddy kind of greenish-grey," Mrs. Kibbler declared.

The Maharajah felt that the atmosphere was becoming less imbued with the Christmas spirit than it ought to be, and after complimenting the juggler and the snake-charmer on the entertainment they had provided, he dismissed them with a generous tribute to their accomplishment.

"Well, I think I'll go and get ready for my Santa Claus blunderbust," Ben Nevis announced. "I wish Mr. Fletcher, my chaplain at Glenbogle, were here. I should have got him to write me a short verse to say to the children when I appear from my sleigh."

"Why, I'll be delighted to write a little verse for you," Mrs. Kibbler volunteered. "Just four lines, eh?"

"I say, that's jolly good of you, Mrs. Kibbler," the Chieftain woofed.

An hour later Kilwhillie, who was writing letters, turned round to see who was coming into the room and gave a perceptible start at the rush of red surging through the door.

"Ha-ha, Hugh, you jumped. I saw you jump. You thought it was Mephistophants coming for you, what?" the Chieftain barked triumphantly. "Dash this beard. Every time I open my mouth it gets full of this beard. Do you find your mouth gets full of your moustache sometimes?"

"Never," Kilwhillie replied tersely.

"All the same," Ben Nevis continued, "I rather like the

effect of this beard. I remind myself of my dear old father. I may decide to grow a real beard."

"Don't start until you can shut yourself up alone somewhere for at least six weeks. It's most unpleasant for other people to watch the process."

"I might start when we go on board for the voyage home. Sailors often grow beards on board. Well, what I came in for, Hugh, was to ask you if you'd hear me recite this poetry that Mrs. Kibbler has kindly written for me. I said it over perfectly to myself without my beard, but I want to practise it now with my beard. Are you ready?"

"I'm sitting here waiting for you to begin. I can't be more ready than that."

"Here are the lines. Banjo's secretary kindly typed them out for me. Hector and young Duncan Robertson went along to call at Parker's and see if they could get hold of some bells. Well, are you ready?"

"I've told you I am perfectly ready," Kilwhillie answered.

"The only thing is that Mrs. Kibbler made up six lines instead of four, but I hope I shall be able to remember them."

The Chieftain cleared his throat and began:

"I've just arrived from icy climes,  
To welcome children large and small . . ."

And celebrate these festive times

With Christmas gifts for large and small."

"One and all," Kilwhillie corrected.

"Are you sure, Hugh?" Santa Claus asked.

Kilwhillie showed him the typescript.

"Ah, yes, I see where I went wrong. It's 'large and small' the first time . . . As a matter of fact, I suggested 'short and tall,' but Mrs. Kibbler thought some of the parents might be offended if they heard me calling their children short. Oh, and another thing. Mrs. Kibbler wrote 'icy clime' at first so that she could say 'this festive time,' but I said they might think it was 'icy climb' with a 'b' instead of an 'e' and think I was an Abominable Snowman

from the Himalaya and panic. So Mrs. Kibbler put 'icy climes' instead of 'icy clime.' I'd better start again."

"If you had come from the Himalayas you'd probably have had more than one climb," Kilwhillie pointed out. "So I don't see why you wanted to change 'climes'."

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Hugh, don't make me change back to 'icy clime'! I've had the most frightful job forgetting that and remembering 'icy climes.' Now, are you ready?"

"Yes, yes, yes," the prompter snapped.

"I've just arrived from icy climes

To welcome children short and small . . ."

"Large and small," the prompter corrected.

"I knew it was that," Santa Claus expostulated.

"Why didn't you say it, then?" the prompter asked.

"I can't say anything if you keep interrupting to tell me I'm saying it wrong," Santa Claus said so indignantly that he filled his mouth with hair, and in trying to blow it out managed to unhook one side of his beard.

"You'll want to be careful that doesn't happen at the party," Kilwhillie warned his friend when Ben Nevis had got the hook of the beard back over his ear.

"Look here, Hugh, I came in to ask you to hear if I had this piece of poetry off by heart. I don't want you to give me a lecture about beards. Now, are you ready?"

The Chieftain cleared his throat again and declaimed:

"I've just arrived from icy climes

To welcome children great and small,

And celebrate these festive times

With Christmas gifts for one and all."

He paused for a moment to look at Kilwhillie with triumph shining from his choleric blue eye, and then at the top of his voice he concluded:

"So, children, greet with loud applause

Your benefactor, Santa Claus."

"I thought 'benefactor' was

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Each year more and more women look forward to Holiday Time . . .

Each year more and more women change to

MODERN

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## "Never argue with a man!"

If he won't eat this and he won't touch that, it is only because a sick person feels too weak to digest even the lightest of "light diet." Just quietly but firmly give him Benger's. He can and will take Benger's because being self-digested (by a unique enzymic process) it soothes his stomach and builds up his digestive strength for a quick recovery. There's nothing so nourishing or satisfying as Benger's. It gets you better quicker!

## Benger's Food



\*Benger's makes a delicious bed-time drink. Benger's is becoming more and more popular as a bed-time drink, especially with people who find milk a little "heavy." Being pre-digested, it allows your digestion to rest instead of working. Naturally, you sleep better. You'll like the clean, biscuity flavour of Benger's. Try it for a change. Benger's can be made in a cup as quickly as the milk boils.

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Continuing . . . . .

rather a long word for children," said Ben Nevis, "and I suggested 'Your old friend, Santa Claus,' but Mrs. Kibbler said 'your old friend Santa Claus' didn't scan. 'Scan what?' I asked. 'Just didn't scan,' she said. 'I don't know what she meant, but she seemed set on this long word 'benefactor,' and as she'd gone to the trouble of writing this poetry for me I didn't like to argue with her. Phew! this beard makes me feel like a curry. Does your moustache ever make you feel like a curry, Hugh?"

"Why on earth should my moustache make me feel like a curry? It's not much larger than your own."

"No, it's not any larger in one way, but it's at least six inches longer than mine at each end, and you keep dabbing at it as if you were perspiring underneath."

"I advise you to concentrate on this beard of yours instead of worrying about my moustache," Kilwhillie said testily.

"I'm not worrying about your moustache, Hugh. After all, it isn't hooked on."

Further discussion was stopped by the return of Hector and Duncan, each carrying a handbell.

"These are all we could get hold of, sir," said Duncan, ringing his.

"But that doesn't sound like a sleigh-bell," the Chieftain protested. "That sounds more like the bell these muffin-wallahs go ringing about in that frightful place, London."

"They were the only bells we could find," Hector told his father.

"Did you ask Mrs. Winstanley?"

"She wasn't in," Hector replied gloomily.

"I think if I ring these two

## Ben Nevis Goes East

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bells outside the front window of the car, sir," Duncan Robertson suggested, "the effect will be quite good."

"Well, I hope they won't think I'm a fire-engine," said the Chieftain doubtfully. "I don't want to start a panic."

"If you take my advice," Kilwhillie said, "you'll give up those bells."

And in the end Kilwhillie's advice was heeded.

The Maharajah insisted that all his guests at Rosemount should attend the children's party at the Club. Pedder-Wilson, Croker Bates, and Jeffrey Hearne tried to excuse themselves, but their host would not hear of it.

"No, no," he insisted, "this is a great occasion in Pippla. It's the only time that the use of the ballroom is granted by the Committee, and we must show an appreciation of such public-spirited behaviour."

Miss Pearl Romaine seemed inclined to protest at being dragged off to look at a performance in which she was not the central figure, but Croker Bates, who did not want to offend his host and thereby lose the opportunity of getting the film of Marco Polo made in Bangapatam, shook his head at the recalcitrant star from behind the massive shape of the Maharajah, and Miss Romaine languidly agreed to go to the Club.

"Now, look here, Noisy," the host continued. "You should stay quietly here for half an hour because you don't want to arrive while the children are still having tea. I shall send back Miss Nutting for you at the right moment, and then she

can come in and announce that Santa Claus has arrived."

"I say, Banjo, I think you ought to have been a filmer. Don't you think the Maharajah ought to have been a filmer, Mr. Bates?"

The Rosemount guests went off to the Club in three of the Maharajah's cars, and Ben Nevis retired to his room to don his red gown and beard.

"Master look very good," said Balu Ram. "Sher Khan want to make beard red and curl him, but I say no good."

"Make my beard red? What on earth was his idea in doing that?" the Chieftain barked.

Balu shrugged his shoulders. "Muslim mens make beards red for show they are still young and strong."

"What an extraordinary idea!"

"Sher Khan give Cameron Sahib henna for put on moustache."

"What's henna?"

"Henna make red hairs," Balu explained.

"What did Cameron Sahib do?"

"Cameron Sahib is being angry with Sher Khan."

"I'm not surprised. I'm glad you didn't let Sher Khan start painting my beard. It would have looked more like a hearth-rug than ever. You can't read English, can you?"

Balu Ram smiled with a deprecating gesture at what he supposed was intended by his master to be a joke.

"If you had been able to read English, Balu, I should have got you to hear me recite this poetry I'm going to recite at the Club. Never mind, I'll say it over to myself once or twice."

This the anxious Santa Claus proceeded to do, while Balu Ram, under the impression that his master was praying, stood

motionless with an expression of solemn respect.

"Yes, I think I've got it well into my head now," Santa Claus decided after the third repetition of Mrs. Kibbler's poem. "Go and see if the car has come back for me, Balu."

Presently the little bearer returned with the news that Miss Sahib had arrived.

"Well, here I am, Miss Nutting," said Santa Claus. "And, by Jove, do you know I'm feeling rather nervous. Is my beard shaking?"

"No, no, it's as steady as a rock," Miss Nutting assured him.

"I'm not used to this sort of thing. Of course, I make a speech every year at our Glenbogle Gathering, but that's different. I'm among my own people, if you know what I mean. However, if I get through this business this afternoon I may start a Christmas tree at Kenspeckle—that's our nearest village. Would you mind hearing me say this poetry that Mrs. Kibbler wrote for me? I've got the words here somewhere, if I can find them in this red contraption I'm wearing."

And once again Ben Nevis declaimed Mrs. Kibbler's poem. "Bravo, bravo," Miss Nutting cried. "Not a word wrong. What a nice woman Mrs. Kibbler is! She told me some wonderful stories about her experiences with Yoga. I asked her if she would let me use some of them in the book I'm writing now."

"Does it make your wrist ache much writing these books? I find if I write two or three letters my wrist always begins to ache. I asked MacGregor—that's our doctor—if he thought it was a symptom of anything serious, but he thought it was only because I wrote so few letters."

"No, it doesn't make my

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Continuing . . . .

## Ben Nevis Goes East

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wrist ache," Miss Nutting said. "But it sometimes makes my head ache."

"Ah, I'm not surprised," said the Chieftain sagely. "It gives me a headache to read a book. That's why I . . . hullo," the Chieftain broke off, "we're there! I'm shaking like a Hyrod."

"You'll be perfectly all right," Miss Nutting assured him. "I'll go in first and I shall say, 'Children, children, Santa Claus is here.'"

"I see, and then I'll come right in and start off with this poetry. I shall be all right when I've got that off my chest."

There is no need to describe the scene in the ballroom of the Club. The children, replete with cake and here and there gleamed with eclairs, looked like children at any other Christmas party. The large Christmas tree, except that it was a deodar and not a spruce, looked like any other Christmas tree. The grown-ups wore the same expression of slightly strained good-will that grown-ups always wear at Christmas parties. The only positively disagreeable-looking person present was the Club Steward, who was counting the spots on the floor.

Miss Nutting entered the ballroom clapping her hands.

"Children, children!" she cried. "I have great news for you. Santa Claus is here!"

The children had no chance to be prodded by their mothers and aunts and ayahs into welcoming cheers before Santa Claus himself came surging in looking like the scarlet mass at Waterloo answering Wellington's mythical order, "Up Guards and at 'em!"

In a voice that roared louder than that of the most passionate stag in October in wild Glenbogle, Santa Claus greeted his little friends:

"I've just arrived from icy climes

To welcome children great and small,  
And celebrate these festive times

With Christmas gifts for one and all.

So, children, greet with loud applause

Your benefactor, Santa Claus."

The children were so much awed by this tremendous voice that some of the sceptics who had been boasting that they knew who Santa Claus was were inclined to recant, wondering if, after all, they had been wrong, and if, in fact, this was Santa Claus. Then some of the children in the front row began to cry loudly and

had to be led into corners by their mothers and aunts and ayahs to be threatened or cajoled into silence.

It was Lady Pinfield who saved the situation by diverting the attention of the children from the Maharajah of Bangapatam who was leaning against the wall of the ballroom shaking with unquenchable laughter.

"Welcome, dear Santa Claus," she said, stepping forward to greet him. "Will you be kind enough to hand the presents to the lucky recipients whose names I shall call out in turn?" With this Lady Pinfield opened her lorgnette and examined the list handed to her by Miss Nutting, who whispered something to her.

"Oh, yes, the girls will take their presents from the right-hand side of the tree, the boys from the left."

### F

ORTUNATELY for Santa Claus, who was not sure which side of the tree Lady Pinfield meant, the first little girl was old enough and self-confident enough to correct him when he was about to hand her a wooden railway-engine.

He thought that he detected in her eye an eager glance in the direction of a box of chocolates, and grateful to her presence of mind over the railway-engine, he handed it to her, bellowing as he did so, "Slahnjervaw." Self-confident though she was, the little girl could not help recoiling in alarm, and some of the younger children burst into tears again.

"Tut-tut-tut, he shouldn't have said that," Kilwhillie muttered to Mrs. Kibbler, by whom he was standing at the back of the room.

"Why not, Mr. Cameron?"

"It's Gaelic. It's what you say in Gaelic when you drink somebody's health."

"Wonderful," Mrs. Kibbler murmured. "That was his essential self projecting itself. And how beautifully he recited my little poem."

"I thought he said it much too loudly," Kilwhillie objected.

"No, no, I felt a cold blast go right through the room as he said 'icy climes.' I wished I'd made the poem longer."

"I'm very glad you didn't. I was agreeably surprised when he got those six lines right."

Santa Claus, unaware of Kilwhillie's disapproval, continued to roar "Slahnjervaw" to each recipient of his gifts.

"I don't think the old man's

doing too badly," Hector MacDonald said to Angela Winstanley, by whose side he had managed to find himself at last.

"He's doing wonderfully, Hector. I'm sure you didn't do as well as that, John, when you were Santa Claus."

"No, I didn't," John Tucker admitted. "Besides, they all knew who it was. But they are completely mystified by your dad, MacDonald."

This was true. Indeed, the mystification was so profound that Jack Harlowe, the ten-year-old son of the manager of Finlay's Bank, and a leading sceptic about the reality of Santa Claus, found that his scepticism was causing him to lose face with his small companions.

"I bet you it isn't Santa Claus really," he challenged.

"Well, who is it?" they squeaked.

"I don't know who it is," said Jack Harlowe, "but I bet you it's a person dressed up as Santa Claus."

"I bet you won't pull his beard off," Jack Harlowe, another boy, challenged.

"I won't do that," said Jack Harlowe, "because there was such a row when Claude Anstruther pulled off old Crumbleholme's beard, but I'll stick a pin into him, and if it really is Santa Claus he won't feel it."

"Why not?"

"How can anybody who isn't a person feel a pin, you ask?" Jack Harlowe demanded scornfully.

"Well, I bet you won't stick a pin in him," said the boy, confounded for the moment by logic.

"I bet you I will, George Hunter."

Thus it befell that when Santa Claus bent down to extract a doll from the lower branches of the deodar to present it to a wide-eyed little girl, he suddenly shot upright, bellowing, "Good lord, what was that?"

In the excitement created by that agonised bellow of Santa Claus, Jack Harlowe managed to rejoin his companions without being suspected as the assailant.

"There you are, George Hunter," he said, "I told you it was a person."

"Did you stick it in far?" asked the suitably impressed George Hunter.

"I stuck it in as far as it would go," he answered with simple pride.

Back at Rosemount, when they were talking over the success of the party, Bangapatam

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asked what had made Ben Nevis yell like that.

"I thought I'd been bitten by a snake," he said. "I never felt anything like it."

"It must have been a twinge of rheumatism," Kilwhillie suggested.

"A twinge of rheumatism doesn't feel as if somebody had stuck a large pin into you," Ben Nevis argued.

"Unfortunately I haven't my books with me," Mrs. Kibbler said. "But I shall go into this mystery when I can get to them, and I will write and let you know what it probably was."

"It is time we all had a good drink," the host decided. "Well, I must say I think I deserve a drink," the Chieftain declared. "Lady Pinfield and Miss Nutting both told me I was the best Santa Claus they've ever had in Pippa."

When Maisie Lambert went into Angela Winstanley's room at Parker's Hotel on Christmas morning to greet her with reasonable wishes she found her sitting up in bed and looking at a bracelet of small rubies.

"Oh, Angela, darling, what a lovely bracelet!" she exclaimed.

"John Tucker has just sent this up. I feel rather like one of the little girls who was handed a present by Ben Nevis yesterday afternoon. A Merry Christmas from John," she read from the accompanying card.

"He sent me this little brooch. Wasn't it sweet of him?" Maisie said, showing her friend a silver basket with a bouquet of tiny semi-precious stones. "I do think it's so pretty."

"John very very nearly asked me to marry him that night he arrived," Angela told her friend. "What would you have said if he had?"

"I really don't know, Maisie. I'm in that state of mind when 'safety first' seems an extremely attractive proposition."

"Then why don't you accept Hector MacDonald?"

"I've already told you why not. If John had asked me you can be sure that he would have carefully considered the future from his point of view. John thinks first of John. He knows I would play the game

Continuing . . . .

with him, but what John is asking himself is whether the game is worth it."

"But I think the Maharajah," Maisie began.

"We'll leave Tussore out of it," Angela interrupted curtly.

"I'm sorry, Angela. I thought

"Yes, yes," said Angela impatiently. "We're going to the party tonight and we'll talk about it afterwards, not beforehand."

It was a quarter to eleven when, after innumerable champagne cocktails, sixty guests sat down that Christmas night in the great dining-hall of white marble at the Palace of Tussore to dine with His Highness the Maharajah of gold plate. The host at the head of the long table of richly carved teak was wearing a black-and-gold broad-clothed jacket with yellow sapphire buttons; at the other end was the Maharajah of Bhangapatam in a jacket of deep blue watered silk with lozenge-shaped buttons of lapis lazuli.

Precedence was respected so that both Princes sat between the four wives or widows of senior officials. The green facings and scarlet mess-jackets of the two Clanranald Highlanders and the vivid canary-yellow mess-jacket of Captain Ripwood of Bulger's Horse were colorfully reinforced by the tartan doublet of Ben Nevis and the plum-velvet doublet of Kilwhillie.

The Chieftain found himself next to Lady Pinfield, who was on the left of the host.

"We were so grateful to you for the truly impressive way in which you performed your arduous task yesterday," she told him. "Did you find out what was the cause of that sudden sharp spasm of pain?"

"My bearer says it was a pin."

"A pin?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, a pin, not a Pinfield, what?" Ben Nevis guffawed genially. "Yes, apparently he found this long pin in that red contraption I was wearing."

"How very careless of Maud

## Ben Nevis Goes East

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Nutting's dinner to leave a pin in the gown. Most careless."

"Yes, but what I can't make out is how this pin ran right into me. I didn't sit down on it. I was bending over in the opposite direction. Mrs. Kibbler thinks it's something to do with this extraordinary business called Yoga, but then she thinks everything has something to do with Yoga. I mean to say, I was telling her about a dream I had that I was an elephant, and what do you think she said?"

"She said, 'But you were an elephant once, and in your dream you were remembering what you had done or left undone when you were an elephant.' The only thing I could leave undone when I was an elephant would be my trunk," I said. I thought that was rather good, what? But Mrs. Kibbler didn't seem to understand my joke. She told me she had been a seagull once."

LADY PINFIELD said decisively, "I don't think this sharp pain of yours has anything to do with Yoga. I think it was probably an ant. Some of our Indian ants can nip one ferociously. Isn't that Mr. Tucker I see over there?"

She went on to ask, raising her eyebrows. "Who is that rather good-looking young woman next to him?"

"That's Mrs. Winstanley, whom you met at Rosemount."

"Ah, so it is. And I see that very nice and very pretty girl Penelope Machell is sitting next to your son. She and her sister are great friends of mine, and the General and his wife are a delightful couple. What a pity they've had to go to Delhi. The Commander-in-Chief is apt to be a little thoughtless when he wants something done urgently. One would have thought that it could have waited until after Christmas, whatever it was."

"This is a jolly good turkey, isn't it?" Ben Nevis said with relish. "I never tasted a better."

"Our host is very proud of his turkeys. They thrive won-

derfully in Tussore. I hope you won't let yourself be prejudiced against the Maharajah," Lady Pinfield said in a low voice.

"Why should I be?"

"Well, people talk, you know. I've been putting my foot down on Pippa gossip for years, but it doesn't seem to be any use. Yes, people say that he is not to be trusted . . ." Lady Pinfield lowered her voice still more . . . "over women. Well, all I can say is that he has never conducted himself towards me other than as a perfect gentleman."

She turned to her host. "I was just telling our friend, Maharajah Sahib, what wonderful turkeys you have."

"I never enjoyed a Christmas dinner more," Ben Nevis averred.

The host raised his glass of champagne.

"I drink your health."

"Slahnjervaw!" Ben Nevis barked. "That means great health to our language. You know, you'll have to come to Scotland, Maharajah. You really will. Several of my friends have jolly good lodges which they let with the shooting every year. And I must say I should like to return your hospitality in Glenbog. You can always rely on keent mealy fahltcher from me."

"I'm afraid I didn't quite follow that," said the host.

"I slip sometimes into our dear old Gaelic. That means 'A hundred thousand welcomes'."

"Very cordial indeed," observed the host with a smile.

The dinner went on as merrily as dinners do when every single guest has all the champagne to drink he can want.

Kilwhillie was almost volubly explaining to Mrs. Pedder-Wilson the mistakes the Government were always making in their treatment of the Highlands. Mrs. Pedder-Wilson was more than voluble in explaining to Kilwhillie why her husband had felt compelled to refuse to be Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Gas and Electricity because he felt that

in such a post his knowledge of Indian affairs would be wasted.

Miss Pearl Romaine looked almost interested in what Duncan Robertson was saying to her and Duncan Robertson was rattling away to Miss Pearl Romaine like an auctioneer. Jeffrey Hearne was telling Miss Nutting that he had read a book of hers called "Beyond the Snows" with immense interest, and Miss Nutting, who had never written a book called "Beyond the Snows," hoped under the encouragement of champagne that he had read another book of hers called "The Golden Horizon" and was confusing it with "Beyond the Snows."

Croker Bates was beginning to wonder whether a film about Yoga might not be an idea for a follow up of Marco Polo as he listened to Mrs. Kibbler telling him of an extraordinary experience she had in Sikkim.

Hector MacDonald was telling Miss Penelope Machell that since he had been stationed in India he had come to the conclusion the Indian Army was a better show than it was believed to be at home.

Captain Gerald Ripwood was hoping that Miss Maisie Lambert realised how eagerly he was counting the minutes until the moment when he and she would be dancing their first dance together for three years.

"Our friend Tussore certainly knows how to give his guests a good dinner," John Tucker said to Angela. "Plum pudding with blue flames and holly complete!"

"I wonder if he's a good dancer," she said pensively.

"Probably. And I'm not too bad myself."

"You shall have the first waltz with me, John," she promised.

When the dessert was cleared the host rose.

"Ladies and gentlemen, will you please be upstanding and drink to the King-Emperor."

"The King-Emperor" everybody murmured with respect.

Cigars and cigarettes were lit and the Maharajah of Bhangapatam rose.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my privilege on these occasions to propose the health of our

host His Highness the Maharajah of Tussore. I do not think there is much that I can say to add flavor to the marvellous repast with which he has regaled us, and indeed I fear to intrude upon the memory of that glorious plum pudding with my dull words. Nevertheless, I must beg your indulgence for a moment or two.

"Every year when I come to Tussore to join in this celebration I say to myself that this year it has been the most enjoyable we have had yet. But this year I do think that it has surpassed every other occasion."

"Perhaps I am influenced in thinking this because I have with me at Rosemount a friend of my boyhood — MacDonald of Ben Nevis, whom at Harrow we always knew as Nosy MacDonald. He has distinguished himself since he came to Pippa by one notable exploit as a shikari, and to that he has added a triumphant appearance as Santa Claus. With him tonight is his son, Hector MacDonald, of that famous regiment — the Duke of Clarence's Clanranald Highlanders, the Inverness-shire Greens, of so much Indian history. With him, too, is another Highland laird, Cameron of Kilwhillie, who outshot us all the other day and bagged one of the biggest panthers I remember."

"There are many other guests of His Highness whom I should like to mention tonight, but as there are sixty of us who have been dining with him this evening I think it might postpone the dancing a little too long."

"So without more ado I raise my glass to His Highness, our very much esteemed host, and I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, to be upstanding in joining with me to wish him the happy Christmas he has given to us and also a most happy New Year."

Amid loud applause the Maharajah of Tussore rose to reply.

"Your Highness, ladies and gentlemen, I thank you most warmly. I am sure that the pleasure I have as your host must exceed your pleasure as my guests. For very many years

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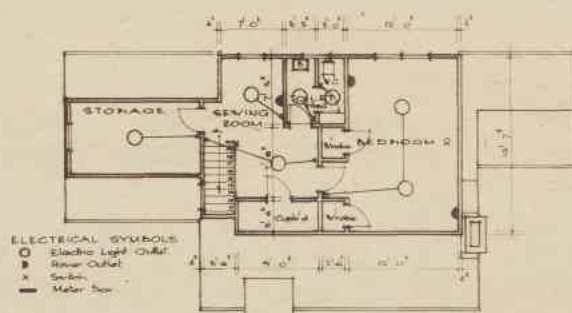
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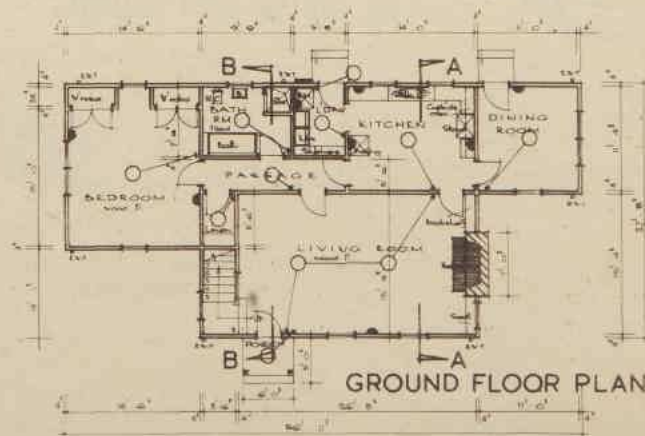
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GROUND FLOOR and upper story plan of house No. 3 in our Homes Service. If necessary the ground floor only could be built as a one bedroom house, or the dining-room used as a second bedroom and part of the living-room converted to a dining area.



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THREE PRODUCTS OF THE BRITISH PAINTS LTD. GROUP OF COMPANIES



# NEW GALLERY OF INTERIORS

Sydney is to have a permanent gallery of interiors, where the public may view—at no cost—the newest trends in color schemes for room decor, complemented by furniture designed to fit the smaller houses of today.

THE exhibition opens on Monday, November 15, on the ground floor of the new A.M.P. building at North Sydney, within a minute's walk of the railway station.

The galleries occupy three thousand square feet, which gives room for visitors to move around in comfort.

It is the intention of the sponsors to make a complete change of decor at least three times a year, presenting with each change all that is new in color and design for home decoration.

Donald Shaw, who is responsible for the first exhibition, is a well-known color consultant and a member of the Society of Interior Designers.

In addition to the four main

rooms illustrated on this page, there is a smartly designed bed-sitting room, a scientifically arranged and colorful kitchen, a picturesque terrace setting, and house models showing how color can be used to make the most of a smaller home.

The bed-sitting room has one cinnamon wall and three in primrose. The ceiling is white and a brown rug covers the polished floor. The divan bed has a tailored cover in acid-green. A folding screen in graduating tints of cinnamon divides the divan and its simply designed chest-of-drawers from the sitting area.

A dual-purpose table is used in the living area. It has a chess board in the wooden table top which lifts off. Beneath it is a green baize-covered surface for card games.

DINING-ROOM (right) on display at the new Gallery of Interiors, A.M.P. building, North Sydney, N.S.W. The room with its coral-rose ceiling, white and shadow-grey walls, white rug, black furniture mirrors the new Chinese influence in its design and creates an overall effect of elegance. The colt picture is by a modern Chinese artist.

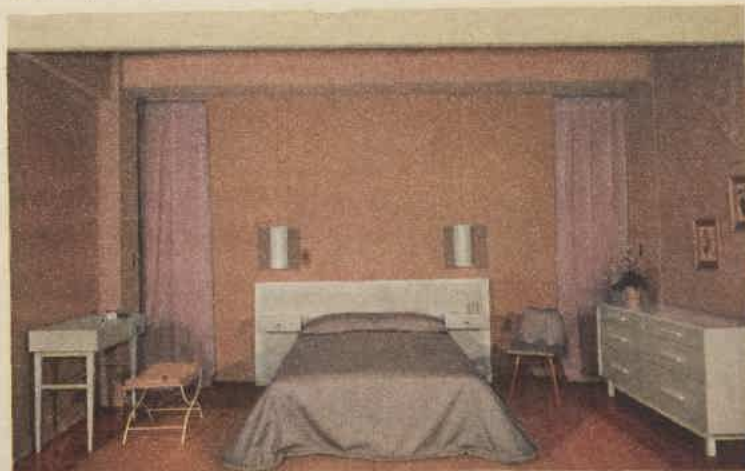


DRAMATIC EFFECT has been achieved in the design of a small entrance hall (above) with its green, white, and black color scheme. The long white Victorian mirror on the wall cost Donald Shaw, the designer of this exhibition, fifteen shillings at a junk shop. The marble top to the simple wrought-iron table will inspire many homemakers to copy the idea, which has charm and simple lines.

RESTFUL color scheme chosen for the charming bedroom shown at right. The back wall is in a soft mushroom shade flanked by walls of Jamaican-tan. The rug is old rose and the bedspread a soft grey-blue fabric with a satin sheen. The little cosmetic table at the left of picture opens up to reveal a mirror, cosmetic drawer, and tray. The yellow-cushioned seat provides contrast.



LOUNGE (above) shows an adventurous use of color. The fireplace wall of olive-green is in striking contrast to the arctic-blue of the side walls. The settee, completely upholstered in foam rubber, has a burnt-orange cover made of linen. The lounge chair is very comfortable, and the low, flat black table shows the Chinese influence in its design.





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## ORANGE CAKE WINS PRIZE

A delicious orange cake topped with orange and coffee crumble mixture wins £5 in our recipe contest this week.

**THE** orange-coffee cake is a good standby for lunch-boxes. The flavor, a combination of orange and coffee, is very pleasing. The topping is baked on the cake and it cuts and carries well.

An appetising tomato-egg savory, suitable for mid-week luncheons or week-end teas, wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

### ORANGE-COFFEE CAKE

Five ounces butter or substitute, 5oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 eggs, 10oz. flour, pinch salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1 tablespoon coffee essence.

ORANGE coffee cake (right) is best cut into thin slices, then in two. Thinner slices may cause topping to crumble.



**Topping:** Three ounces flour, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon orange juice, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and orange rind. Add eggs one at a time, beat well. Fold in sifted flour, salt, and baking powder alternately with milk, orange juice, and

coffee essence. Fill into greased loaf-tin, prepare topping. Mix all topping ingredients together, sprinkle thickly over cake mixture in tin, bake in moderate oven 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Allow to stand in tin 2 or 3 minutes, then ease out gently on to clean tea-towel or serviette on cake-cooler. Carefully stand cake upright so that crumble topping is retained.

**First Prize of £5 to Mrs. I. Turner, Rame Rd., Greenhithe, Auckland, New Zealand.**

### EGG AND TOMATO SAVORY

Four large tomatoes, 4 eggs, 2 cups cooked spaghetti, 1 cup medium-thickness white

sauce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste, parsley.

Cut a thick slice from the top of each tomato, scoop out pulp (reserve for future use). Season well with salt and pepper. Drop 1 unbeaten egg into each tomato case, replace tomato "lids," place in a greased baking-dish or shallow tin, bake in moderate oven until eggs are set. Combine white sauce, spaghetti, cheese, salt, and pepper, stir over low heat until thoroughly reheated. Place spaghetti mixture on in serving dish, place tomatoes on top, garnish with parsley.

**Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. W. McGarry, Coramba Rd., Ulong, 3.C., N.S.W.**

## LUXURY DISH...

"This dish, La Paella Espagnole Arroz a la Valenciana, is famous in Valencia, Spain," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club.

**"INGREDIENTS** are costly, preparation takes time, but I know you'll agree with me that it's a dish in a thousand."

You'll need:

One pound raw prawns; 2 raw lobsters, 2lb. each, cut in pieces; 2 tender young chickens cut in 8 pieces; 2 cups good olive oil;  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salt pork, diced, or fat ham; 3 large onions, chopped; 4 artichokes, quartered; 8 fresh tomatoes, skinned, seeded, and cut in pieces; 3 green peppers, cut in pieces; 3 cloves garlic, chopped very fine; 2 quarts chicken stock; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon pepper; 4 pimientos (sweet red peppers), cut in pieces;  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups fresh peas, cooked; 1 tablespoon very finely chopped parsley;  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. best rice.

Put olive oil and salt pork or ham in a pan; heat. Add chicken; when golden-brown, remove. Add prawns and lobster to pan; saute well, remove. Add onions to pan, cook till golden-brown; add artichokes, tomatoes, green peppers, and garlic; saute 2 minutes, drain off oil. Place the chicken and lobster in an ovenproof dish with tomato mixture. Add washed and dried rice, then chicken stock, salt, and pepper. Cover, let boil quickly for 20 minutes in the oven. Correct seasoning, place in serving dish so that chicken and lobster are on top of rice. Add red pimientos, peas, and parsley; serve immediately. Serves eight persons.

A small grill can be roasted, cut into small pieces, and served as an addition with the paella.

## Miss Precious Minutes

TO protect the bottom of a garbage can against rust, pour melted paraffin over it.

WHEN patent fasteners are removed from clothing, fasten them together on a piece of brown paper for future use.

ALWAYS light the match first before turning on the burner of your gas stove.

TO keep pastry pies a good shape during the baking they should be chilled for a while.

SMALL daisies are most effective as decoration for a frosted cake. Almond halves make the petals, and a bright red cherry or a raisin can be used for the centre.

IN the interests of health and hygiene, gates and top railings of a "pen" or cot should be washed frequently, because toddlers often press their mouth against the barrier.

KEEP a pair of eyebrow tweezers in your kitchen-utensil drawer—fine for fussy decorating as well as pin-feather plucking.

WHEN you let down daughter's dress and find that a white line shows at the old hemline where the material has become worn through friction, cover with rick-rack braid or bias binding.

CAR polishing-wax will keep the outside of a refrigerator beautifully clean and shining.

## FAMILY DISH

If you want snappy flavor, something easy yet different, and something that will please the menfolk, serve Lincoln pan pie, which is this week's family dish.

IT costs approximately four shillings and sixpence and serves four.

### LINCOLN PAN PIE

One pound minced steak, 1 dessertspoon good shortening, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon gravy powder, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 cup stock or water, 2 medium tomatoes, pinch herbs (optional), 4oz. self-raising flour, extra salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons grated cheese,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Melt shortening in saucepan, add sliced onion, brown

lightly. Mix steak with flour, gravy powder, salt and pepper; add to pan, cook until changed in color, stirring frequently. Add stock or water, herbs, and chopped tomatoes. Cover, simmer 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Sift flour and extra salt and pepper, rub in butter or substitute. Add cheese, mix to soft dough with milk. Knead lightly on floured board, press out to shape to fit pan. Place over meat, cover tightly. Cook over very gentle heat for a further 25 to 30 minutes. Cut top into wedges, serve piping hot sprinkled with chopped parsley.



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By Captain Anthony Farrar-Hockley

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## Continuing . . . .

now the fortunes of my State have been closely linked with the mighty British Empire and I rejoice to serve His Majesty the King-Emperor with the utmost devotion. If the crisis should come, little Tussore will throw all its resources into the struggle. I thank you for your good wishes, and to all of you I wish a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year."

Half an hour later the sound of music in the ballroom of the Palace proclaimed that dancing had begun.

Angela thought what a good dancer John Tucker was as they waltzed together.

"You want to dance more often, John," she told him.

"It would help to get down my weight, eh?"

"You're not so heavy as all that. Just a bit plumpish."

It occurred to Angela that this was the epithet she had used about John Tucker to the Maharajah, and she looked round quickly to see if the Maharajah was anywhere in sight. She fancied for an instant that she saw his black-and-gold brocade jacket behind a column of green marble ahead; but there was no sign of him when they reached it on the way round the ballroom.

"What are you going to do, Angela, when this divorce business of yours is wound up?"

"I told you, I shall go to England."

"You hadn't told me so definitely as that," John Tucker said.

And Angela remembered that it was the Maharajah she had told.

"You think you'll be happy in England?" John Tucker went on.

"Why not?"

"You belong to India," he urged.

## Ben Nevis Goes East

(from page 69)

"Yes, but unfortunately India doesn't belong to me. You know as well as I do what kind of a life I should have in India on alimony from Herbert Winstanley."

"You won't be so wonderfully well off in England."

"John, I find this solicitude just a little boring," she murmured, frowning.

They waited for awhile in silence.

"Young MacDonald is looking very sourly at me," John Tucker said at last. "You'll have to give him the next dance."

"So that everybody can feel comfortable, eh? No wonder you're so plump, John."

THE waltz stopped and a minute or two later Hector came up to ask Angela if she would give him the next dance.

"Oh, Hector," she laughed when they had made a couple of turns of the ballroom, "you're not a very good dancer, are you?"

"I'm more used to foursomes and eightsomes and that sort of thing, you know."

"So I think we ought to sit it out," Angela decided.

Once again as she and Hector were waltzing towards the great loggia that surrounded the ballroom she caught a glimpse of the Maharajah behind a column of green marble. Soon they found a palm-shaded corner from which the winter air excluded by glass was warmed by pipes. Angela sat back in a chair and lit a cigarette.

"Look here, Angela," Hector began, "I've told my father I want to marry you and he didn't raise the slightest objection. In fact, he was jolly

pleased about it. But he's got it into his head somehow that you won't marry me."

"I'm afraid he's right, Hector."

"But what's the objection to me?" he asked.

"It isn't an objection exactly," she told him. "It's just that I don't love a chap who you have to love somebody you're going to marry. I'm awfully fond of you, Hector, but that isn't enough. If I let you think that I was fonder of you than I was, I'm sorry and you'll have to forgive me. I'm afraid I made use of you to give myself self-confidence at a difficult time."

"I don't understand quite what you mean about self-confidence, but I suppose a chap never can understand what a woman means. All the same, all this autumn you did seem to like my being around and all that sort of thing. And you said you couldn't be engaged because of this King's Proctor wallah. And now apparently that isn't the reason at all."

Exhausted by this long speech, Hector sank back into another chair and lit a cigarette.

"I'm afraid when I heard that Mrs. Rose-Ross and all the other mem-sahibs were going in to a huddle about you and me and your father was coming out to stop you making an imprudent marriage, that I took a certain amount of pleasure — malicious pleasure if you like — in giving them all a run for their money, but I did always refuse to be engaged to you, and you ought to have realised that meant I didn't intend to marry you. And, Hector, I would never let you make love to me."

"No, but you didn't tell me it was because I was a pain in the neck. You let me suppose it was because you were fright-

ened of upsetting your divorce."

"But, Hector, you never wear a pain in the neck. I was — I still am — very fond of you. I like your simplicity."

"I suppose that means you think I'm a clot."

"No, I do not think you are a clot. I think you're a dear. And it's just because I do think you're such a dear that I wouldn't let you down by marrying you. And if I ever had been tempted to marry you, as soon as I got to know your father I should have resisted that temptation."

"Why, what's the matter with my father?" Hector asked in surprise.

"There's so little the matter with your father that I wouldn't for the world make him unhappy by making a mess of my second marriage. I know that he would welcome me as a daughter-in-law. He has been decent enough to tell me as much. And I wouldn't let him down for anything."

"But you are letting him down if he wants you to marry me and you won't do it."

Angela sighed.

"Dear Hector, you are very bright, are you?"

"Oh, I know you think I'm a clot," he growled despondently.

"Tell me about that pretty girl you were sitting next to at dinner?"

"Penelope Macchell? Well, she's the younger daughter of the Q.M.G. Her sister Enid is here, too."

"How old is she?"

"Oh, she's just a kid. She's not twenty yet."

"I was rather flattered when you seemed interested in her. She's awfully like what I was at her age."

Hector took the cigarette from his mouth and leant forward to gaze at Angela.

"Yes, I see what you mean."

To page 77

## DAD'S CRICKET SHORTS STILL SCORE FOR SONS!

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"Yes, Velvet certainly helps the family budget by making clothes last"

says Mrs. Maclean of 10, The Crescent, Annandale.



"Judging by your hands one'd never think you had a family of seven to care for" says Aunt Jenny. Mrs. Maclean smiles. "I have 25 shirts alone in the weekly wash. But Velvet's so gentle for the hands."



"I'll keep this picture — to show how clean my family can look" laughs their mother. "They get their clothes filthy so fast. I don't know what I'd do without Velvet's extra-soapy suds — especially for the extra grimy spots."

"Those white shorts of Dad's have been worn by the bigger boys before being handed down to Bruce", adds Mrs. MacLean. "They're all of 25 years' old. That's a triumph for Velvet, isn't it?"





Continuing . . . .

## Ben Nevis Goes East

from page 76

admitted. "Extraordinary!" "I think we ought to go back to the ballroom now," Angela said. "I want to tell you something myself that I have had to refuse to marry you, Hector."

"So that's that," he said, exclaiming a gusty sigh.

"Yes, I'm afraid that's that, my dear. And in a very short time—oh, such a short time—you'll be wondering how you ever supposed you could possibly have married that woman."

"No, look here, Angela, I'd never call any woman 'that'—it's had enough calling a woman 'this,' but 'that' is frightful. Well, will you tell me one thing. Are you going to marry that chap Tucker?"

"Oh, Hector, just after what you've said about 'that' you're calling poor John Tucker 'that'! But if it gives you any satisfaction, I will tell you that John Tucker has not asked me to marry him."

"But if he does ask you?"

"Hector, please. I've answered your question. I'm not prepared to discuss the theory of a marriage between me and John Tucker. I hate 'isms.'"

Hector rose from his chair. "Yes, I see what you mean. Well, I'll be going back to Tallulahabad the day after tomorrow. Shall I come and say goodbye tomorrow morning or shall I be a blot on the landscape at Parker's?"

Angela paused for a moment.

"I think I'd rather say goodbye now," she told him. "And Hector, whatever you think about me in the future I shall always remember you with affection as somebody who behaved decently at a difficult time."

"That's almost exactly what my old house-master said to me when I left Harrow and went to Sandhurst." Hector exhaled another gusty sigh and they walked back along the loggia towards the ballroom.

On the way they came face to face with Kilwhillie, whose face had an expression of stern disapproval.

"Mr. Cameron," said Angela, "aren't you going to ask me for a dance?"

"I'm afraid I don't dance nowadays," Mrs. Winstanley. Kilwhillie replied with frigid discouragement.

"Then won't you sit it out with me? Hector, you'd better go on or you'll miss your next dance with Penelope Macchell."

Hector had not supposed that he was engaged to dance the next dance with Penelope Macchell, but Angela spoke so

confidently that he at once hurried off to the ballroom.

"I want to tell you something, Mr. Cameron, which I think will make it a really merry Christmas for you."

She led the way back to the palm-shaded corner where she had been sitting with Hector. When they were seated she began at once:

"Mr. Cameron, I know you came out to India much against your will because Ben Nevis appealed to you to sacrifice your own convenience to the claims of friendship." Kilwhillie was about to speak, but Angela went on quickly. She had, indeed, already made this speech to Kilwhillie several times in fancy, and she did not want to forget what she wanted to say in replying to interruptions.

"I am sorry to have been the innocent cause of upsetting . . . oh, dear, she had had such a good phrase for what she was sorry for upsetting and now she could not remember what the phrase was.

WITH that, Angela

abandoned her speech. "Well, it's this way, Mr. Cameron," she said. "I may have played with the idea of marrying Hector at first, but I very soon realised that it wouldn't do either for him or for me, and if all the memsahibs in Tallulahabad hadn't been so poisonous I wouldn't have let gossip say that I was going to marry him. And then Ben Nevis was such an angel that I had to make it clear to Hector that it wasn't his father who was persuading me out of the marriage, because I didn't want Hector to think he had a grudge against his father. You know, don't you, that Ben Nevis told me he would be glad for me to marry Hector?"

"He went as far as that, did he?" Kilwhillie muttered, shaking his head.

"Yes, and he told Hector that he would welcome me as a daughter-in-law."

"He really can be most irresponsible for a man of his age," Kilwhillie declared warmly.

"And in spite of it I'm such a designing woman, Mr. Cameron, that I have just told Hector I cannot marry him."

Kilwhillie gazed at her in astonishment.

"You have?"

"Firmly and finally. Aren't you relieved?"

"Well, I must confess I am glad to hear it," he admitted.

"Tell me, Mr. Cameron, why did you regard the prospect of my marriage to Hector as such a disaster? Was it the divorce or was it something else?" she asked, her dark, glowing eyes fixed upon him intently.

"Well, you see, we're very old-fashioned in the Highlands, and Hector will one day occupy an important position in Inverness-shire—a very important and influential position."

"Yes, but there was something more than divorce. Be frank with me, Mr. Cameron."

Kilwhillie hesitated. "You heard that I was Anglo-Indian?" she challenged.

"It was said, yes."

"And it is true to this extent," Angela went on. "My mother's mother was Anglo-Indian. And it may surprise you to hear that I am proud of it. More proud than of having a Cameron grandfather, which I suppose shocks you."

"May I without impertinence ask if you are going to marry Mr. John Tucker?" Kilwhillie asked.

"Oh dear, oh dear, you are the second person to ask that question, sitting in that chair, this evening. And I must reply as I replied to Hector just now—Mr. Tucker has not asked me to marry him. I suppose you, too, thought I had waited to unhook Hector until I was sure I had hooked Mr. Tucker?"

Kilwhillie pulled hard at his moustache to extricate himself from the embarrassment into which he had been plunged by Mrs. Winstanley's guessing what had prompted him to ask her that question.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "The question was extremely impertinent."

"Mr. Cameron, can't you and I be friends? I'm sorry I've been such a nuisance to you, but that's over now, isn't it?"

From the ballroom came the strains of "The Merry Widow" waltz.

"I should very much like to ask you to dance with me," Kilwhillie said, "but I'm afraid my dancing days are over."

She knew that this was his way of telling her that the shadow of an unsuitable marriage no longer lay between them. She would have liked to offer him her hand, but she did not think that it would be kind to embarrass him any more.

"I expect you'd like to go back to the ballroom," he suggested.

It was at this moment that the Maharajah of Tussore came

To page 79

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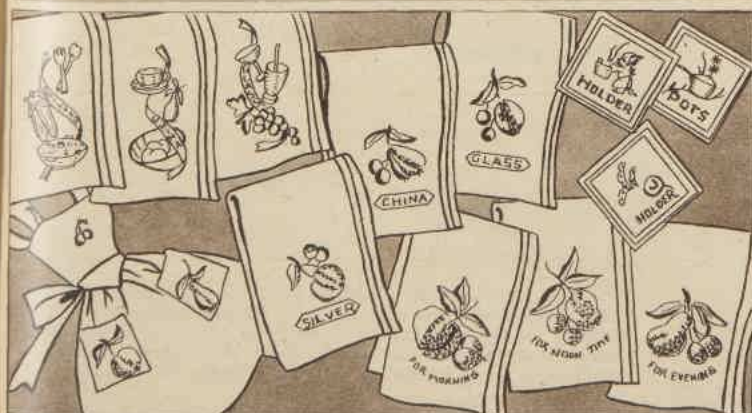
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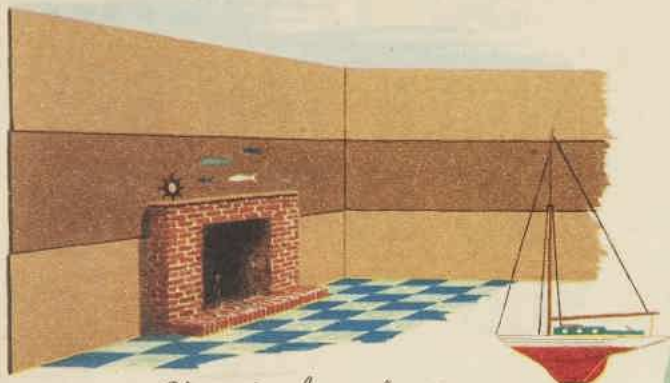
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into that palm-shaded corner of the loggia. He threw a quick, furtive glance at his two friends.

"I hope I am not intruding upon a private conversation," he said. "I was going to ask Mrs. Winstanley if she would excuse me the pleasure of this dance."

"I shall be honored, Your Highness," said Angela. "Mr. Cameron was telling me about his trip to Scotland, and I'm sure he must be longing to go and see his friend Ben Nevis."

"Reassure?" the Maharajah asked. "Reassure him of what?"

"That life in Scotland is in no danger of being disturbed," Angela answered, with a light laugh.

Captain Gerald Ripwood watched the Maharajah dance with Angela Winstanley and decided to gamble. He saw that Maisie Lambert was without a partner and asked her to give him this waltz.

"I wondered when you were going to ask me to dance, Gerry," she said with a hint of reproach in her tone.

"I've been longing to ask you," he said, squeezing her waist a little tighter. "But I saw that the Maharajah wanted me to get things going in the ballroom and I was being a sort of M.C. I think he appreciated what I was doing. Of course, a military adviser isn't expected to handle the social side, but frankly what I want to put into his mind is the need for a personal assistant and I thought I'd show him how useful I could be."

They waltzed for a minute in silence.

"I think he is awfully keen on your friend Angela Winstanley," Ripwood said. "I noticed him once or twice watching her when she was dancing with other people. And this is the first time he has danced tonight himself."

"I agree with you, Gerry. I do think he is very keen on Angela. But he needn't think he'll get her so easily. In fact, he won't get her at all unless he marries her."

"You're sure of that, eh?" Ripwood asked.

## Continuing . . . Ben Nevis Goes East

from page 77

"Absolutely positive."

There was another minute's silence. Then he said suddenly: "Would you risk it again, Maisie?"

"Would I risk what again?" "Being engaged to me? I won't let you down a second time."

"Oh, Gerry, but . . . do you love me?"

"I've never loved anybody else," he assured her.

"Oh, Gerry," she meant to breathe in a celestial rapture, but owing to the fact that they were rounding the corner of the ballroom at that moment she had to gulp her ecstasy.

"Have you thought much about me since our marriage was broken off?" she asked tremulously.

"Of course I've thought about you."

"But you never wrote to me."

"Well, there isn't very much to write about to a girl whom you were going to marry and didn't, or rather whom you wanted to marry and couldn't. But it's not too late, Maisie."

"It would never be too late if I were absolutely sure you loved me," she said gently.

"Why should I ask you to marry me unless I loved you?" Ripwood asked in the voice of a man much injured by unworthy suspicion.

"But if you couldn't afford to marry me three years ago, how can you afford to marry me now?" she pressed. "I couldn't bear to be a burden to you."

"You'll be a tremendous help to me if . . ." he paused.

"If what?"

"If I pull off this job as personal assistant to Tussore."

"But supposing you don't?"

"We shall always have one another," he said, with that sidelong look in his dark eyes that Maisie had always found irresistible.

"Gerry!" and this time as they were well in the straight of the ballroom floor she did not gulp.

"Hullo," Ripwood said, "the Maharajah and your friend Mrs. Winstanley have vanished."

"Gerry, you sound very

pleased that they've vanished," Maisie exclaimed in surprise.

"Not at all. I was wondering where you and I could vanish too for a while after this dance. I want to hold you in my arms again."

"You don't think it's just the champagne that makes you want to do that?" Maisie asked doubtfully.

"No, it's you, darling," he murmured, and on that reply he steered them both out of the dance and into the loggia.

"We'll go along to my sitting-room," he said. "I'm going to mix you a brandy Mac."

"Oh, Gerry," she gasped, "not until we're married."

While the Military Adviser of His Highness was taking Maisie Lambert to his sitting-room and wondering if his gamble was a rash one, the Maharajah and Angela Winstanley were walking down a colonnade in the heart of the Palace.

ANGELA murmured softly. "How quiet it is here away from the music. My heels sound like castanets on this marble floor."

"I was going to ask you to come to the music room and play to me for a little while," the Maharajah said. "But then I told myself if it was not to be it would be better that I did not hear you play again."

"If what was not to be?" Angela asked.

"That we shall soon discover for ourselves."

"It all sounds very mysterious," she murmured.

"Not any more mysterious than the unknown always is," the Maharajah commented.

They walked on in silence. Angela felt that the sound of her heart was audible above the click of her heels on the marble floor. At the end of the colonnade they came to a heavily carved door. The Maharajah took from the pocket of his black-and-gold brocade jacket a small key with which he unlocked the great door.

It swung open as easily as the lid of a casket to reveal a small antechamber, the walls of which were of black marble under a roof of richly carved and gilded wood. Again the Maharajah put his hand into his pocket and with another small key — it seemed to be a golden key — he unlocked a door of fretted teak which led to what Angela thought was the most luxuriously comfortable room she had ever seen.

"The view from here is beautiful in the daytime," said the Maharajah, as he pulled back the cloth of gold curtains from the wide bow of the window to show the moonlight. "And this is my desk where I think I am working hard when I sit at it," he added with a smile. "But I find that my work is mostly dreams."

Angela looked at the large photographs of two beautiful Indian women in jewelled frames that stood upon the desk.

"They are both dead," the Maharajah said quietly.

She knew that they must be the Maharani who had each given him sons and then departed. There was another large photograph of four boys, the eldest of whom might have been fourteen, the youngest not more than five.

"How handsome they all are," she murmured.

The Maharajah drew the curtains and pulled forward a chair for his guest.

"You will have a cigarette?" he asked, and when she had taken from the silver box a slim cigarette, half of which was a cardboard mouthpiece stamped with a gilded monogram, he lit it for her.

"Do you mind if I smoke a cigar?" he asked.

"No, of course not."

"You look startled," he laughed. "But I am not a Sikh, you know."

"I wasn't at all startled," she could hardly explain to the Maharajah that she had been remembering the way John Tucker had asked her if she minded the smoke of a cigar a few nights ago.

"I find that a cigar calms me when I am feeling rather excited," the Maharajah told her. "You are fond of rubies, I think? I noticed on that evening we first met at Rosemount that you were wearing that pendant ruby you are wearing now."

"I thought you were looking at my bracelet. That was a Christmas present from Mr. Tucker."

It was as if a shadow passed across the Maharajah's face.

"I will ask you a question. What exactly is the position between you and Mr. Tucker? You seemed very interested when you were dancing together."

"Really, Maharajah Sahib, I don't feel called upon to answer such a question," Angela answered coldly. "I think we'll go back to the ballroom."

"I regret that my question offends you. I did not ask it out of idle curiosity. It is important to me to know."

"I really cannot see how Mr. Tucker or I can have the slightest importance for you."

"Nevertheless, I must ask that question again because the answer is of very great importance to me. Are you, for instance, going to marry him when your divorce is finished with, or are you perhaps . . ."

he hesitated.

"I am not going to marry Mr. Tucker," she broke in. "Nor am I Mr. Tucker's mistress. Nor has he asked me to be either his wife or his mistress. But since you are so curious about my matrimonial future you had better know that Mr. MacDonald did ask me to marry him this very evening . . ."

"And you are going to marry him? But he is a mere boy," the Maharajah exclaimed.

"No, I am not going to marry Mr. MacDonald. And now, please, let me go back to the ballroom," Angela said, rising from her chair.

The Maharajah went to his desk and took out from one of the drawers a platinum ring set with three very large rubies.

"Do you like this ring?" he asked.

"It is beautiful."

"It is for you."

"Maharajah Sahib, please don't be so foolish. How could I possibly accept from you a ring of such value?"

"Is it not a custom in England to give what you call an engagement ring?" he asked, his eyes burning.

"Yes, when people are going to be married," she replied.

"That is why I want you to accept from me this ring."

"I don't understand," Angela said in bewilderment, for although she had played with the idea of being proposed to by the Maharajah, now that it seemed to be happening it was too much like the "Arabian Nights" for her to believe that it was true.

"I am asking you to marry me. I want for myself you and your music. Do not, please, make foolish hesitations. I believe that I attract you."

"Yes, you do attract me," Angela admitted. "You attract me very much."

He moved towards her.

"Wait, wait, a moment," she cried. "You know so little about me. I must be sincere with you. There are things you don't realise."

"You have had lovers, I suppose?" He shrugged his shoulders. "I do not think if you marry me that you will want lovers."

"No, I have never had a lover," Angela said earnestly. "And, if I did marry you, you can feel very, very sure that I will never have lovers. But you must know other things."

She had sat down again in the deep armchair. The Maharajah's cigar had gone out; he threw it into a golden bowl.

"I am the divorced wife of a bank manager in Jumbulpore."

"That I know."

"My father was a clerk in Campbell, Campbell, Campbell and Co., of Calcutta. His name was Peppercorn."

"That I know."

"My mother was the daughter of another clerk. He was

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Continuing . . . .

with Macintosh and Macintosh, jute merchants of Calcutta. His name was Cameron."

"That I know."

"But my grandmother was Anglo-Indian," Angela half-whispered.

"That I know also," said the Maharajah.

"Oh, you do?" Angela murmured limply. "You seem to have found out a lot about me."

"I found out all I wanted to know except what you have told me yourself tonight. You have been very honest with me and I shall never forget that. Do you think you will be happy with me?"

"I wouldn't promise to marry you unless I knew that I would be," Angela told him.

"No, I don't think you would. We shall travel a lot in Europe. You will not be in purdah," he laughed.

"And hear lots and lots of music," she sighed to herself.

"Of course. That is why we shall travel in Europe. And now may I put this ring upon your finger?"

Angela rose from her chair and offered him her slim, ringless hand.

"It is not too loose?" he asked.

"And not too tight?" he asked.

"It fits my finger perfectly," she said.

Then he put his arms round her.

"And now we must go back to the ballroom and tell the news," said the Maharajah.

Angela shook her head.

"The news can't be made public for nearly three weeks," she told him. "My divorce will not be final until January 12."

"What does that matter?"

"It would matter a great deal if the decree nisi were revoked, because then I couldn't marry you. And I want to enjoy the luxury of going on as I am until then. Apparently so unsafe and so uncertain about the future, but knowing that I am safe and certain. It will be like waking up early and turning over to go to sleep again because one hasn't to get up. Do you understand?"

"It is putting rather a strain on my patience," the Maharajah said.

"I know, but it is the wise thing to do, and I'm horribly wise, really. There are only two people I should like to tell if I may."

"Mr. Tucker?" he asked quickly.

Angela laughed.

"No, no, I shan't bother to tell him. But I would like to tell Maisie Lambert, because I happen to know that she's trying to make up her mind whether or not to marry your military adviser."

"That's pretty quick work."

"Not really. She and Gerald Ripwood were engaged three years ago, and the marriage was broken off for financial reasons. I think that if she knew I was going to marry you she would feel that Gerald Ripwood might be in a more secure position."

"Well, he seems quite a competent chap. If he puts the Tussore Lancers in good order I should be tempted to offer him a permanent position here. Is your friend still in love with him?"

"Oh, yes, she's still in love with him."

"Just now I can't help sympathising with people who are very much in love," said the Maharajah, drawing Angela close to him.

"Nor can I," she said, and she gave him her lips.

A clock struck two with a silvery note.

"I never kissed anybody like that before," Angela whispered in a daze of emotion. "I'm so glad I never have. And now could we go along to the music-room for a few minutes?"

## Ben Nevis Goes East

from page 79

want to play you the E Flat Nocturne. I've a feeling that banal piece of sentiment changed my whole life in an afternoon."

On the way to the music-room the Maharajah asked Angela who was the other person she wanted to tell about their engagement.

"Ben Nevis. But I shall tell him as a secret. I don't want Hector MacDonald to know till it is publicly announced. I shall give up my bungalow in Tallulahabad and go perhaps to Calcutta for a while."

"Why on earth to Calcutta?"

"To meditate in luxury on the difference between the past and the future. I shall ask Maisie Lambert to come with me."

When they reached the music-room, Angela played Chopin's E Flat Nocturne.

"You played it differently tonight," the Maharajah told her.

"Not so well?"

"Just as well, but differently."

"I was playing with an emotion that was so utterly sincere that I was unconscious of sentiment and needed no rubato," Angela declared.

"While I'm away I'm going to practise the Kreutzer Sonata and you must do the same, so that we can play it together when we meet again."

W

HEN they came back to the ballroom Hector was dancing again with Penelope Machell, and Angela walked over to where Ben Nevis was talking to Kilwhillie.

"I asked Mr. Cameron to sit out a dance with me. Won't you sit out a dance with me, Ben Nevis? I want to tell you something."

"About poor Hector, eh?" the Chieftain woofed.

"And something else, too," she said.

They went along the loggia to that palm-shaded corner where she had sat with Hector and Kilwhillie earlier.

"Well, it's been a wonderful evening," said the Chieftain, "except, of course, for poor old Hector. Extraordinary thing, you know. People accuse me of having no tact. But Hugh Cameron, who's one of the worst people for accusing me of having no tact, actually went up to Hector just now and patted him on the back. Hector turned round as if he'd been bitten. He's never seen Hugh Cameron pat anybody on the back in all his life."

"Wasn't Hugh Cameron trying to be sympathetic?" Angela suggested.

"Not a bit. He said, 'Bravo, Hector, I like that gal you've been dancing with all the evening very much.' It's the last thing he should have said to poor old Hector when he knew you'd just refused him. But he spoke very highly of you. I'm bound to say that for him."

"Yes," he said, "I must admit I misjudged Mrs. Winstanley. You were right and I was wrong."

"Well, I always am right," I said. "I'm glad you're beginning to realise it at last."

"And now I must tell you my secret, dear, dear Ben Nevis. But you must promise me to keep it a secret."

"I find secrets fearfully indigestible, if you know what I mean."

"Well, if you'd rather I didn't tell you I won't," Angela said.

"Is it a permanent secret?" he asked anxiously.

"No, it's only for about three weeks."

"I shall be homeward bound then."

"I'll send you a wireless

message to say 'Secret no longer,' and then you can tell anybody you like."

"That'll be a great relief," the Chieftain said. "I mean to say, people have nothing else to do on board ship except tell secrets. I was told hundreds of secrets on the Taj Mahal. But everybody else seemed to know them, so it didn't really worry me. Go ahead, Angela, I'll manage somehow to keep your secret for three weeks."

"The Maharajah of Tussore has proposed to me and I have promised to marry him."

The Chieftain gasped. "Well, that is a secret. I suppose I shall be able to keep it, but it'll be like having colic. I shall have to leave Rosemount pretty quickly. I'll find it agony being alone with dear old Banjo."

"Oh, I think the Maharajah of Tussore is going to tell the Maharajah of Bangapatam."

"Well, try and get him to tell Banjo tonight before I drive back with him. Otherwise I might burst in the car or something."

"I will."

"What did you say when Tussore asked you to marry him?"

"I said 'Yes.'"

"Well, I think he's a very nice chap, though I was surprised when he missed that panther. I hope he won't shut you up in one of these—what is the word? It's like banana, but I know it isn't banana."

"Zenana you mean. No, I'm not going to be in purdah. The Maharajah is very Western in his outlook."

"Oh, I know. I think he was at Eton. Anyway, I know he was at Sandhurst."

"And we both love music," Angela said.

"Ah, I remember now. He said 'Hush' to me when you were playing the piano. I thought it was extraordinary at the time, but, of course, I didn't know then that he was hoping to marry you."

"But, dear Ben Nevis, please don't think I knew that then. I was taken completely by surprise tonight. And you will keep my secret, won't you? It would be disastrous if anything happened to prevent my divorce from becoming absolute. Moreover, I don't want Mrs. Rose-Ross and the rest of the memsahibs to say that I only let go of Hector because I had managed to catch a Maharajah."

"Yes, I see I've somehow or other got to keep this secret, but do persuade your fiancé to tell Banjo. I should find it a great relief to be able to talk about it to him."

"Wish me happiness, dear Ben Nevis," Angela said. "Look, here is my engagement ring."

"What whoppers! Like three glasses of port. Slahn-jervaw, Angela, and I hope you'll be a very happy—now wait, I know this word. A very happy Maharani."

It was five o'clock in the morning when the Christmas party at Tussore broke up.

"You're very quiet, Angela," said John Tucker when he and she and Maisie were driving back to Pippla. "And why wouldn't you dance with me again?"

"I was hearing Maisie's news," said Angela. "Go on, Maisie, you'd better tell John now."

"Gerald Ripwood has asked me to marry him," she said.

"I hope he won't think better of it a second time," said John Tucker. "Well, I suppose you think you know what you're doing, Maisie. And evidently you are a good influence. Now I know why he suddenly paid me back those 200 chips he owed me."

"Oh, yes, I think they're

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going to be very happy," Angela said.

Then she relapsed into silence again.

When they got back to the hotel John Tucker asked if they would come up to his sitting-room.

"I must go to bed," said Maisie quickly.

"And so must I," said Angela. "It's late, John. Too late," she added, looking at him.

When the girls went upstairs Angela told Maisie to come into her room for a moment. "You're happy about Gerald Ripwood, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes, I am. I really am. I can't believe that he'll let me down again."

"No, I can't either," said Angela. "You see, I'm going to marry the Maharajah of Tussore."

"Angela!" Maisie cried. "How too utterly marvellous! Oh, Angela, how glorious!"

"Not quite so loud, Maisie. You'll wake the monkeys. And until my divorce is through this is a secret."

"But can't I tell Gerry? He'll be so thrilled."

Angela hesitated for a moment. If she and Maisie went back to Tallulahabad the day after tomorrow with John Tucker and faded to all appearance from the scene, might not Gerald Ripwood repent of his proposal and get out of it. It would serve him right, but . . . she looked at Maisie.

"Yes, you can tell Gerry," she said. "He'll know how to be discreet. We're going to tea at Tussore tomorrow. You can tell him then."

"Will you tell John Tucker?" Maisie asked.

"I certainly shan't tell John Tucker. I mean what I say about this being a secret."

## Ben Nevis Goes East

From page 80

"Yes, of course, Angela darling."

"Here is my engagement ring." She showed it to Maisie.

"Oh, Angela," Maisie breathed in a voice of awe. "I never saw such rubies. They're too marvellous. They make John Tucker's bracelet look like . . ."

"Like a present from a confirmed bachelor," said Angela. "John had his chance, Maisie. I might have said 'Yes' to him that night he arrived. Thank goodness, he shied away at the last moment, because I shall be, oh, how much happier as the Maharani of Tussore than as Mrs. John Tucker of Scarborough, Towers, Tallulahabad. Go to bed, Maisie."

"Oh, Angela darling, I think I'm almost too happy to go to sleep," Maisie declared in a rapture.

"So you're going to tea with Tussore," John Tucker commented next day when Angela excused herself and Maisie from accompanying him on a drive after lunch. "You seem to have made a great impression in that direction."

"He wanted me to play to him once more before we go back to Tallulahabad tomorrow. And I want Maisie to have a chance to see Gerry Ripwood again. We shall be back for dinner."

When Captain Ripwood, of Bulger's Horse, heard from Maisie Lambert the news about Angela Winstanley and the Maharajah he nearly danced round the room in exultation. What a gamble it had been, and the gamble had come off! No more selling of doubtful polo ponies to newly arrived subalterns from England. No

more wondering whether that majority would come in time to save him from a crash.

If ever anybody made himself indispensable, Captain Ripwood decided, he would make himself indispensable to His Highness the Maharajah of Tussore (with a salute of nine guns). The bright blue tunics of the Tussore Lancers should be the model of State troops all through India.

"We'll get married next month, Maisie darling," he declared.

"We might have to wait till February," she said. "I think Angela will want me to be with her until she is married."

"Surely, darling. We must fit in our plans with her plans. That's essential," he affirmed solemnly.

In the music-room Angela and the Maharajah had just played again Beethoven's Spring Sonata.

"And now I'm going to play you Beethoven's beautiful 'Les Adieux,'" Angela told him. "And whatever my fingers do, my heart will be playing it."

And she did play it very well.

"I shall play it again when I return," she murmured. "And now we must be going back to Pippa."

"But I thought you'd stay on to dinner," the Maharajah protested.

"No, please don't insist on that. You know how much I should love to stay, but I do want to be prudent. There's so much, oh, so much, so much of my future happiness involved. I'll telegraph to you from Calcutta the moment the decree is made absolute and you will say when and where we are to meet. Adieu till then."

He held her in his arms for a last long embrace, and within

a few minutes Angela and Maisie were in one of Maharajah's cars driving to Pippa.

At Rosemount the Maharajah of Bangapatam had been defeated in three consecutive sets at table-tennis. The fair, stocky, muscular Czech professional looked respectfully complacent.

"Your Highness wishes another set?"

"No, I was up too late last night," the Maharajah replied with a touch of fretfulness. He turned to Ben Nevis, who had been watching the play, a state of wonderment at what some people would do with the impression that they were amusing themselves.

"I shall soon find that only exercise I can take tidily," the Maharajah grumbled.

"You and I are getting old, Banjo. The only consolation is that everybody else is getting older, too," said Nevis. He sighed.

"Well, our happy party coming to an end, Banjo, can't tell you how much I enjoyed myself at Rosemount."

"You'd better come down Bangapatam and help Gerald Bates with his film, Noisy. I'll give you a chance to see a tiger instead of a pig."

"Yes, I should have liked to shoot a tiger," said the Captain. "And I'm told the food is good for rheumatism. I'd like to, but Hugh Cameron and I must be getting back home. I'll write you from Finchampton, and we must put in two or three nights with the Rosses. So I'm afraid I have to be off in a couple of days."

"I shall miss you, Noisy. I make me feel much younger than table-tennis does."

"And look here, Banjo."

To page 83

## Eleven to wash for-Every Day!

WHEN YOU HAVE TO  
WASH EVERY DAY, YOU KNOW  
WHAT A REAL BLESSING RINSO  
IS. THOSE RICH, THICK SUDS  
MAKE SHORT WORK OF MY  
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Continuing . . . .

must come to Glenbogle, you really must. There's a stag I should like you to have a try for. I had an American staying with me this summer, but he couldn't get near it."

"I'm planning to come to England the year after next, and, if I do, you shall see me at Glenbogle, No."

"You won't get any ping-pong."

"No, but you shall show me the Loch Ness Monster, No."

After dinner that evening at Parker's Hotel, when Maisie said she must go upstairs to pack for the early start next morning and Angela was going, too, John Tucker asked if he was to be completely deserted for the evening as well as the afternoon.

"If you put it that way, John, I feel I must stay for a little while," Angela said.

"Light up your cigar," she told him with a smile after Maisie had gone upstairs.

"I've been thinking over things quite a lot this afternoon," he began. Then he took two or three reflective puffs.

"And what was the result of all this cogitation?" Angela inquired.

"I'm going to ask you to marry me," he replied.

"I wonder why you thought about it for so long before-hand," Angela said.

"It's pretty obvious, isn't it? I've been asking myself whether I should be wise to surrender the amenities of a bachelor existence for the continuous company of a woman twenty-five years younger than myself."

"That is what Herbert Winstanley asked himself," Angela remarked. "And I'm afraid he regretted that he answered the question in the way he did. Poor Herbert," she suddenly sighed.

"You're surely not regretting that your marriage with him was broken up?"

"No, no. But I think of him opening the bank again tomorrow at Jumbulpore and . . . oh, I just feel sorry about him. I forget now all the irritations of our life together, and remember only that when I asked for my freedom he behaved so decently. No, John, I'm not going to marry you."

"You won't?" he exclaimed, obviously much surprised.

She shook her head.

"But—but why not?"

"I've already made the mistake once of marrying a man with whom I was not in love because it offered an easy way out of difficulties. I'm not going to repeat that mistake. You've been kind to me . . . indeed, you've been very kind. So don't hold it against me that I refused to marry you, John. After all, you were a long time making up your mind to ask me. Indeed, I think you only made up your mind to-night because you were annoyed by Maisie and me spending the afternoon at Tusore. Don't look so glum, John. Tomorrow morning we go back to Tallulahabad, and I shall be leaving the place at once. Now don't let's sit here until we get cross with one another. I'm grateful to you for quite a lot. What time do we start?"

"I'd like to get away by nine o'clock if you and Maisie can manage it."

"We shall be ready. Good-night, John."

Ben Nevis and Kilwhillie arrived at the Rose-Ross bungalow two days later. Their host at Pippla had insisted upon sending them back to Tallulahabad in one of his cars. He himself was staying at Rosemount until the New Year.

# Ben Nevis Goes East

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when he was to return to his own State.

Mrs. Rose-Ross was not long in managing to get the Chief-tain to herself in order to congratulate him.

"What a relief it must be to you," she gushed, her faded, forget-me-not blue eyes fading almost completely under the stress of sympathetic emotion. "Of course, obviously that young woman has set her cap at this Mr. Tucker, and from what I hear she is likely to land him."

Angela's secret was already indigestible enough, even although he had been able to talk about it to his friend Banjo. This unexpected surmise by Mrs. Rose-Ross produced acute heartburn.

"I've no reason to suppose that Mrs. Winstanley is going to marry Mr. Tucker," he said with dignity. "And let me tell you, Mrs. Rose-Ross, I should have been very glad if she had seen her way to accepting Hector."

By now heartburn had been succeeded by sharp abdominal cramps caused by the agony of having to keep his secret.

The sooner he and Hugh Cameron left for Delhi the better. Ben Nevis decided urgently. There, at any rate,

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WE have been very gratified at the interest and appreciation expressed by numerous readers in our recent series of free supplement novels.

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he wouldn't be tempted by the Viceroy or Lady Finchampton into telling his secret.

On the following afternoon Ben Nevis told his host and hostess that he was going to call on Mrs. Winstanley.

"I'll come with you, Donald," Kilwhillie volunteered. "I should like to say goodbye to Mrs. Winstanley."

On the way to The Laurels Ben Nevis said, "Look here, Hugh, will you go and say goodbye for me to Mr. Tucker and then call in at Angela's on your way back? I want to have a few words with her alone."

Ben Nevis found Angela surrounded by boxes. "Maisie and I are leaving for Calcutta tomorrow morning," she told him.

"The sooner you go the better, my dear. I've been driven nearly mad by all these nincompoops saying you're going to marry Mr. Tucker. I've had a fearful time keeping your secret. You don't know what I've gone through."

"Poor Ben Nevis. I am so sorry."

"Hugh Cameron will be here in a minute. He wants to say goodbye. So before he comes I'll just wish you not only a happy New Year but many, many happy New Years. Don't forget that wireless message. We'll be on the ship—now what the deuce is it called? Oh, yes, the Golconda—Bombay to Liverpool. And I shall send you a wedding present from Glenbogle."

"Goodbye, dear, dear Ben Nevis, and thank you more than I can say," she said from her chair.

"You've nothing to thank me for," he barked.

"Oh, yes, I have. I should never have met my Maharajah if it hadn't been for you. May I kiss you goodbye?"

And Ben Nevis, blushing crimson with pride, pleasure, and embarrassment, was kissed goodbye. Angela's farewell to Kilwhillie was more formal.

Of the visit to the Finchamptons at Viceroy's House there is little to relate. It gave immense gratification to Balu Ram and Sher Khan, who both secured sheets of Viceroy's House notepaper on which they asked their masters to write chits commending their services to those who in future required two bearers of superlative honesty, skill, and devotion.

And the last picture that Ben Nevis carried away with him from India was of Balu Ram standing on the dockside to watch the Golconda slowly put out to sea.

"Well, I thoroughly enjoyed our little jaunt, Hugh," he woofed as Bombay began to melt into the haze behind them.

"I've enjoyed it more than I expected I should," Kilwhillie admitted.

"Mind you, I'm looking forward to being at home again," Ben Nevis continued. "I'm longing to see how Mrs. Ablewhite gets on with all this stuff I bought in Delhi for curry."

"I didn't know you had been buying stuff for curry."

"Yes, that nice A.D.C. of Finchampton's—what's his name? Crawford, yes, Crawford's as keen as mustard on curry, and he and I bought all sorts of material for it in Delhi. I think Lindsay-Wolsley is going to have rather an eye-opener."

"Mouth-opener might be a better description," Kilwhillie observed.

"Ha-ha! Jolly good, Hugh," the Chief-tain guffawed. "I say, I think India has agreed with you. You're getting a regular wag. I'm glad Tusore managed to get that panther skin down to Delhi in time for you to take it back with you. It was good of him to go to so much trouble. You rather liked him, didn't you?"

"I found him quite agreeable."

"What would you say if I told you that . . ." Ben Nevis pulled himself up. "No, I can't tell you yet."

"Can't tell me what yet?" Kilwhillie asked.

"Ah, that's it. You'll get the surprise of your life when I do tell you."

It was on the evening before the Golconda reached Aden that Ben Nevis received a wireless message from Calcutta: Secret no longer . . . wish me happiness . . . love Angela. . .

He came surging into Kilwhillie's cabin with such a rush that Kilwhillie, who had just dressed himself to dine in the saloon for the first time since the Golconda sailed from Bombay, thought that the sea was getting up again.

"She's going to, she's going to, and I'm really delighted."

"Who is she?"

"Angela. She's going to marry Tusore. As a matter of fact, I knew what was going on all the time, but it was a secret and so I couldn't tell everybody else."

"Let me get this clear," said Hugh Cameron. "Am I to understand that Mrs. Winstanley is going to marry the Maharajah of Tusore?"

"Yes, he gave her an engagement ring with three rubies as big as three glasses of port. That's why I knew poor old Hector didn't stand a

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 17, 1954

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# QUICK-EZE

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(Extract from letter of 26/7/54)

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(Original on file)

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## Continuing . . . Ben Nevis Goes East

(from page 83)

chance. You were all fussing about his marrying Angela, but I was as calm as the sea is tonight."

"I have to admit, Donald, that this news is a complete surprise to me," Kilwhillie said. "But it gives me pleasure, too."

"Of course, it's a surprise to you. It'll be a surprise to everybody. I should like to be in Tallulahabad, and hear what Mrs. Rose-Ross says to the Colonel when she gets the news. Well, we've had a jolly good time, Hugh, and thanks to my tact and being able to keep this secret. Trixie won't have to worry about Hector. I might have some difficulty in getting it into her head that Angela would be a splendid wife for Hector. Trixie is old-fashioned in many ways. As it is, we've had a glorious time, and thanks to my going East, everything has turned out for the best."

In the housekeeper's room at Glenbogle Castle Mrs. Ablewhite, the cook, was talking to Mrs. Parsall.

"It would be all against my will, Mrs. Parsall, if I was to give notice, but if he is going to rush into my kitchen at any moment and try to teach me how to make curry with a lot of unnatural seeds and what not as nobody's ever seen or heard of, notice I will have to give. It's not in human nature to stand it," Mrs. Ablewhite declared.

"It's just that he's a bit excited at getting home," said Mrs. Parsall soothingly. "People are like that. They are something abroad that takes their fancy, and, of course, they want to experiment."

"Experiment?" Mrs. Ablewhite repeated indignantly. "You've said it, Mrs. Parsall. But my kitchen wasn't meant for experiments. Dipped his finger into the curry this morning, he did, like a mischievous boy. And then what does he say? 'Oh, that curry isn't nearly hot enough yet, Mrs. Ablewhite.' It's so hot already that it'll take the skin off of anybody's throat," I said. "Not in India, Mrs. Ablewhite," he says. "Begging your pardon, Ben Nevis," I says, "but we're in Scotland, not in India," I says.

"No, Mrs. Parsall, it's no good. I can't stand any more of it. And it's so bad for these Highland girls. Florrie and Maggie were standing there giggling until I could have boxed both their ears. And in fact every time now I give an order they start off giggling again. No, Mrs. Parsall, it's not in human nature to stand it. And I'd rather leave."

At this moment Toker came into the housekeeper's room. "Gimlet!" he exclaimed.

"I haven't got a gimlet, Mr. Toker," said the housekeeper.

"Hasn't Kenny got one in the carpenter's shop?"

"A gimlet, Mrs. Parsall," said the butler, "is a drink, not a tool. Though why they call a good gin drowned in limejuice a gimlet I haven't an idea. It must have been an uncommonly blunt gimlet which gave its name to such an imitation of an honest drink."

"Mrs. Ablewhite has been a bit upset about the curry, Mr. Toker."

"I wish Mrs. Ablewhite could have seen Colonel Lindsay-Wolsley's face at lunch," said the butler.

"I'm bound to say it wasn't entirely her curry, because Ben Nevis made me chop up three of these chillies and put them in the Colonel's helping. Oh, dear, oh, dear. Well, the curry was pretty hot to start with."

"Thanks to his interference," Mrs. Ablewhite put in, with dignified resentment.

"But what the poor Colonel went through with those chillies was beyond anything I ever saw at a luncheon table since I started as second footman with old Lady Nuneaton. I saw the Colonel put his hand up to his throat. I think he thought his collar had caught fire."

"Tut-tut-tut," Mrs. Ablewhite clicked, "how terrible for the poor man. Well, that settles it, Mrs. Parsall, I'll have to leave you. I am not going to have my good name as a cook dragged in the mud just to humor his lordship's Indian fal-de-lals."

Toker held up his hand. "It'll pass in a day or two, Mrs. Ablewhite," he declared impressively. "He's excited to be back home again and full of his trip to India. Goodness me, I was expecting him to put a turban on my head at any minute. But it'll pass. Before another week's out he'll be asking me what disgusting concoction I think I'm giving him, and when I tell him it's a gimlet he'll look at me as if I'd stuck it into him. And I shan't take any notice at all. I shall just take the gimlet away and put the decanter of Glenbogle's Pride in front of him."

"Yes, it'll pass, Mrs. Ablewhite. It'll pass like everything else in this world. He won't know he's ever been east of Inverness in another week or two. And if you could hear what he says about your wonderful cooking you'd never have the heart to leave us."

"Well, that's as may be, Mr. Toker," said Mrs. Ablewhite, but when she went back to her kitchen Mrs. Parsall turned to the butler gratefully. "Thank you, Mr. Toker. I think you mollified her."

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# Fashion PATTERNS

## PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3365B.—Beginner's pattern for an easy-to-make bolero. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

F3383.—Small girl's sleeveless one-piece frock. Sizes, lengths 23in., 27in., 31in., and 34in. for 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

F3386.—Two-way design for a ballerina or floor-length evening dress. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires, for ballerina, 8 yds. 36in. material, 1½ yds. 36in. lace, and 3½ yds. 10in. ribbon. Requires, for evening dress, 1½ yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. lace. Price, 4/9.

F3445.—Pinafore-dress and short-sleeved blouse. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires, for pinafore, 4½ yds. 36in. material; for blouse, 1½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3446.—One-piece dress with a swallow-wing collar and soft skirt fullness. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 7 yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3385.—Pretty teenage frock styled with an unusual criss-cross trim. Sizes, 10 years (chest 28in.), 12 years (chest 30in.), 14 years (bust, 32in.), 16 years (bust, 34in.). Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/6.



F3383



F3386

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785

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 785.—ONE-PIECE DRESS

Back-buttoned dress designed with a sleeveless bodice top and cool, low-cut neckline and a white pique accent. The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in striped cotton cambric. The color choice includes yellow and white, sage-blue and white, red and white, green and white, and pink and white. Sizes, 32in. and 34in. bust, 49½, 36in. and 38in. bust, 22½. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

### No. 786.—CHILD'S FEEDER SKIRT

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider on chuck gingham. The white bias tape for finishing is included with the set. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, and green and white. Sizes, mat 11in. x 17in., feeder, 8in. x 11in. Price 7/3. Postage, 9d extra.

### No. 787.—THROW-OVER

Pretty Swiss organdie throw-over is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider in a small flower design. The color choice includes white and pastel shades of blue, green, pink, and lilac. Size 36in. x 36in. Price 9/11. Postage, 6d extra.

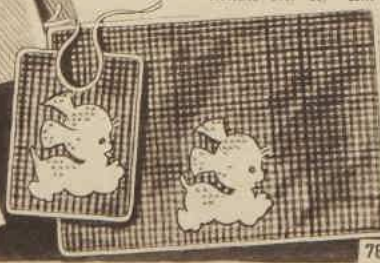
### No. 788.—PINAFORE FROCK

Practical pinafore frock for a small girl opens out flat for easy laundering. The frock is obtainable cut out ready to make in pin-spot summer-brace cotton. The color choice includes pink and white, red and white, blue and white, and green and white. Price: Length 18in. for 2 years, 13/9, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 20in. for 4 years, 15/3, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 22in. for 6 years, 16/11, postage and registration 1/9 extra; 24in. for 8 years, 18/6, postage and registration 1/3 extra.

NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



788



786



787



In 1750

great, great, great grandmother was simply bursting with pride when she showed off her Glory Box to the girls!



Today, also, a girl is thrilled to have

# Finlay's sheets

to show in her Glory Box; so much beauty, such value!

This love of quality has passed from mother to daughter for over two hundred years; just the way Finlay's Sheets are often passed from one generation to another. They're famous for their long-wearing qualities and every pair bears Finlay's guarantee.

Woven in the Highlands of Scotland from the best cotton, they have that treasured linen-finish.

Choose white or six lovely pastels: blue, primrose, apricot, nil green, rose or dark rose.

Look for the name Finlay's on the selvedge!

Also ask for Finlay's genuine Scottish Window Hollands; they're guaranteed fadeless.



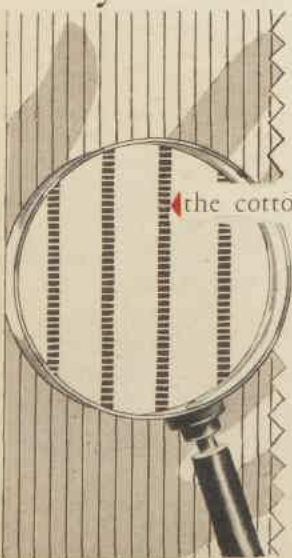
FINLAY'S

FAMED LINEN-FINISH SHEETS





stay cool this summer in  
sheerline



the cotton sports shirt with a million windows.



ONLY COUNTRY CLUB HAS THAT COUNTRY CLUB LOOK

## Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and PRINCESS NARDA: Are holidaying at the beach after their adventure with the giants. While Narda is waiting for Mandrake, a boastful young athlete, Don, asks for a date. Narda refuses, and when he starts to call Mandrake names behind his back she is furious and bets that Mandrake can beat Don at any water sport. She regrets the bet at once, but finds that Mandrake is willing to teach the young braggart a lesson. NOW READ ON:

IF I WIN, YOU CAN CONTRIBUTE TO A CHARITY.

MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY AT THE BRAGGART--

IF YOU WIN? HO-HO. LISTEN TO HIM. READY? ON YOUR MARK, GET SET--

BEFORE DON HITS THE WATER, MANDRAKE HAS ALREADY REACHED THE END OF THE POOL.

--GO!

SWISH

HAVEN'T YOU STARTED YET? I'VE FINISHED.

WHAT'S NEXT, CHAMP?

IMPOSSIBLE--YET I SAW IT--WITH MY OWN EYES! WHY, YOU--?

IF IT'S DIVING OR WATER-SKIING, I CAN MAKE ANY MAN LOOK SICK! HERE'S A JACKANIFE WITH A DOUBLE TWIST! TRY AND BEAT IT, WISE GUY.

OH, MANDRAKE, IF THAT CONCEITED CREATURE WINS, I'LL HAVE TO GO OUT WITH HIM.

NOW--IT'S YOUR TURN--AND I HOPE YOU BREAK YOUR NECK! Hey--THE BOARD'S UP THERE!

OH, EVERYONE STARTS FROM THE DIVING BOARD.

IT'S MORE DIFFICULT TO START FROM THE WATER AND DIVE UP TO THE BOARD!

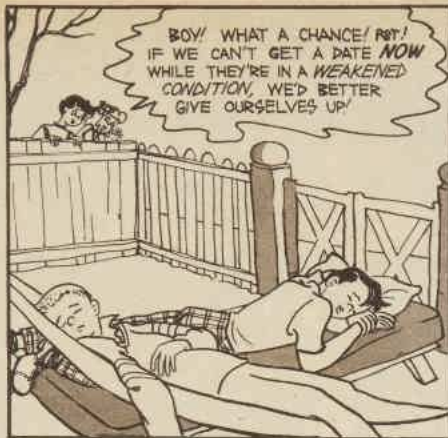
HALFWAY UP, WE PAUSE TO LIGHT A CIGARETTE--

--THEN ON TO PUT OUT THE MATCH.

TO BE CONTINUED



**TEENA**® BY Linda Terry



## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"THAYLEE." — A smart front-buttoned summer dress obtainable in a printed Dimcord cotton featuring a small ring design. The color choice includes circles of red, green, and yellow; pink, green, and red; light green, dark green, and red; red, yellow, green, and blue. All are printed on a white ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 84/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 77/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 63/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 64/6. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

"DENISE." — Attractive dressing-gown styled with a fitted waist and wide, graceful skirt is obtainable in pin-spot haircord. The color choice includes white spots printed on blue, green, pink, and red.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 84/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 85/11. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 72/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 73/11. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 85. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.



Look at your skin .... others do!

## Rexona Soap helps skin blemishes disappear

Blotches and skin faults not only mar an otherwise good complexion, but so often make you self-conscious ... unsure of yourself. But you can clear up blemishes with Rexona Soap because it is specially medicated with Cadyt® to restore skin to natural smoothness and beauty. Give baby's precious skin the gentle, safe protection of pure mild Rexona Soap too.



\* Cadyt is a fragrant blend of five rare beauty oils, exclusive to Rexona soap. Rexona's silky, fine lather carries Cadyt deep into the pores where most blemishes start.

SPECIALLY MEDICATED FOR SKIN CARE ... REXONA SOAP DOES MORE THAN BEAUTIFY!

X.128.WW73g

## WHICH TOOTHPASTE GETS TEETH WHITEST?



PEP-



SO-

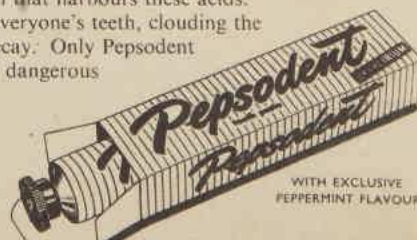


DENT

Pepsodent with Irium removes the film that harbours decay-causing enzymes

Dangerous enzyme-formed acids cause tooth decay. But Pepsodent, with Irium, gets rid of the film that harbours these acids. Film builds continuously on everyone's teeth, clouding the natural whiteness, assisting decay. Only Pepsodent contains Irium to remove this dangerous film ... get teeth thoroughly clean and white.

BUY THE BIG, ECONOMY TUBE — plenty for all the family.



WITH EXCLUSIVE PEPPERMINT FLAVOUR

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With popular  
Cream Fillings*



CREAMY  
CHOCOLATE

RASPBERRY  
FRUIT  
CREAM

MONTE  
CARLO

CUSTARD  
CREAM

CHERRY  
RIPE

ORANGE  
SLICE

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# Arnott's

*famous*

## Cream Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality